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ROWLANDSON THE CARICATURIST

SECOND VOLUME

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ROWLANDSON THE CARICATURIST

A SELECTION FROM HIS WORKS

WITH ANECDOTAL DESCRIPTIONS OF HIS FAMOUS CARICATURES

AND

A Sketch of his Life, Times, and Contemporaries

BY

JOSEPH GREGO

AUTHOR OF 'JAMES GILLRAY, THE CARICATURIST; HIS LIFE, WORKS, AND TIMES'

WITH ABOUT FOUR HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

London

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1880

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

(1800–1825.)

1800.

PAGE

'Le Brun Travestied, or Caricatures of the Passions'—Dr. Botherum the Mountebank—Humbugging—Hocus-pocus, or Searching for the Philosopher's Stone—Hogarthian Novelist—Britannia's Protection, or Loyalty Triumphant—A Silly—A Sulky—Beef à la Mode—Collar'd Pork—The Pleasures of Margate—Summer Amusements, or a Game at Bowls—Cockney Outings—Beauties of Sterne: 'The Sentimental Journey'—Series of 'Attributes'—'Country Characters'—'Matrimonial Comforts'—Preparations for the Academy; Old Nollekens and his Venus—'Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales in the year 1797' 1

1801.

A Money Scrivener—A Counsellor—The Union—A Jew Broker—The Brilliants—Undertakers Regaling—Symptoms of Sanctity—Single Combat in Moorfields, or Magnanimous Paul O! Challenging All O!—The Emperor Paul of Russia, a Mad Autocrat—Series of 'Prayers' and 'Journals'—The Union Head-dress—An Old Member on his Way to the House of Commons—Minor works—Subjects after the designs of G. M. Woodward 22

1802.

Series of 'Journals'—Special Pleaders—La Fille mal Gardé, or Jack in the Box—A Lady in Limbo, or Jew Bail Rejected—Slyboots—A Snip in a Rage—The Corporal in Good Quarters—Sorrow's Dry, or a Cure for the Heart-ache—Hunt the Slipper; Picnic Revels—Who's Mistress Now?—'Compendious Treatise on Modern Education'—'Bardic Museum' 35

1803.

A Catamaran—Billiards—A Diver—John Bull Listening to the Quarrels of State Affairs—Flags of Truth and Lies—Minor subjects 42

1804.

PAGE

A French Ordinary—Volunteering—The Imperial Coronation—Theatrical Leapfrog—Melpomene in the Dumps—Death of Madame République—A New French Phantasmagoria—The Eight Stages of Man's Schooling—Letter from the Caricaturist to Heath, the engraver 44

1805.

Quarterly Duns, or Clamorous Tax-gatherers—The famous Coalheaver, Black Charley—The Modern Hercules Cleansing the Augean Stable—A Scotch Sarcophagus—John Bull's Turnpike Gate—The Scotch Ostrich Seeking Cover—Recovery of a Dormant Title—Antiquarians à la Grecque—John Bull at the Italian Opera—Napoleon Buonaparte in a Fever on Receiving the Extraordinary Gazette of Nelson's Victory over the Combined Fleets—A Boarding School—Illustrations to Fielding's 'Tom Jones'—Illustrations to Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle'—Views in Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, &c. 49

1806.

'The Sorrows of Werter'—A Cake in Danger—Falstaff and his Followers Vindicating the Property Tax—A Maiden Aunt Smelling Fire—Recruiting on a Broad-Bottom'd Principle—Daniel Lambert, the Wonderful Great Pumpkin of Little Britain—A Diving Machine on a New Construction—The Acquittal—Experiments at Dover, or Master Charley's Magic Lantern—Butterfly-Hunting—Anything will do for an Officer—Interior of St. Brewer's Church—A Prize Fight 57

1807.

Miseries of London: A Street Blockade—The Captain's Account-current of Charge and Discharge—At Home and Abroad—Abroad and at Home—Mrs. Showell and Gen. Guise's Collection of Pictures at Oxford—The Enraged Vicar—All the Talents—A Henpeck'd Husband—John Rosedale, Mariner, Exhibitor at the Hall of Greenwich Hospital—The Pilgrims and the Peas—Song Headings—Monastic Fare—The Holy Friar—'I Smell a Rat,' or a Rogue in Grain—The Old Man of the Sea and Sindbad the Sailor—A White Sergeant giving the Word of Command—Miseries Personal—More Scotchmen, or Johnny Maccree Opening his New Budget—A View on the Banks of the Thames—The Double Disaster, or the New Cure for Love—Miseries of the Country—A Mistake at Newmarket, or Sport and Piety—Englishman at Paris—Symptoms of Restiveness—A Calf's Pluck—Rusty Bacon—A Tour to the Lakes—Thomas Simmons, the Murderer—Directions to Footmen—John Bull Making Observations on the Coast—The Dog and the Devil—More Miseries—Illustrations to 'The Pleasures of Human Life' 64

1808.

Scenes at Brighton—Miseries of High Life—The Green Dragon—Soldiers on a March—The Consultation, or Last Hope—Volunteer Wit—The Anatomy of Melancholy—The Mother's Hope—The Sweet Little Girl that I Love—Odd Fellows from Downing Street Complaining to John Bull—A Snug Cabin, or Port Admiral—Accommodation—The Welsh Sailor's Mistake—Wonderfully Mended—Breaking Cover—Get Money—Doctor Gallipot Placing his Fortune at the Feet of his Mistress—Rum Characters in a Shrubbery—ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURES AGAINST BUONAPARTE: The Corsican Tiger; Billingsgate at Bayonne; The Corsican Spider in his Web; The Corsican Nurse Soothing the Infants of Spain; The Beast as Described in Revelations; From the Desk to the Throne; King Joe's Retreat from Madrid; King Joe on his Spanish Donkey; A Spanish Passport to France; The Political Butcher; The Fox and the Grapes; Prophecy Explained; Napoleon the Little in a Rage with his Great French Eagle; A Hard Passage, or Boney Playing Base on the Continent; King Joe and Co. making the most of their time previous

PAGE

to quitting Madrid; Nap and his Partner Joe; Nap and his Friends in their Glory; John Bull arming the Spaniards; Junot disgorging his Booty; The Progress of the Emperor Napoleon—Illustrations to 'An Academy for Grown Horsemen' and 'Annals of Horsemanship,' communicated by Geoffrey Gambado, Esq.—'The Caricature Magazine, or Hudibrastic Mirror'—'Chesterfield Travestie, or School for Modern Manners'—Behaviour at Table—'A Lecture on Heads,' by G. A. Stevens—Plates to 'The Miseries of Human Life'—'The Microcosm of London, or London in Miniature'—'An Essay on the Art of Ingeinously Tormenting' 84

1809.

The Head of the Family in Good Humour—The Old Woman's Complaint, or the Greek Alphabet—Launching a Frigate—A Mad Dog in a Coffee House—Disappointed Epicures—A Mad Dog in a Dining Room—The Comforts of Matrimony—The Miseries of Wedlock—'Oh! you're a Devil. Get along, do!' ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURES UPON THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION, OR THE CLARKE SCANDAL: Particulars of the Case; The Parliamentary Examination; The Principal Personages Concerned; Mrs. Clarke's *Memoirs*; 'The Rival Princes'; 'Tegg's Complete Collection of Caricatures relative to Mrs. Clarke, and the Circumstances arising from the Investigation of the Conduct of His Royal Highness the Duke of York before the House of Commons, 1809'; Dissolution of Parliament, or the Industrious Mrs. Clarke Winding up her Accounts; Mrs. Clarke's Levee; Days of Prosperity in Gloucester Place; All for Love: a Scene at Weymouth; An Unexpected Meeting; The Bishop and his Clarke; A Pilgrimage from Surrey to Gloucester Place; The York Magician; A Parliamentary Toast; Chelsea Parade; The Road to Preferment; The York March; The Triumvirate of Gloucester Place; A Scene from the Tragedy of 'Cato'; Yorkshire Hieroglyphics, pl. 182; The Burning Shame; The Statue to be Disposed of; A General Discharge; The Champion of Oakhampton; The Parson and the Clarke; Samson Asleep on the Lap of Delilah; The Resignation; The Prodigal Son; Mrs. Clarke's Last Effort; The York Dilly; Doctor O'Meara's Return to his Family; Mrs. Clarke's Farewell to her Audience; Original Plan for a Popular Monument to be Erected in Gloucester Place; A York Address to the Whale; The Flower of the City; The Modern Babel; The Sick Lion and the Asses; Burning the Books; A Piece-Offering; The Quaker and the Clarke; John Bull and the Genius of Corruption—Boney's Broken Bridge—Hell Broke Loose—The Tables are Turned—More of the Clarke—The Plot Thickens—Amusement for the Recess—The Bill of Wright's—Wonders, Wonders, Wonders!—The Rising Sun, or a View of the Continent—The Pope's Excommunication of Buonaparte—The Walcheren Expedition—Song by Commodore Curtis—A Design for a Monument to be Erected in Commemoration of the Glorious and Never-to-be-forgotten Grand Expedition, so ably planned and executed in the year 1809—General Cheathem's Marvellous Return from his Exhibition of Fireworks—Plan for a General Reform—This is the House that Jack Built—A Lump of Impertinence—A Lump of Innocence—Preparations for the Jubilee, or Theatricals Extraordinary—A Bill of Fare for Bond Street Epicures—The Boxes—A Peep at the Gas Lights in Pall Mall—Joint Stock Street—The 'Bull and Mouth'—A Glee—Rowlandson's 'Sketches from Nature'—Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey'—Butler's 'Hudibras'—'Surprising Adventures of the Renowned Baron Munchausen'—'The Beauties of Sterne'—'Poetical Magazine'—'The Schoolmaster's Tour' (Dr. Syntax)—The Mansion House Monitor—'Annals of Sporting,' by Calib Quizzem—'Trial of the Duke of York'—'Advice to Sportsmen' from the notes of Marmaduke Markwell—'The Pleasures of Human Life,' by Hilari Benevolus & Co.—Illustrations to Smollett's Miscellaneous Works—'Beauties of Tom Brown'—Views in Cornwall, &c.—'Scandal; Investigation of the Charges brought against H.R.H. the Duke of York, by G. L. Wardle, Esq., M.P. for Devon, with the evidence and remarks of the Members 130

1810.

Winding up the Medical Report of the Walcheren Expedition—Libel-Hunters on the Look-out, or Daily Examiners of the Liberty of the Press—A New Tap Wanted—The Boroughmongers Strangled in the Tower—Views of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge—A Bait for Kiddies on the North Road—Kissing for Love—Easterly Winds—Three Weeks after Marriage, or the Great Little Emperor Playing at Bo-peep—A Bonnet Shop—Peter Plumb's Diary—A Table d'Hôte, or French Ordinary in Paris—Paris Diligence—Boxing Match between Dutch Sam and Medley—Smuggling

PAGE

Out, or Starting for Gretna Green—Smuggling In, or a College Trick—Procession of the Cod Company from St. Giles's to Billingsgate—Rigging out a Smuggler—Dramatic Demireps at their Morning Rehearsal—Sports of a Country Fair—Spitfires—An Old Ewe Dressed Lamb Fashion—Dropsy Courting Consumption—Kitchen Stuff—A Hit at Backgammon—Medical Despatch—Bath Races—Doctor Drainbarrel—After Sweet Meat comes Sour Sauce—The Harmonic Society—Sign of the Four Alls—Signs—The Rabbit Merchant—A Sale of English Beauties in the East Indies—A Parody on Milton—Cries of London 182

1811.

College Pranks—A Sleepy Congregation—The Gig Shop—Pigeon-Hole—A French Dentist—Bacon-faced Fellows of Brazenose Broke Loose—She Stoops to Conquer—The Anatomist—Sailors on Horseback—Pastime in Portugal—The Last Drop—Boney the Second, or the Little Baboon Created to Devour French Monkeys—A Picture of Misery—Puss in Boots, or General Junot taken by Surprise—Nursing the Spawn of a Tyrant—The Enraged Son of Mars and the Timid Tonsor—Rural Sports : A Cat in a Bowl—A Dog Fight—Touch for Touch—The Bassoon, with a French Horn Accompaniment—Easter Monday—Rural Sports—The Huntsman Rising—The Gamester Going to Bed—Love Laughs at Locksmiths—Masquerading—Accommodation Ladder—Looking at the Comet—Life and Death of the Racehorse—A Milling Match between Cribb and Molineaux—Smock-Racing—A Game at Quoits—How to Show off a well-shaped Leg—Twelfth Night Characters—Cricket Match Extraordinary—Minor Subjects—Six Classes of the Horse—Distillers—Dinners Dressed in the Neatest Manner—A Trip to Gretna Green—Balloon-Hunting—A Belvoir Leap—A Man of Feeling—Bel and the Dragon—A Milk-sop—Royal Academy, Somerset House—Travelling in France—Exhibition Starecase, Somerset House—The Manager's Last Kick—Preparing to Start—Awkward Squads Studying the Graces—Hiring a Servant—Anglers of 1811—Preparing for the Race—Patience in a Punt—A Templar at His Studies—A Barber's Shop—Modern Antiques—Munchausen at Walcheren'—'Chesterfield Burlesqued' 199

1812.

Duke of Cumberland—Lord Petersham—Lord Pomfret—Wet under Foot—Plucking a Spooney—Catching an Elephant—Description of a Boxing Match between Ward and Quirk—A Spanish Cloak—Fast Day—Sea Stores—Land Stores—The Chamber of Genius—Italian Picture-Dealers Humbugging my Lord Anglaise—The Dog Days—A Brace of Blackguards—Racing—Broad Grins—Watermen—A Seaman's Wife's Reckoning—Setting out for Margate—Refinement of Language—Bitter Fare—Raising the Wind—Christmas Gambols—The Successful Fortune-Hunter—Hackney Assembly—The Learned Scotchman—Preaching to some Purpose—A Visit to the Doctor—Puff Paste—Mock Turtle—Off She Goes—A Cat in Pattens—'Petticoat Loose ; a Fragmentary Tale of the Castle'—Series of 'Views in Cornwall'—'TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX, IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE'—'SECOND TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX, IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION'—'THIRD TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX, IN SEARCH OF A WIFE' 225

1813.

Bachelor's Fare, or Bread and Cheese and Kisses—The Last Gasp, or Toadstools Mistaken for Mushrooms—Summer Amusements at Margate—Humours of Houndsditch—Unloading a Waggon—None but the Brave Deserve the Fair—A Doleful Disaster, or Miss Tubby Tatarmin's Wig Caught Fire—The Norwich Bull Feast—A Long Pull, a Strong Pull, and a Pull all together—The Corsican Toad under a Harrow—The Execution of two celebrated Enemies of Old England, and their Dying Speeches, November 5, 1813—A Dutch Nightmare—Plump to the Devil we boldly Kicked both Nap and his Partner Joe—The Corsican Munchausen—Funking the Corsican—The Mock Phœnix—Friends and Foes, up he Goes!—Political Chemists and German Retorts—Napoléon le Grand—Mock Auction, or Boney Selling Stolen Goods—How to Vault into the

PAGE

Saddle—Witches in a Hayloft—The Quakers and the Commissioners of Excise—Doctor Syntax in the Middle of a Political Squabble—A-going ! A-going !—Giving up the Ghost—Ghost of my Departed Husband—'Letters from Italy,' by Lewis Engelbach—'Poetical Sketches of Scarborough,' illustrated by Rowlandson from designs by J. Green—'Dr. Syntax's Tour,' republished . 253

1814.

The Double Humbug—Death and Buonaparte—Transparency exhibited at Ackermann's on the victory of Leipzig—Madame Véry, Restaurateur, Palais Royal, Paris—La Belle Limonadière au Café des Milles Colonnes—Quarter Day, or Clearing the Premises—Kicking up a Breeze, or Barrow-women Basting a Beadle—The Progress of Gallantry—A Tailor's Wedding—Head Runner of Runaways from Leipzig Fair—Crimping a Quaker—The Devil's Darling—Blucher the Brave Extorting the Groan of Abdication from the Corsican Bloodhound—Coming in at the Death of the Corsican Fox—Bloody Boney, the Carcase Butcher, left off Trade and Retiring to Scarecrow Island—The Rogue's March—The Affectionate Farewell, or Kick for Kick—A Delicate Finish to a French Usurper—Nap Dreading his Doleful Doom, or his Grand Entry into the Isle of Elba—The Tyrant of the Continent is Fallen ; Europe is Free ; England Rejoices—Boney Turned Moralist—What I was ! what I am ! what I ought to be !—Peace and Plenty—Macassar Oil—A Pleasant Way of Making Hay—Portsmouth Point—The Four Seasons of Love—Joanna Southcott, the Prophetess—Buck-Hunting 271

1815.

Female Politicians—Breaking up the Blue Stocking Club—Defrauding the Customs—Hodge's Explanation of a Hundred Magistrates—Tailors Drinking the Tunbridge Waters—Flight of Buonaparte from Hell Bay—Hell Hounds Rallying round the Idol of France—Vive le Roi ! Vive l'Empereur ! Vive le Diable !—Scene in a New Pantomime to be Performed at the Theatre Royal, Paris—The Corsican and his Blood Hounds at the Window of the Tuileries—Ackermann's Transparency on the Victory of Waterloo—Boney's Trial, Sentence, and Dying Speech, or Europe's Injuries Avenged—Ackermann's Transparency on the General Peace, Nov. 27, 1815—The Cockney Hunt—Measuring Substitutes for the Army of Reserve—A Journeyman Tailor—An Eating House—Neighbours—Banditti—Virtue in Danger—Slap Bang Shop—Accidents will Happen—Sympathy—Despatch, or Jack Preparing for Sea—Deadly-Lively—Illustrations to 'The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome'—Illustrations to 'The Grand Master, or Adventures of Qui Hi in Hindostan'—Hindoo Incantations—Illustrations to 'Naples and the Campagna Felice,' in a series of letters by Lewis Engelbach—The Letter-Writer—Don Lugi's Ball 289

1816.

Exhibition at Bullock's Museum of Buonaparte's Carriage taken at Waterloo—The Attempt to Wash the Blackamoor White—Lady Hamilton—'Relics of a Saint,' by Ferdinand Farquhar—Rowlandson's 'World in Miniature'—Illustrations to 'THE ENGLISH DANCE OF DEATH' . . 309

1817.

Illustrations to Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield'—Illustrations to 'The Dance of Life'—'Grotesque Drawing Book,' &c. 356

1818.

Wild Irish, or Paddy from Cork, with his Coat Buttoned Behind—Doncaster Fair, or the Industrious Yorkshire Bites—Illustrations to 'The Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy 363

1819.

PAGE

A Rough Sketch of the Times, as delineated by Sir Francis Burdett—'Who Killed Cock Robin?' (chap-book on the Manchester Massacre)—Female Intrepidity (chap-book) 365

1820.

Chemical Lectures (Sir Humphrey Davy)—Rowlandson's 'Characteristic Sketches of the Lower Classes'—'The Second Tour of Doctor Syntax' 366

1821.

A Smoky House and a Scolding Wife—Tricks of the Turf, or Settling how to Lose a Race—Illustrations to 'Journal of Sentimental Travels in the Southern Provinces of France'—'Le Don Quichotte Romantique, ou voyage du Docteur Syntaxe' 368

1822.

Illustrations to 'The History of Johnny Quæ Genus'—Rowlandson's 'Sketches from Nature'—'Third Tour of Doctor Syntax, in Search of a Wife'—'Die Reise des Doktor Syntax'—Crimes of the Clergy 371

1823.

Not at Home, or the Disappointed Dinner-hunter—An Old Poacher Caught in a Snare—The Chancellor of the Exchequer putting an Extinguisher on Lotteries—Westmacott's 'Spirit of the Public Journals for 1823'—The Toothache, or Torment and Torture 374

1825.

'Bernard Blackmantle' (C. M. Westmacott), 'Spirit of the Public Journals for the year 1824'—'The English Spy,' by Bernard Blackmantle' 377

1831.

Posthumous Publication—'The Humourist, a Companion for the Christmas Fireside,' by W. H. Harrison, 'with fifty engravings and numerous vignettes from designs by the late Thomas Rowlandson' 380

SUMMARIES.

Chronological summary of subjects, social and political, published caricatures, plates, and book illustrations, engraved by or after Thomas Rowlandson, 1774 to 1831 387
Addendum to the chronological summary of Rowlandson's published caricatures 406

APPENDIX.

PAGE

ADDITIONAL SOURCES OF REFERENCE UPON ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURES:

Catalogue of pictorial satires in the Print Department of the British Museum, from the notes of Edward Hawkins, prepared by Frederic George Stephens 411
'Centuria Librorum Absconditorum (Pisanus Fraxi)' 412
Original drawings by Thomas Rowlandson in the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum 412
In the Royal Collection, Windsor Castle 413
In the collection of water-colour drawings of the English school, Science and Art Department, South Kensington Museum 413
Dyce collection of water-colour drawings of the English school, Science and Art Department, South Kensington Museum 413
Private collections of original drawings by Thomas Rowlandson 415

INDICES.

Index of names, persons, &c. 435
Index of titles, subjects, published caricatures, illustrations, &c. 440

ROWLANDSON THE CARICATURIST.

1800.

January 1, 1800. *A French Ordinary.* Published by S. W. Fores. (See January 2, 1804.)

January 20–3, 1800. *Washing Trotters.* Published by Hixon, 355 Exeter Change, Strand.—As the title indicates, an etching of a curious couple engaged in the domestic operation of tubbing.

January 20, 1800. *Desire*, No. 1. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.—'Various are the ways this passion might be depicted: in this delineation the subjects chosen are simple—a hungry boy and a plum-pudding.'

January 20, 1800. *Attention*, No. 2. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 20, 1800. *Hatred or Jealousy*, No. 3. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 20, 1800. *Admiration with Astonishment*, No. 4. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 20, 1800. *Veneration*, No. 5. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Rapture*, No. 6. Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson.—'What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?' 'Melody produces rapture, as exemplified in the Jew clothesman's rapturous attention to the vocal strains of the ballad-singer and her family.' A street ballad-singer, with a basket of ballads in slips, and surrounded by her family of children, has thrown a wandering Hebrew into a fit of pious ecstasy by the strains of her squalling voice, helped out by the shrill accompaniments supplied by those of her children.

1800. *Desire*, No. 7. Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson.—'Female attraction is frequently the cause of this passion, as represented in the delineation

of the Old Beau and the Sleeping Lady.' A fair young female, fashionably attired, has dropped asleep in an inviting attitude, leaning on a cushion, an old buck, spyglass in hand, is ogling the unconscious beauty.

January 21, 1800. *Joy with Tranquillity*, No. 8. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Laughter*, No. 9. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Acute Pain*, No. 10. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp.—'The curious observer of the passions has only to get a careless servant to pour some hot water on his foot, in a case of the gout, and he will soon know the nature of Acute Pain.'

January 21, 1800. *Acute Pain* (2nd plate), No. 19. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Simple Bodily Pain*, No. 11. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Sadness*, No. 12. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.—'This passion is represented by an old maid, who is rendered completely miserable by the death of her favourite lapdog.' A 'serious footman' is gravely contemplating the body of a deceased puppy, extended on a velvet cushion, while an antiquated spinster, his mistress, who is smartened up with bows and ribbons, is in the depths of despair.

January 21, 1800. *Weeping*, No. 13. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Compassion*, No. 14. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Scorn*, No. 15. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.—'This passion is frequently brought forward when a rich old dowager meets a poor relation.' A stout citizeness is pouting her nether lip, and closing her eyes to the pathetic appeals of a miserable-looking female, whose poverty and leanness offer a striking contrast to the portly city dame, with comfortable muff, resplendent in jewellery and brave apparel.

January 21, 1800. *Horror*, No. 16. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Terror*, No. 17. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Anger*, No. 18. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.

January 21, 1800. *Despair*, No. 20. G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec. Published by R. Ackermann.—'A disappointed old maid and a bachelor are

selected as proper subjects to represent the passion of despair.' The old maid, who is far from an attractive example of her tribe, is looking venom and acerbity personified. The old bachelor is also of a flinty aspect, his hands are clasped, thumbs pressed together, and head and eyes uplifted in pious abstraction and contemplation.

February 14, 1800. *Beef à la Mode.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand. Etched by Rowlandson (companion to *Collar'd Pork*).—A veritable bovine specimen, a fine Alderney, dressed out in the reigning mode. The fore part in female guise, on the head a gigantic hat of the cart-wheel order, straw trimmed and garnished, huge ear-rings, the extensive muslin 'choker,' a miniature of a bull round the cow's neck, ladies' buckled shoes, and ribboned sandles on the fore legs, and maccaroni's hessians and tassels on the hind ones; a lady's shawl thrown over the shoulders, according to the fashionable costume worn at the end of the eighteenth century.

March 6, 1800. *Dr. Botherum, the Mountebank.*—From the bustle and life visible on all sides it would seem that the period is fair-time, when the rustics and agricultural population of the vicinity in general flock into the town, holiday-making. A travelling mountebank has established his theatre in the market-place; the person of the ingenious charlatan is decked out in a fine court dress, with bag wig, powder, sword, and laced hat complete, the better to excite the respect of his audience; he is holding forth on the marvellous properties ascribed to the nostrums which he is seeking to palm off on the simple villagers as wonder-working elixirs; while his attendants, Merry Andrew and Jack Pudding, are going through their share of the performance. One branch of the mountebank physician's profession was the drawing of teeth; an unfortunate sufferer is submitting himself to the hands of the empiric's assistant. The rural audience is stolidly contemplating the antics of the party, without being particularly moved by Dr. Botherum's imposing eloquence, these vagabond scamps being frequently clever rogues, blessed with an inexhaustible fund of bewildering oratory, and witty repartee at glib command. Leaving the quack, we find plentiful and suggestive materials to employ the humourist's skilful graver scattered around. In the centre, a scene of jealousy is displayed; the beguilements of a portly butcher are prevailing against the assumed privileges of a slip-shod tailor, who is seemingly tempted to have recourse to his sheers, to cut the amorous entanglement summarily asunder. On the left, the promiscuous and greedy feeding associated with 'fairings,' is going busily forward, and on the opposite side are exhibited all the drolleries which can be got out of a Jew pedlar, his pack, the diversified actions of customers he is trying to tempt with his wares, and the bargains for finery into which the fair and softer sex are vainly trying to beguile the cunning Hebrew on their own accounts.

DR. BOTHERUM, THE MOUNTEBANK.

It seems probable that Rowlandson in his print of *Doctor Botherum* may have had a certain Doctor Bossy in his eye, a German practitioner of considerable skill, who enjoyed a comfortable private practice, said to have been the last of the respectable charlatans who exhibited in the British metropolis. This benevolent empiric, as Angelo informs us, dispensed medicines and practised the healing art, publicly and gratuitously on a stage, his booth being erected weekly in the midst of Covent-Garden Market, where the mountebank, handsomely dressed and wearing a gold-laced cocked hat, arrived in his chariot with a liveried servant behind.

According to the old custom, the itinerant quack-doctor, with his attendant gang, was as constant a visitor at every market-place as the pedlar with his pack.

March 12, 1800. *Humbugging, or Raising the Devil.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A credulous personage, who, judging from his costume, is in a fair position in life, has called to consult a necromancer. The enchanter has a venerable beard, and a divining rod; according to usage, he has made a circle of skulls, toads, and other inviting objects, in the centre of which, through a stage trap, he is raising the 'very deil,' and has conjured up a pantomimic demon, horned, winged, and grotesquely arranged, holding in one hand a gore-stained dagger, and a goblet of suppositious blood in the other. The knees of the befooled spectator are trembling beneath him; his back is turned to a curtain which conceals a fair enchantress, who is assisting the invocation, and giving a practical turn to the delusion by removing a well-filled pocket-book from the coat-tail of the simple victim. In the background is the traditional whiskered cat, and the folio of cabalistic signs; a stuffed crocodile is suspended from the roof.

March 12, 1800. *Hocus Pocus, or Searching for the Philosopher's Stone.* Rowlandson del. and sculp. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—Companion plate to 'Humbugging, or raising the Devil.' The artist introduces us to the laboratory of a so-called alchemist. A roguish Jew and his familiar are busily engaged in the transmutation of metals; the servant, with a pair of long-nozzled bellows, is engaged in kindling the furnace, in which is a crucible; various retorts, alembics, and other paraphernalia of the 'black arts,' are scattered about, as well as a formula for 'changing lead into gold;' although the alchemists at best could only contrive to accomplish the reverse transmutation. Suggestive prints are hung on the walls of this chamber of mystery, such as the portrait of the notorious 'Count Cagliostro, discoverer of the Philosopher's Stone,' and the figure of the spurious 'Bottle Conjurer.'

A military officer, in the next apartment, is turning his opportunities to more practical advantage by embracing, with a certain display of ardour, a pretty

maiden—who is nothing loth,—the daughter, it appears, of the philosophically minded investigator.

April 1, 1800. *A Ghost in the Wine Cellar.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James's Street, Adelphi.

April, 1800. *Caricature Medallions for Screens.* Published by R. Ackermann, Strand.

April 20, 1800. *Hearts for the year* 1800. Woodward inv., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann, Strand.

May 1, 1800. *Cash.* Published by R. Ackermann.

May 1, 1800. *Bills of Exchange.* Published by R. Ackermann.

May 12, 1800. *Melopoyn haranguing the prisoners in the Fleet. Hogarthian Novelist.* Plate 5.

May 12, 1800. *Captain Bowling introduced to Narcissa. Hogarthian Novelist.* Plate 6.

May 20, 1800. *A Skipping Academy.* G. M. Woodward inv., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann, Strand.

June, 1800. *Sketches at the Oratorio.* G. M. Woodward inv., Rowlandson sculp.

June 4, 1800. *Pictures of Prejudice.* Designed by Woodward. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann.

June 4, 1800. *Britannia's Protection, or Loyalty Triumphant.*—George the Third, his face shown in profile, is standing upright and firm; his left arm is resting on the pillar of Fortitude, Britannia's shield is outstretched for his protection, and her spear is striking at the would-be assassin Hadfield, who, wearing a repellant expression, is slinking down before her : his pistol has fallen from his hand; round his neck is a halter, with the end of which a miniature edition of the Evil One is flying off, crying : ' Hadfield, for thy diabolical attempt thou shalt meet with thy reward !'

June 26, 1800. *A Silly.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—An ill-favoured old maid, who is evidently a person of fortune, is seated on her sofa between two admirers, a clergyman and a military officer, who are respectively ambitious of the honour of her hand. Her old-maidish tastes are indicated by the nature of her pets; a monkey, seated in the embrasure of the window, is scratching his ear; he is supported on the opposite side by a parrot, which is screaming with the full force of its lungs.

June 26, 1800. *A Sulky.* Companion Print to *A Silly.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A fat old curmudgeon, a very porpoise in face, expression, and figure, is tippling and dozing in a semi maudlin state, in front of the fire-place. His fair companion, an elegant young damsel, is dressed in readiness to make her escape into more agreeable society ; she is fuming with im-

patience, but dares not venture to move for fear of arousing the attention of her besotted jailer. Her situation is more tantalising from the circumstance that the maid-servant has brought in a billet-doux from a handsome youth, her admirer, who, all impatience, is looking over the shoulders of his messenger.

July 25, 1800. *Collar'd Pork.* Companion to *Beef à la Mode* (see p. 3). Published by Ackermann.—A long-snouted black pig is decked out in the height of fashion, with ample neck-cloth, frill, wig, eye-glass, white ducks, blue coat with roll collar, brass buttons, his tail twisted up with bows, &c., *à la queue.* He wears Hessian boots, tassels, and spurs on his front legs; pumps with bows, and black silk stockings on his hind legs.

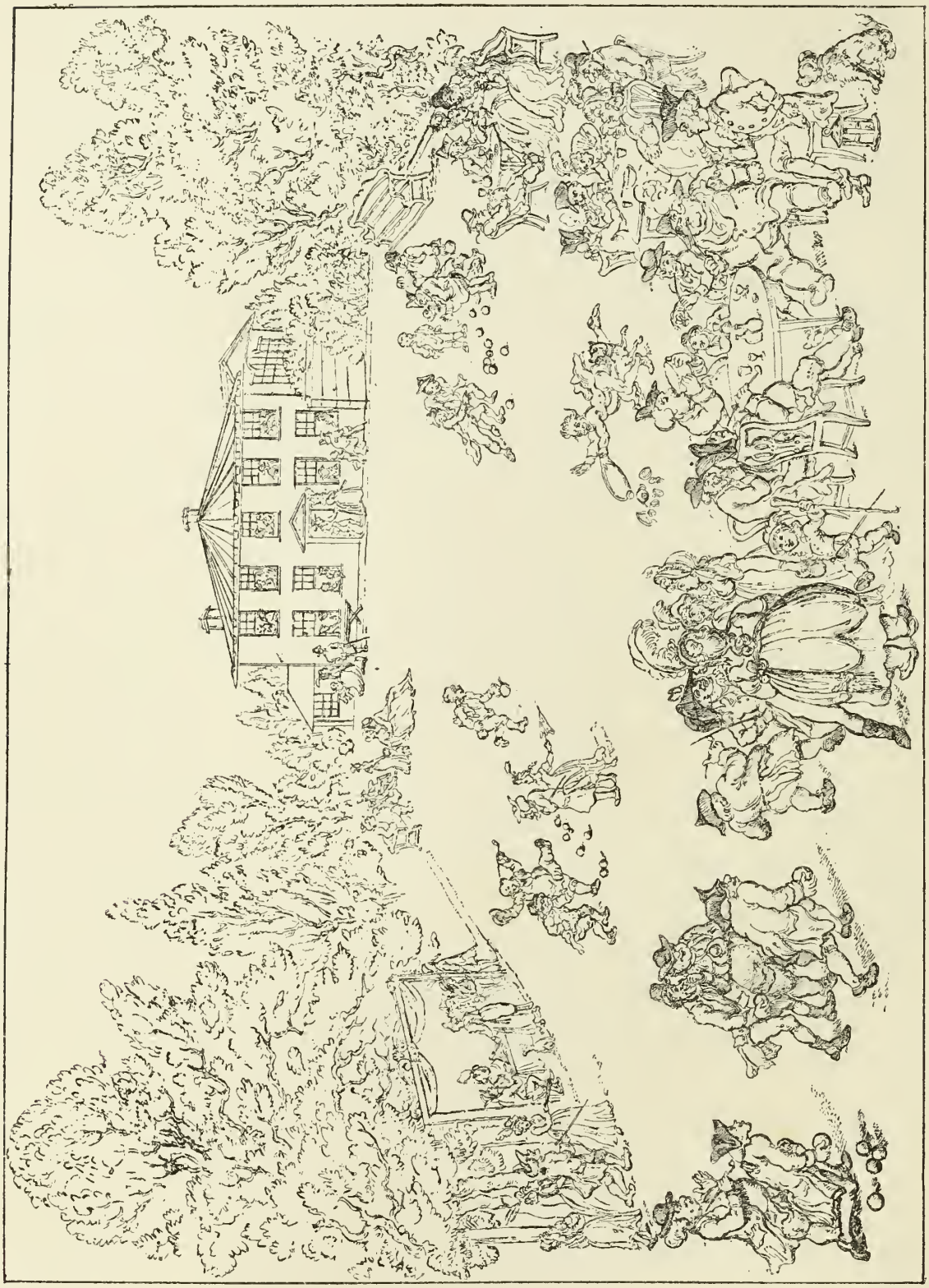
July 25, 1800. *The Pleasures of Margate,* in four compartments. Published by R. Ackermann.

Morning.—Breakfasting at *Michiner's Grand Hotel.*
Noon.—Dining at *Michiner's Grand Hotel.*
Evening.—A drive on the sands.
Night.—At the bazaars. Raffling for prizes, flirtation, &c.

August 20, 1800. *Sailors Regaling.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James's Street, Adelphi.

1800. *The Tuileries in Paris.—Original Drawing.*

August 20, 1800. *Summer Amusement; or, a Game at Bowls.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James's Street, Adelphi.—It has been a custom immemorial to laugh at the exertions which were made by our ancestors to obtain rational open-air recreation. The fashionable part of society have, for once, found congenial allies in the wits. The papers which doubtless obtained the most popular reception in their day, since they laughed at the simple citizens 'on pleasure bent,' and held up their relaxations to a ridicule which was often neither subtle nor polished, were the essays in the *Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, Humourist, &c.,* which made fun of the countrified loungings of the Londoners. The squibs, in the shape of poetical broadsheets and songs of the Stuart era, against sylvan aspirations, were but re-echoed by the bright and cultivated humourists who flourished when 'Anna ruled the realm.' Sturdy Hogarth, with his pictures, brought the commonplace pleasures—although he was addicted to them with no half-spirit himself—of his neighbours into ludicrous prominence. The *Connoisseur, World, Mirror, Adventurer, Observer, Lounger, Looker-on,* and even Johnson's *Rambler,* are particularly caustic on the comic side of humanity, as seen in their out-of-door pastimes. As to the days of transition, when the early Georgian generation was being rapidly submerged and effaced by the tide of progression, both writers and caricaturists combined to satirise cockney jauntings unmercifully. Gillray, Rowlandson, Collings, Boyle, Bunbury, Deighton, Woodward,



SUMMER AMUSEMENT, OR A GAME AT BOWLS.

Nixon, Newton, and a swarm of amateur followers, were always ready to make fun of suburban excursions; such productions were certain to obtain fame for the designers, and a ready patronage at the hands of a public which encouraged similar everyday irony.

It seems, however, now the suburbs have disappeared, where tea-gardens were once abundant—to which, armed with lanterns and in groups, for better security against the knights of the road, footpads, and similar dangers which were then rife, our forefathers repaired with light hearts, released from the culture of Mammon and money-grubbing—that we have lost a great deal which modern improvements are powerless to restore.

A little generation back there were still relics of past pleasure haunts, a Sluice House, a Hornsey Wood House, and numberless similar resorts for the dwellers in Babylon, who sighed to turn, for a brief afternoon of diversion, their respectable backs on groves of brick, and to regale their pastoral-longing eyes with a semblance of the country. Now the monster metropolis, with unsparing strides, has finally absorbed such patches of verdure, as made homely retreats on red-letter holidays; and life is considerably restricted, as regards the variety which an hour's jaunt could introduce into the prosaic current of yearly existence, as far as the boundaries of the giant city are concerned.

A great deal could be written on the defunct pleasure-gardens which once enlivened the outskirts; but their glories are departed, or at best preserved in the satires, literary and artistic, which contemporary humourists levelled at the Georgic-loving citizens who frequented them. Such a suburban retreat, with the motley crowds who disported themselves thereat, is graphically reproduced in Rowlandson's plate of *Summer Amusement.* Much of the delight was prosaic and toilsome; but, seemingly, good fun was to be had, and people could lay aside their conventional rigidity for once and awhile, when fine weather and the pleasant season tempted them to stray, and leave the everlasting counting-house at home, for a game at bowls and a little wholesome relaxation. The various groups found in the picture are well conceived. Two games are proceeding, into which cits, of various degrees, are throwing their entire energies. The whimsical accompaniments connected with 'taking tea in the arbour' are faithfully seized. The soberer elders are crowding the hospitable 'house of call.' Round the foremost table is gathered a convivial party; the worthy souls are draining a parting bowl, before commencing their return journey, for which the lantern is set on the ground in prudent preparation. A little toasting is going on at the next table, and beyond that an arcadian flirtation is in progress, with various incidents transpiring around, such as the observant philosopher might have noted in 1800, without travelling very far out of his way.

August 30, 1800. *Gratification of the Senses à la mode Française.*—(Seeing, Tasting, Hearing, Smelling, Feeling.)

October 1. *The Newspaper.* G. M. Woodward invt., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

October 29, 1800. *Grotesque borders for Rooms and Halls.*—Published October 25 and 29, 1800, by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp.

1800 (?). *Sterne, L. The Beauties of Sterne.* With one plate by T. Rowlandson. 12mo.

1800. *Sterne, L. The Sentimental Journey.* With plates by Thomas Rowlandson. 12mo.

1800. *Yorick feeling the Grisette's Pulse.* 8vo.—The interior of the Grisette's *Magasin des Modes.* The plate is delicately etched. Yorick is seated beside the pretty milliner; the complaisant husband is bowing, grimacing, and attitudinising. A poodle is on a settee. Two blocks, hat and cap moulds, are, with bandboxes, robes, &c., scattered around. Outside is seen a glimpse of the quaint antiquated French street life, such as might be encountered by the sentimental traveller before the Revolution :—priests, monks, portresses, &c., with images of saints at the street corners.

On August 15, 1800, Mr. Ackermann issued at his Repository of Arts, 101 Strand, a series of six plates designed and etched in Rowlandson's boldest and most spirited style ; and finished and coloured in almost exact imitation of the original drawings. Each plate contains three large distinct heads, festooned with attributes peculiar to the respective designs. It is not very clear whether these symbolical groupings, which are superior in execution to the average of Rowlandson's published works, were devised to be cut up for scrap-books, screens, or wall borderings ; but they have become remarkably scarce since the date of publication, and sets of these typical heads (eighteen in all) are rarely met with at the present date.

Philosophorum.—The head of the philosopher closely resembles the conventional portrait accorded to Father Time, horn spectacles, forelock, grey beard and all. The globe, a sextant, mariner's compass, chart, telescope, dividers, bells, squares, thermometers, &c., make up the symbolical garland which depends from the ears of this emblem of knowledge.

Fancynina.—This figure is borne out by one of the artist's favourite types of female beauty, a well-featured, handsomely made and languishing-looking young lady, wearing a modish hat, all feathered, beaded, and flowered. The portrait of *Fancynina* is festooned with such emblems of feminine frivolity as French rouge, Court sticking-plaister (for patches), ottar of roses, watches and trinkets, miniatures of admirers, an opera glass, a black domino or half-mask, a huge muff, parasol, fan, &c.

Epicurum.—An old gourmand in a red nightcap, whose flushed and blossoming countenance appears through a goodly string of sausages; a gridiron, a basting ladle, a cucumber, and other indications of creature comforts complete the emblems of this figure.

Penserosa.—The head of a tragic performer, modelled on that of one of the Gorgones is used to illustrate this figure. The Medusa head is entwined with serpents, and wreathed below with a festoon of bays, beneath which hang the dagger and bowl, and the manuscript of *Penserosa's* tragic part.

Tally ho! rum!—The head of a Nimrod, backed with a huntsman's cap, is the sign-piece of this figure; a *corne de chasse* is hung round the sportsman's neck, and on it are spurs, horseshoes, whips, a gun, powder-flask, and game bag; a fox's head completes the group of emblems distinctive of *Tally ho! rum!*

Allegoria.—The head of a rubicund, but young and well-featured, Bacchus does duty for *Allegoria*; heavy clusters of vine-leaves, and bunches of purple grapes and tendrils crown and surround the bucolic divinity; below is a Silenus mask; bacchanalian flutes, and pipes of Pan, complete the insignia.

Physicorum.—The face of a lean, high-dried, and sharp-featured doctor, with a high, white wig, and a profusion of horsehair curls, figures forth *Physicorum* with proper character; festoons of bottles of medicine, soporific, strengthening, emollient, purging and sleeping draughts in all varieties, boxes of pills, ointments, drops, prescriptive puffs, quackeries, and the inevitable syringe and clyster pipe, make up the attributes of the physician.

Nunina.—The head of a rosy-cheeked and buxom Nun, her eyes devoutly raised to realms above. Beneath the portrait the crowned and ghastly skull of King Death, a book of devotions, a *flagellum* for discipline, a crucifix, hour-glass and rosary, and other pious symbols are displayed.

Publicorum.—The face of a fat and rubicund-visaged landlord does duty as the emblem of *Publicorum*; as may be supposed, the symbols of this personage consist mainly of convivial attributes—tobacco-boxes, pipes, bottles of rum, brandy, and rack; a tankard, limes, lemons, a punchbowl, ladle, &c.

Funeralorum.—The head of a professional mourner, with long crape streamers round his hat, and a mourning cloak. *Funeralorum* is surrounded by such cheerful attributes as funeral sermons, advertisements of interments, and invitations to the same, burial fees, titles, last wills and testaments, hatchments, Yorick's skull, an hour-glass, and a sexton's pick and spade.

Virginia.—The head of a soured and malignant-looking old maid, whose favourite parrot is screaming in her ear. The vixenish face is festooned with suppositious attributes of old spinsterhood—a group of boxes of snuff, corn-plaisters, padlocks, pincushions, cats-meat, anonymous letters, drops for the colic;

while a bag for 'winnings at *quadrille*' is displayed on the *Scandalous Magazine*, beside which are perched two spitting and caterwauling old tom-cats.

Hazardorum.—The head given as representative of *Hazardorum* wears a very disconsolate and downcast look; fortune has not favoured the gambler, as is figuratively evinced by a purse turned upside down, from which the contents are escaping, mortgage-deeds, annuity bonds, *Hoyle on Chances*, a betting book, a game cock, rackets, dice and a dice-box. *The Racing Calendar*, playing cards, billiard cues, a loaded pistol, and other suggestive emblems supply the features of *Hazardorum.*

Battleorum.—The head of a fierce-looking warrior, with plumed hat, sets forth *Battleorum*; warlike attributes surround the stern hero, whose face is grim as war itself. Chain-shot, pistols, shot-belts, a cartouche box, bayonet, sword, gun, drum, &c., help out the martial figure and assist its due signification.

Billingsgatina displays the face of a buxom young fish-girl, topped with a sailor's straw hat, and surrounded by evidences of her fishy profession: strings of eels, lobsters, crabs, cod, oysters, and fish-baskets are introduced to support the character of *Billingsgatina.*

Trafficorum is represented by a long-haired, hook-nosed, shrewd-eyed Jew pedlar, wearing an unkempt beard; round his neck hangs the suggestive hawker's box, with the multifarious contents of the pack displayed; scissors, tape, ribands, spectacles, purses, razors, combs, knives, forks and spoons, watches, trinkets, necklaces, ear-rings, buckles, and an infinity of similar articles, disclose the identity of *Trafficorum.*

Barberorum.—The head of a French hair-dresser does duty for this figure; a comb is stuck in the lengthy locks, and a white apron is pinned under the shaven chin. Implements properly pertaining to the barber's calling are introduced to form a trophy; a string of wigs of all colours and shapes, a block, powder-bags, curling-irons, tongs, combs, scissors, tooth brushes, razors and Packwood's strops, flasks of scent, eau de Luce, lotions, boxes of pommades, rouge, &c., furnish forth emblemata of the hair-dressing *Barberorum.*

Flora is represented by a sweetly innocent flower-seller, whose soft and winning face appears above clusters of roses, lilies, tulips, bluebells, and other flowers, while beneath the attributes of *Flora* are completed by a basket of fruits and vegetables.

Lawyerorum very significantly closes the series of emblematical heads. The counsel is a hard-featured, sharp, close, shrewd, and long-headed looking individual, attired in his horsehair wig, and festooned around with the sweets of his profession—*Affidavits, Subpœnæ, Perjuries, Bankrupts enlarged, 'Wills made on the shortest notice,' Writs of Error, Clausum Frigit, Bills of Costs, Declarations, Actions between John Doe and Richard Roe, Warrants for assaults,*

Habeas Corpus, Suits in Chancery, Lists of Informations, Quirks, Quibbles, Briefs, Title-deeds, Statutes at large, bags of *causes*, ponderous legal volumes; the emblemata are significantly supported by a well-filled brief bag, plethoric with 'cash received on clients' accounts, not paid over.'

1800. *A Peep into Bethlehem.*

> Ah! then dismounted from his spavin'd hack,
> To Bethlehem's walls, with Burke, I saw him borne,
> There the straight waistcoat close embrac'd his back:
> While Peggy's wreath of straw did either brow adorn,
> And there they sit, two grinners, *vis-à-vis;*
> He writing Grub Street verse, Burke ranting rhapsody.
> *Vide Melancholy Catastrophe, by* PETER FIG, Esq.

The bard Peter Pindar is leaning his elbows on a sheet of verses lately commenced, 'An Ode to Paine,' his poems the 'Lousiad,' 'Pension,' 'Ode upon Ode,' &c., are scattered on the ground. Burke, with a shaven head, and wearing a rosary round his neck, is declaiming impassioned eloquence, while his foot is trampling upon two volumes, the 'Rights of Man,' and 'Common Sense,' with Peter Pindar's 'Ode upon Ode.'

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 1, *A Publican.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The parlour of a country public-house, hung round with pictures on equestrian subjects, after the manner of the inimitable gallery of Professor Gambado: *Horse Accomplishments*, introducing such peculiarities as *An Astronomer, or Star-gazing Steed; An Arithmetician*, where the animal is working out problems with his nose on the ground; *A Loiterer*, where the horse pauses to ruminate, &c. The publican is drinking in true old-fashioned landlordlike style with the squire, a Tony Lumkin of a landed proprietor; mine host wears a red nightcap, and clean white sleeves, apron, and stockings. Tony Lumkin has been trying to palm off an old story on his friend, but the landlord's experience is too much for him. 'Come, squire,' he cries, 'that won't do; that's Joe Miller, I'm sure, page 490.'

Country Characters. No. 2, *A Justice.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

Country Characters. No. 3, *A Barber.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A stout gentleman, divested of his wig, has sat down for the tonsorial process, holding in his lap the *London Gazette Newspaper*; the village Figaro, a highly-dried and austere personage, of marked political proclivities, has fixed his melancholy eyes on the latest intelligence, while, not to waste time, he is pursuing the operation of shaving his unhappy victim; simultaneously the edge of his razor-blade is taking an upward tendency, and his right hand is sawing away at the sitter's olfactory organ, while

his left holds that important member immoveable. 'They write from Amsterdam,' reads the preoccupied barber; while the gentleman in the seat of torture, writhing with pain and apprehension, vehemently shouts: 'Halloh! you sir,—what, are you going to cut my nose off?'

The remainder of the series does not require a more particular description.

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 4, *Footman.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 5, *Tax-gatherer.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 6, *Squire.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 7, *Viear.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 8, *Doctor.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 9, *Exciseman.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 10, *Steward.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 11, *Attorney.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800 (?). *Country Characters. No.* 12, *London Outrider, or Brother Saddle-bag.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800. *Matrimonial Comforts. No.* 1, *The Dinner Spoil'd.* G. M. Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand. —A family party sitting down to the diurnal repast. The head of the house is an ill-favoured person, of advanced age and wearing a tremendous wig. Before him is a leg of mutton, and, knife and fork in hand, he is considering the joint with the eye of disfavour. 'It's red!' he grumbles, 'not fit to eat!—these are the blessed effects of boiling mutton in a cloth!' His wife is regarding the dinner with consternation; one son is opening his eyes, and 'making a mouth' apprehensive of losing his dinner; another youth bears a look of absolute dejection; the family circle is completed by the addition of a queer poodle, seated on his hind legs, and wearing a disappointed look, like the rest of the diners. An appropriate pair of figures, *Peace* and *Concord*, are hung on the wall by way of pictures.

1800. *Matrimonial Comforts.* No. 2, *Late Hours.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800. *Matrimonial Comforts.* No. 3, *An Anonymous Letter.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

1800. *Matrimonial Comforts.* No. 4, *A Return from a Walk.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A venerable and somewhat decrepit spouse has been for a 'constitutional.' On his return he is gratified with the discovery of a very interesting domestic tableau: his young and pretty wife is fast asleep on the knee of a dashing officer, who, seated on the family sofa, is also slumbering blissfully, with one arm round the waist of the faithless wife, while his hand is clasping that of the lady, one of whose arms tenderly encircles the neck of her martial admirer. The rash intruder on this scene, with good reason, is much shocked at the situation, and is exclaiming in dismay, 'My wife! as sure as I am a haberdasher.'

1800. *Matrimonial Comforts.* No. 5, *Killing with Kindness.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The victim to ill-directed matrimonial attentions is a stout countrified old gentleman; he is seated in his arm-chair, very much at the mercy of two fair and youthful tormentors, whose exertions on his behalf are probably *not* disinterested. The wife, a very stylish damsel, seemingly young enough to be the daughter of her embarrassed spouse, is leaning on his chair and pressing him to partake of a dish of fruit, and insisting, 'You must have some apricots, my love!' while her sister, patting the husband affectionately on the shoulder, is forcing a bunch of grapes into his mouth, which he has incautiously opened, to express his dissent: 'Just take these grapes, brother-in-law, you never eat finer!' The old gentleman, who shrewdly values this devotion at its worth, is crying: 'I wo'nt eat anything more, I tell you—I shall be choked—got an eye to the estate, I suppose!'

1800. *Matrimonial Comforts.* No. 6, *A Fashionable Suit.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The tailor, with measuring-tape on shoulder and shears in pocket, has brought home a new suit, into which an ill-made and clumsy-looking personage has, with some difficulty, managed to thrust his limbs. The coat is that very unbecoming garment, fashionable at the date of the etching, and known as a *Jean de Brie*—a close-fitting, swallow-tailed garment, with a hump-like high collar, and sleeves tight to the shoulders, which were distended by a gouty puff, giving a generally distorted appearance to the back of the wearer. The victim is contemplating his uncomfortable suit in a looking-glass held by the tailor, who is dismayed at the indignant protest of his client: 'Why, you have put me a hump upon each shoulder, and here's a pair of Dutchman's breeches that would hold provision for a marching regiment; well, I tell you what, Master Tailor, d—— me if I would go to our club such a figure for fifty pounds!' The snip is assuring him in reply: 'Made entirely to your lady's orders, your Honour, I assure you she said now you was married you should look like the rest of the world.'

1800. *Matrimonial Comforts.* No. 7, *Washing Day.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A stout and comfortable-looking gentleman, whose features wear a very sulky and discontented expression, is giving one hand to a cheerful old 'chum' from the country, and pointing with the disengaged hand to two stout wenches deep in the washing-tubs: 'Ah! my old friend,' cries the host to the traveller, 'I wish you had called at some more convenient time, but this is washing day—I have nothing to give you but cold fish, cold tripe, and cold potatoes, you may smell soapsuds a mile! Ah Jack! Jack! you don't know these Comforts! You are a bachelor!'

1800. *Matrimonial Comforts.* No. 8, *A Curtain Lecture.* Woodward del. Etched by Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The bedchamber of a couple who seem to disagree. The clock points to 'five o'clock in the morning,' and the husband, night-cap on head, and his face bearing an expression of injured martyrdom, has clasped his hands in despair of obtaining rest from the energetic denunciations of his wife, who, leaning over him in a commanding attitude, is pouring forth her 'Caudle-like' remonstrances over the prostrate sufferer: 'Yes, you base man, you; don't you eat, drink, and sleep comfortably at home? and still you must be jaunting abroad every night. I'll find out all your intrigues, you may depend on it.'

1800 (?). *Preparation for the Academy, Old Joseph Nollekens and his Venus.*—John Thomas Smith, many years Keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, and better known by his works on metropolitan antiquities, to which he furnished etchings, as well as archæological researches, has left us one of the chattiest and most eccentric biographies to be found in the annals of literature—the *Life of the Sculptor Nollekens*, whose pupil he was. Much as we are indebted to 'Antiquity Smith' for the whimsical anecdotes he has imported into his unequivocally entertaining pair of volumes, which touch freely upon contemporary men and things under their most familiar and every-day aspect, we cannot fail to feel a passing regret that the versatile keeper has forgotten to make any anecdotal mention of his friend Rowlandson, with whom he was on terms of cordiality. The caricaturist had presented, at times, some of his most interesting drawings to 'his old friend John Thomas Smith,' as he has taken care to inscribe on the margins, with his autograph; the best of these is possibly, *Drawing from the Life-School at the Royal Academy*—a subject upon which both the humourists were well informed, since they had worked there as students, and were more or less acquainted with all the artists of the day, and, moreover, it being impossible to overlook such points, with their keen sense of the eccentric; they had noted—the one with his pencil, and the other with his pen—all the striking peculiarities, personal or professional, of their numerous associates. The latest portrait the pre-

sent writer has seen of our artist is one drawn with a pen in outline and tinted with Indian ink by the worthy keeper, one day when the caricaturist was visiting the Print Room of the British Museum, Rowlandson being, at that time, well advanced in years. The sketch is that of a large and decisive-looking elderly gentleman, with a bald head, firmly-cut features, and wearing big old-fashioned spectacles ; this portrait was taken while the subject was stooping to examine a drawing. Beneath it John Thomas Smith has inscribed the particulars under which he came to draw the portrait of 'his old friend.'

The grave omission with which we have to charge Nollekens' biographer, usually so amazingly fertile in individualistic traits of everyone he knew—and he seems to have been fairly acquainted with, or to have something amusing to impart about, nearly everybody of any note—in respect to the caricaturist, of whom his writings make no sort of mention, is the more to be regretted, since it was probably a sly hint imparted by 'Antiquity Smith' which produced the picture of the gifted old miser at work on one of his cherished subjects—a whimsical study, doubtless founded on a special visit of observation, instituted, with Nollekens' old pupil, for the very purpose. As regards the sculptor's portrait, which is seemingly caricatured, John Thomas Smith comes in as aptly with his description[1] as if the two sittings had taken place simultaneously, and the biographer and artist had worked *en collaboration* :—'His figure was short, his head big, and it appeared much increased by a large-crowned hat, of which he was very fond. His neck was short, his shoulders narrow, his body too large, particularly in the front lower part ; he was bow-legged and hook-nosed ; indeed, his leg was somewhat like his nose, which resembled the rudder of an Antwerp packet-boat ; his lips were rather thin, but between his brows there was great evidence of study.'

As to 'his Venuses' Mrs. Nollekens invariably continued to express the most derogatory opinions, since she regarded his fair models as 'abandoned huzzies, with whom she had no patience,' regarding her eccentric spouse as quite on their level, for she cherished the extraordinary conviction that after his marriage he ought to have 'dispensed with such people.' While Mrs. Nollekens was unduly mindful of her husband's favourite models, it seems these ladies, under altered circumstances, occasionally amused themselves by reminding the sculptor of their former acquaintance, on which pleasant fact his biographer does not fail to enlarge, in more than one instance :—

'Our sculptor would sometimes amuse himself, on a summer's evening, by standing with his arms behind him at the yard-gate, which opened into Titchfield Street. During one of these indulgences, as a lady was passing, most elegantly dressed, attended by a strapping footman in silver-laced livery, with a tall gilt-

[1] *Life of Nollekens*, vol. i. p. 79.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ACADEMY. OLD JOSEPH NOLLEKENS AND HIS VENUS.

headed cane, she nodded to him, and, smiling, asked him if he did not know her. On his reply that he did not recollect her, "What, sir!" exclaimed she, "do you forget Miss Coleman, who brought a letter to you from Charles Townley, to compare limbs with your Venus? Why, I have been with you twenty times in that little room, to stand for your Venus." "Oh! *lawk-a-daisy*, so you have!" answered Nollekens. "Why, what a fine woman you're grown! Come, walk in, and I'll show you your figure—I have done it in marble." After desiring the man to stop at the gate she went in with him; and upon seeing Mrs. Nollekens at the parlour-window, who was pretending to talk to and feed her sister's bullfinch, but who had been informed by the vigilant Bronze (the eccentric maid-servant of this odd pair) of what had been going on at the gate, she went up to her and said, "Madam, I have to thank——" Mrs. Nollekens then elevated herself on her toes, and, with a lisping palpitation, began to address the lady. "Oh, dear," observed Miss Coleman, "and you don't know me! You have given me many a basin of broth in the depth of winter, when I used to stand for Venus." Mrs. Nollekens, not knowing what to think of Joseph, shook her head at him as she slammed the window, at the same time exclaiming, "Oh, fie! Mr. Nollekens! Fie! fie!" Bronze assured me that when her master went into the front parlour he had a pretty warm reception. "What!" said her mistress, "to know such wretches after you have done with them in your studio!"'

In Rowlandson's picture the sculptor is actually at work on a Venus and Cupid; one of his most successful models.[1]

1800. *Rainbow Tavern, in Fleet Street, in* 1800.

1800. *Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales in the year* 1797, by Henry Wigstead, with plates from Rowlandson, Pugh, Howitt, &c. (Aquatinted by J. Hill.) London: Published by W. Wigstead, 40 Charing Cross. 8vo. —The particulars of the tour undertaken under these auspices are thus briefly set forth by one of the travellers:—

'The romantic and picturesque scenery of North and South Wales, having within these few years been considered highly noticeable and attractive, I was induced to visit this Principality with my friend Mr. Rowlandson, whose abilities as an artist need no eulogium from me. We left London in August 1797, highly expectant of gratification: nor were our highest hopes in the least frustrated.

'At the time of our excursion I had no idea of submitting to the public any of our minutes or sketches; but, as several of the subjects amongst our scenery

[1] *Venus Chiding Cupid*, executed for Lord Yarborough. 'Nollekens was so provoked by an accident which happened to one of his figures during the Exhibition at Somerset House, that he threatened F. M. Newton, the Secretary, who made light of the affair, should this Venus be in any way injured, to break every bone in his skin.'—*Nollekens and his Times*, by John Thomas Smith.

have become topics of admiration, as well to the artist as cursory traveller, I have in the following sheets endeavoured to give a faint idea of their beauties; accompanied by some short remarks on the road, merely intended as a sort of *vade mecum* to stimulate the readers to further and more important enquiries; and in order, if possible, that they may, by being apprised of many inconveniences we experienced, be enabled to avoid them.'

Plates.

Coventry, with a view of the effigy of Peeping Tom, and the King's Head. By T. Rowlandson.
Wolverhampton. The Market, Bevan's Toy Shop, and the Church. By T. Rowlandson.
Langollen.
The King's Apartments, Conway Castle.
Penmanmawr. H. Wigstead, *del.*
Caernarvon.
Snowdon, from Llanberris Lake. H. Wigstead, *del.*

Speaking of the natives of Llanberris, Wigstead describes them in such picturesque terms that we are tempted to quote the paragraph :—

'The people here are really almost in a state of simple nature. The value of money is scarcely known; they pay the rent of their premises in cattle generally, which they breed on their land. Flesh is scarce ever tasted by them; and, except when visitors leave behind remnants of wine, ale, &c., milk is the principal beverage that passes their lips. They are remarkably observant of any decorations worn by ladies, such as beads, laces, and feathers, which strengthened my opinion of their similitude with the Otaheiteans, &c. These they admire, and handle with a sort of rudeness bordering on savage manners, likely to raise alarm in the breast of the fair wearer.'

Nantz Mill and Bethgellert. By T. Rowlandson.
Pont Aberglasslyn. By H. Wigstead.
Festiniog. By T. Rowlandson.
A Welsh Landlady (fac-similed from the original drawing). By H. Wigstead.
Waterfall near Dolghelly.
Aberystwith.
Cardigan. T. Rowlandson, *del.*
Inside of a Kitchen at Newcastle (near Carmarthen). By T. Rowlandson.

The latter subject pictures forth a capital interior, in Rowlandson's own graphic

manner. A turnspit is represented in his wheel, with the chain attached to the spit, for roasting the joint before the fire. It is reasonable that these poor creatures, tired of the squirrel-like performance, should have welcomed the mechanical contrivance of the roasting-jack.[1] The tourist describes one difficulty the epicure encountered under the ancient state of things :—'*Newcastle* is a pleasant village ; a decent inn here ; a dog is employed as turnspit. Great care is taken that the animal does not observe the cook approach the larder ; if he does he immediately hides himself for the remainder of the day, and the guest must be satisfied with more humble fare than intended.'

Swansea. By T. Rowlandson.
Cardiff Castle. By T. Rowlandson.
Caerphilly Castle. By T. Rowlandson.
The Hanging Tower at Caerphilly. By H. Wigstead.
The Union of the Wye with the Severn, from Chepstow.
Tintern Abbey.
Raglan Castle. By T. Rowlandson.

[1] 'The mode of teaching turnspits their business was more summary than humane. The dog was put in a wheel, and a burning coal with him ; he could not stop without burning his legs, and so was kept on the full gallop. These dogs were by no means fond of their profession ; it was indeed hard work to them in a wheel for two or three hours, turning a piece of meat which was twice their own weight. It is recorded of the turnspit-dogs of Bath that one Sunday, when they had, as usual, followed their mistresses to church, the lesson of the day happened to be that chapter of Ezekiel wherein the self-moving chariots are described. When the first word "wheel" was pronounced all the curs pricked up their ears in alarm ; at the second "wheel" they set up a doleful howl ; and when the dreaded word was uttered a third time every one of them scampered out of church as fast as he could, with his tail between his legs.'—John Foster, in Hone's *Everyday Book*, December 17, 1826.

1801.

January 1, 1801. *The Epicure.* Published by S. W. Fores. (*See* 1788.)

January 1, 1801. *A Money Scrivener.* (Companion to *A Counsellor.*) S. W. Fores, 50 Piccadilly.—The scrivener inhabits a poor, squalid office; his clerk is perched on a high stool by the window. The worthy wears a nightcap, and has a quill behind his ear; he is poring over a ledger at a tumbledown desk; one finger on his nose illustrates his absorption in some weighty deliberation. Files of accounts and boxes of deeds and papers form the rest of the scrivener's surroundings.

January 1, 1801. *A Counsellor.* Published by S. W. Fores, 50 Piccadilly.

January 1801. *The Union.* Published by Ackermann.—Pitt, a burlesque St. George, clad in armour, is seated on the British bull, who is horn-locked, nose to nose, snorting forth challenges in the face of the furious Irish bull, on which is mounted St. Patrick, with mitre and crozier. The national Irish saint, whose beard gives him the expression of a Jew, is crying, 'Pon my conscience I don't know what you call it, but the deuce of anything like a Union do I see, except their horns being fastened together.' Pitt replies, 'Never fear, St. Patrick; all will be yet very well; they are a little restive at first, but they will take to it kindly enough by and by, I'll warrant you.'

January 1, 1801. *A Jew Broker.* Published by S. W. Fores, 50 Piccadilly.—Shylock, with his bond in the pocket of his gaberdine and his crutch-stick under his arm, is abstractedly polishing his glasses, although his watchful eyes are sharp enough without any artificial assistance, as he stands at the corner of Duke's Place, then the accepted rallying-point of his tribe. His face expresses a profoundly baffled emotion, which is portrayed with a masterly hand. He is musing, in abject despair, over a chance lost, a bargain missed, a gain which has slipped through his prehensile fingers. Some Antonio of our modern Venice founded on the shores of the Thames has escaped his toils; some point of law, a flaw in the indentures, mayhap, has been turned to account by a later 'Daniel come to judgment—a wise young judge,' to whom the disconcerted Hebrew is finally loth to offer his gratitude. He seemingly mumbles, with the pertinacity of Shylock:—

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

January 15, 1801. *The Brilliants*, (21 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 16.) Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—We are not prepared with any special particulars as to the foundation of this convivial club; but we may record a solitary gratuitous

A COUNSELLOR.

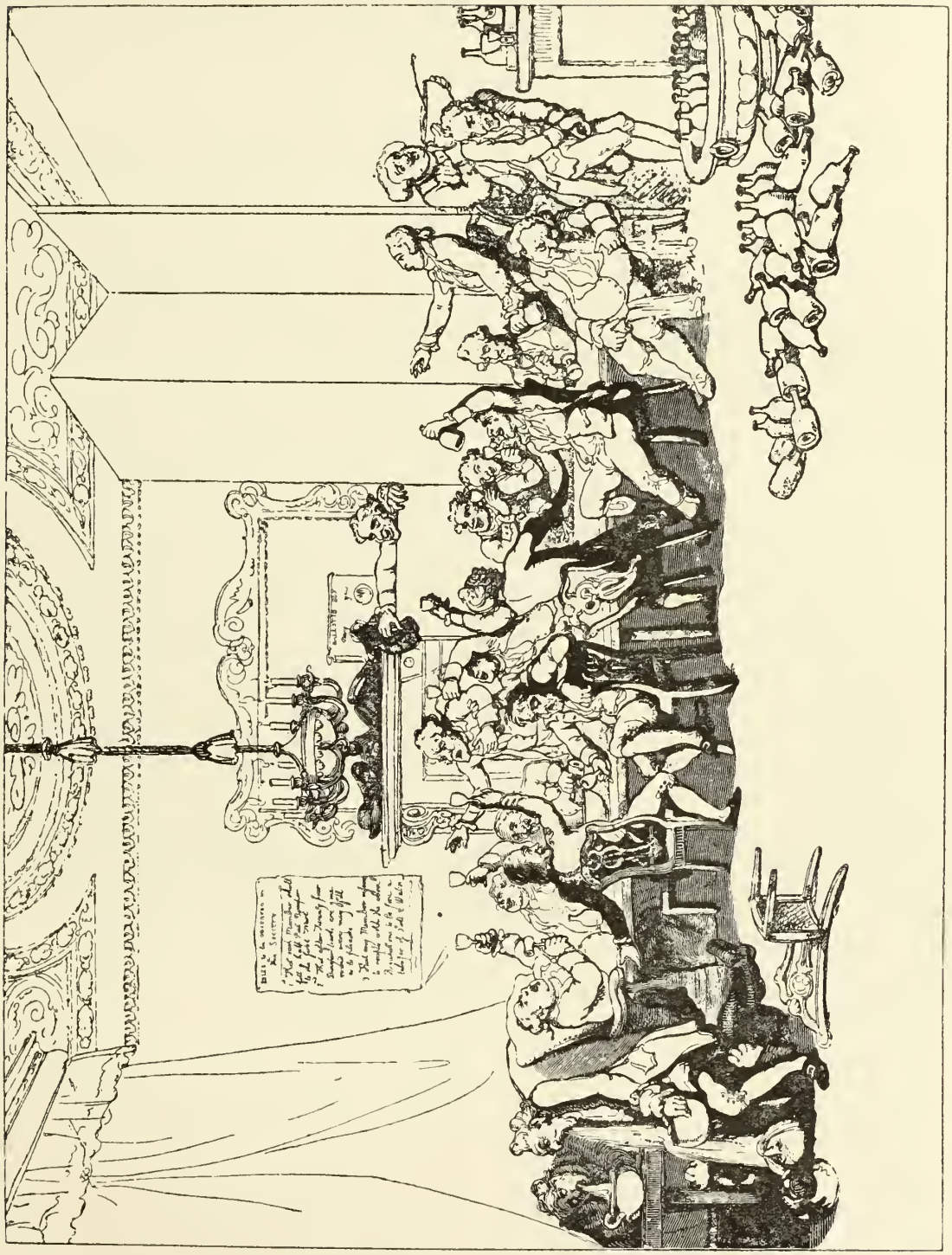
observation, that in spite of the melancholy and frequent carpings, on puritanical grounds, which are now in fashion, over the growing degeneracy of the times in which we live—the sanctimonious being given to assert that each succeeding generation inveterately surpasses the excesses of its predecessors—in the instances of drinking and gaming our ancestors went to extremes beside which our

modern dissipations, in their wildest excesses, fall into paltry insignificance. The clubs of the past, in the item of iniquity, although the institution was in its infancy, surpassed those of the present day in such a degree that our 'fastest' haunts appear prudish by comparison.

As to *The Brilliants*, we do not accept the scene, in its literal sense, as a

A JEW BROKER.

faithful transcript of current amusements as practised at the commencement of the century ; but, allowing for the exaggeration of burlesque, we are far from denying that it is founded on actual observation, in an age notoriously given to conviviality, which was carried, in all phases of society, beyond the bounds of discretion, and, in some instances, to a decree incredible in our times. Their Royal Highnesses the Princes of the Blood, their Graces the Dukes, the prover-



THE BRILLIANTS.

bially drunken Lords, the Right Honourable Ministers of State, Honourable Members of every political shade, and gallant and learned gentlemen of the various services and professions, were, with the rest of the community, without mentioning notorious and personal instances, under no restraint of decorum in regard to inebriety; and, if we may trust their own chroniclers, exhibited themselves without reserve as frequently drunk as sober. If, in our charitable concessions to the failings of our ancestors, we assume that our artist has exercised undue licence in the representation of their failings, from the president of *The Brilliants* downwards, we must further take 'a grain of salt' to qualify our belief in the fidelity with which he has transmitted us the 'club rules.' It is impossible that any convivialist could continue to be 'brilliant' after his senses were diluted by the amount of fluid prescribed as a qualification for membership; the light that was in him must be effectally extinguished by the vinous drenching that was *de rigueur*:—

'Rules to be Observed in this Society.

'1st. That each member shall fill a half-pint bumper to the first toast.

'2nd. That after twenty-four bumper toasts are gone round every member may fill as he pleases.

'3rd. That any member refusing to comply with the above regulations to be fined, *i.e.* compelled to swallow a bumper of salt and water.'

January 15, 1801. *Undertakers Regaling.* John Nixon, Esq., del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—This large plate, which is designed with a due appreciation of grim humour and tipsy jocularity, introduces the traditional relaxations of the funeral furnishers, whose jollifications are supposed to offer the most ghastly contrast to their sober professional duties. On a convenient plot of grass mutes, wandsmen, hearse-drivers, and all the other melancholy functionaries of the last rites of unconscious humanity, are picnicking with a true zest and appreciation of rural freedom. A substantial pie, and other suggestive 'funeral baked meats,' are being disposed of to the best advantage; but, excellent trenchermen though the undertakers may prove themselves, their main distinction must rest on their bibulous qualities; the members of the fraternity are applying themselves with hearty goodwill to the fluids, far on the road to becoming 'glorious,' while some of the party have already reached their congenial stage 'of half seas over.' These festivities, of course, take place in the vicinity of a 'house of call for funerals,' at the sign of 'The Owl,' in the neighbourhood of a burial-ground, the hospitable hostelry being kept by 'Robert Death,' whose inn is a resting-place for all returning hearses on that particular road. Groups of gentlemen engaged in the 'black business' are seated at tables, enjoying their long clay pipes, or otherwise diverting themselves with romping and horse-play; the members of another party, preparing to resume

their route back to the metropolis, are on the roof of their hearse, their legs hanging over the side with pastoral-like simplicity, smoking their 'church-wardens' and hobnobbing their pewter quart pots with true bacchanalian appreciation of the enjoyments of the hour. The results of too indiscriminate

SYMPTOMS OF SANCTITY.

indulgence are noticeable in the dangerous situation of those coaches which are attempting to 'homeward wend their melancholy way,' and are being overturned in the process by their tipsy drivers.

January 20, 1801. *Symptoms of Sanctity.* Published by S. W. Fores, 50

Piccadilly.—This subject—which, to say the least of it, is suggestively bold, though by no means, in our opinion, coming under the enumeration of 'risky *equivoque*'—might be fittingly described as Superstition and Sensuality; the pious belief, amounting to fanaticism, of the conventual 'Sister' contrasting strongly with the licentious impiety of the gross priest.

January 30, 1801. *Single Combat, in Moorfields, or Magnanimous Paul O! Challenging All O!* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The ring is formed in Moorfields, crowds of spectators are gathered around, the curious have climbed up every available point of sight, and observers are scrambling over the roofs. 'Magnanimous Paul O!' the mad Emperor, is represented as a Russian bear; his sword is tempered 'à la Suwarrow,' and his shield is inscribed 'Swallow all O!' The British champion, Pitt, encased in a demi-suit of mail, is jauntily meeting his adversery; the Minister's sword is tempered 'à la Nelson,' and the names of his redoubtable admirals, Howe, Duncan, Nelson, Jervis, and Parker, are the safeguards of his buckler. A Russian general, who is acting as his master's squire, is reading Paul's extraordinary cartel: 'Be it known to all men, that my master, the most magnanimous, most puissant, most powerful, and most wonderful Great Bear of the North, being in his sound and sober senses, challenges the whole world to single combat, and commences his first trial of skill here, in Moorfields, after which it is his intention to pursue his travels, and visit every Court in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.'

The Emperor Paul, who had acquired almost universal popularity at the commencement of his reign by putting himself at the head of the allied armies which were opposing the victorious career of Napoleon, now astonished his admirers in England by a complete change of policy. He proclaimed himself Grand Master of Malta, which had been conquered by us in 1800. The British Government refused to recognise his authority; the Emperor in revenge laid an embargo upon all British ships in Russian ports, and succeeded in inducing the Danish, Swedish, and Prussian Courts to enter into a convention to protect their commerce against the encroachments of the English. Gillray has drawn the ill-favoured and mad sovereign, under the title '*Mens turpe, corpore turpi*,' trampling on the treaty of alliance into which he had entered in concert with Austria and England.

Some two months after the issue of this caricature the wayward tyranny of the Emperor, who gave unmistakable evidence of mental aberration, became insupportable, and he was requested to abdicate. Paul obstinately clung to absolute power, but in spite of his precautions a conspiracy was organised by his disgusted nobles, his palace was entered, and he was strangled with his own military scarf, which, by the way, the satirists always drew of extravagant dimencions well suited for such a purpose.

It will be remembered that Paul's career was an unfortunate one, and the vicissitudes of his youth may have disordered his faculties. On his birth his father, Peter the Third, issued a ukase denying the legitimacy of his son's paternity : on the publication of this statement the Empress put her husband to death. Paul's earlier years were harassed by trouble, and the last act of his mother was a fruitless effort to exclude him from the succession. His reign commenced auspiciously ; acts of clemency and munificence distinguished his government ; as the head of the alliance against France he was looked upon as the legitimate champion of monarchy. After sharing the defeats sustained by the allied armies his views underwent a remarkable change. Buonaparte, with his matchless discrimination, contrived to flatter the Emperor's vanity, and, among other strokes of policy, returned all the Russian prisoners, well-armed and newly-clad. Paul now entered into a defensive alliance with France to drive the English out of India ; and, to destroy our maritime supremacy, he established the Northern Confederation for the suppression of British commerce.

The caricature *Single Combat in Moorfields* is founded on an extraordinary proceeding, which filled Europe with astonishment at its unequalled eccentricity. The Emperor published an advertisement in the *Court Gazette* of St. Petersburg, stating, to the amazement of the world, that, as 'the Powers could not agree among themselves, he intended to point out a spot, to which all the other sovereigns were invited to repair, TO FIGHT IN SINGLE COMBAT, bringing with them, as seconds and esquires, their most enlightened ministers and ablest generals.' His subjects were continually annoyed by acts of minor and fantastic oppression —such as an edict against 'round hats and pantaloons,' which he forbade any person to wear in his empire. He enforced the revival of hair-powder and pig-tails, and issued a proclamation to compel all persons whom he encountered in the street to leave their carriages and prostrate themselves before him. No one was safe from his paroxysms. The carriage of the British Ambassador passed the Imperial Palace at a pace which the Emperor chose to consider disrespectful ; he immediately ordered the coachman to be beaten, the horses to be beaten, and the carriage to be beaten. The Ambassador in return resented these indignities by discharging his servants, ordering his horses to be shot, and his carriage to be thrown into the Neva. An insane autocrat was found to be a formidable calamity.

The favourable reception accorded to *Country Characters*, *Matrimonial Comforts*, &c., induced Woodward to design further successions of subjects, enlisting the assistance of Rowlandson to carry out his ideas. In 1801, the year following, appeared a series of broadsides, *Prayers* and *Journals* ; each sheet contained a coloured illustration, designed by Woodward and etched by Rowlandson ; the space below the design was filled up with descriptive matter from

Woodward's pen, that worthy being given to the cultivation of the various Muses in turn. The letterpress, which occupied the larger half of these broadsides, was printed by E. Spragg, 27 Bow Street, Covent Garden; and the series was published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand. Our readers will be able to form an impression of these compositions from the occasional extracts we offer; these *Prayers, Journals*, &c., are not of sufficient consequence to warrant us in offering repetitions at length.

February 10, 1801. *The Old Maid's Prayer.* (Addressed to Diana.) Designed by Woodward. Published by T. Rowlandson.

February 10, 1801. *The Epicure's Prayer.* Designed by Woodward. Published by T. Rowlandson.

1801. *The Maiden's Prayer.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.—This petition is addressed to 'O thou divine little Cupid,' while the fair votary, who is still a susceptible and romantic boarding-school miss, is recounting her various love affairs, and praying the rosy deity to bless and make fortunate her several concealed (and imaginary) passions for such male creatures as she has chanced to encounter in the daily routine of school-life, the music-master, a drill-sergeant, Parson Pert, and similar characters, who are probably regarded with similar emotion by the remainder of the pupils.

1801. *The Miser's Prayer.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.—The devotions of Old Avarice, which are necessarily very profound and earnest, are offered appropriately at the feet of his divinity, 'Plutus, God of Riches'; the temple of wealth is not exteriorly sumptuous; the carpet is a rag; a strong-box, a broken chair, and a rushlight make up the sordid furniture. The miser is confessing that he possesses nine houses, estates in Essex, mortgages in Hertford, large landed speculations in Russell Square and the neighbourhood, reversions of estates, trading ventures, 'Mermaid' sloop, funded property, Government securities, &c., &c.; he is beseeching an increase of his means, success to his investments, and a rise in the 'Stocks.'

June 4, 1801. *The Widow's Prayer.*—A widow, still young and blooming, is shown kneeling before the empty chair of the late lamented partner of her joys; the bereaved lady is looking forward to consolation; her supplications are offered to Hymen for a fourth spouse, and she is praying, that should the new husband who is to follow be as unfortunate as his predecessors, the number of happy men may be extended to seven; or more if need be.

June 25, 1801. *The Maid of Allwork's Prayer.*—The picture at the head of this invocation represents a neat and pretty young housemaid; she is offering up her petitions to the household gods who preside over cleanliness and good management. The desires of her heart are that a handsome fellow-servant may gain the humble worshipper and lead her into the *frying-pan* of matrimony.

Let these but be her *wages* and she will submit cheerfully to her labours, nor ever breathe a sigh for greater liberty than to *make her bed* in peace and sleep contented.

July 30, 1801. *The Apothecary's Prayer* is appropriately offered to Esculapius, and is truly professional in spirit, since the aspirations of the little knight of the pestle are turned to the increase of fevers, catarrhs, gout, cramp, agues, and infirmities in general, for the special advantage of his slack professional prospects and the good of his generous ally the undertaker, who is in need of the apothecary's friendly co-operation, the demand for funerals having fallen off of late.

July 30, 1801. *The Quack Doctor's Prayer* is addressed, over a chest of patent quack medicines, to the illustrious shade of the renowned Doctor Rock. The empiric candidly confesses that his miraculous *Cure-all-able Vegetable Drops, Never Infailibus Infallibns*, supposed to issue from the laboratory of Esculapius himself, are nothing more than a decoction of beetroot, lump-sugar, spring-water, cognac brandy, and Hollands gin. The Quack Doctor prays that his carriages and equipages, his town and country residences, and all other good things of life, may be continued to reward his impudent charlatanism.

August 1, 1801. *The Stockjobber's Prayer* is prayed by the pious speculator, bank-book in hand, and is offered to the adorable and ancient Lady of Threadneedle Street. The wishes of the stockjobber refer to 'rises in the Funds' and 'undertakings in the *Alley*,' and conclude with a pious hope that he may never have the misfortune to '*waddle ont* a poor and neglected lame duck.'

August 1, 1801. *The Female Gambler's Prayer* commences with an invocation: 'Enchanting Pharaoh, thee I address with a heart teeming with gratitude for all the favours showered on thy ardent worshipper. Thy name, O mighty Pharaoh, is derived from the Hebrew, literally to *make bare*, and well thou knowest I delight to make bare, even to the last feather, the pigeon that flies to my midnight orgies.' The petition concludes with an entreaty that the Right Honourable Fraternity of Gamblers may be protected from the strictures of Lord Kenyon (who had commenced a crusade against fashionable gamblers, and had especially made attacks on those ladies of rank who encouraged tables in their houses), and their persons preserved from all the dire horrors of the stocks and pillory, with which this inflexible judge had threatened the incorrigible, if any person could be found to bring them within his jurisdiction.

August 10, 1801. *The Actress's Prayer.*—'Hear me, Dramatic Sisters, gay Thalia and sublime Melpomene; be guardians to your supplicant and aid her in her profession. . . . I pray thee, should I ever reach the boards of a London theatre, may my terms be as enormous as my abilities are conspicuous, and finally

my labours be crowned with the *coronet* of honour, and that I may become a convert to domestic happiness.'

August 10, 1801. *The Jockey's Prayer* is put up to Nimrod. The aspirations of the hero of the turf tend to a wife—'a pretty well-bred filly, one that would come easily to collar, prance to the Circus of Hymen, and run with her owner the generous race of mutual affection.'

September 5, 1801. *The Cook's Prayer.*—The fat mistress of the spit has gone down on her knees before the roaring fire, beside which are the preparations for dinner. Her prayer is addressed to all the gods and goddesses whose celestial appetites are not too refined to relish the good things of this world. She beseeches their influence to continue her a twelvemonth longer in the service of Alderman Gobble, and then, with the little perquisites she has hashed together, she may be able to enter on a certain eating-house in Pye Corner, which she has longed for these three years. She concludes by entreating that the bosom of John the Coachman may be moved to become her partner in the concern.

September 12, 1801. *The Sailor's Prayer.*—'O mighty Neptune! hear an honest British Tar; thou knowest I trouble not thy godship every day, and I therefore pray thee to grant my prayer, for I love not long palavering and that there, d'ye see. . . . Worthy Master Neptune! send us a good prize, I beseech thee, and be not sparing in brandy and tobacco. Give us also a few chests of the Don's dollars, for Mounseer hasn't got none—no more than there is in your three-pronged boat-hook.'

September 20, 1801. *The Publican's Prayer.*—'Holy Silenus, father of all-inspiring Bacchus, continue, I beseech you, the custom of the original Golden Lion, and inspire me, its landlord, with becoming gratitude for all thy favours. Grant me success, I pray thee, with the rich widow of the adjoining street, whom thou knowest I adore; send that she may frequently look into the bar, till in time she becomes its fixed ornament. Grant but this addition to my stock in trade, and I have nothing to ask thee for but plenty of smuggled spirits and protection from the exciseman.'

September 20, 1801. *Poll of Portsmouth's Prayer* is addressed to Thetis. The supplications of this damsel, who is gaily attired in bright colours, and ornamented with numerous coral necklaces, bracelets, watches, seals, lockets, and trinkets, gifts from tars at sea, are directed to prayers for the safe and speedy return of her numerous generous admirers, then on board their ships.

1801. *The Lottery Office Keeper's Prayer.*—This invocation is offered by a prosperous-looking individual to Dame Fortune, whose portrait forms the sign-board of his establishment, 'Peter Puff's Lucky Lottery Office.' He prays the blindfold goddess to grant insurance to his schemes, so that they may turn up

prizes, and prevent his looking blank when bowing at the altar of his divinity. 'And lastly, I pray thee, with the indulgent aid of mighty superiferous Somnus, to cause all old women and children to dream incessantly on the advantages gained by venturing in the lottery; so shall the nocturnal visions of old chairs and tables be converted into lucky numbers, and thy humble petitioner benefited thereby.'

March 18, 1801. *The Union Head-dress.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A pair of busts, the fancy portraits of two highly-caricatured individuals, whose faces wear a most dejected expression, from whose respective foreheads branch a pair of well-defined horns.—'This style of decoration represents "The Union Head-dress," successively worn by many respectable citizens since the days of Noah; for its simplicity and elegance it cannot be too much admired. Respectfully dedicated to the fashion-mongers of 1801.' The satire of this print, which appears somewhat coarse and uncalled-for, is levelled at the fashion, which raged contemporaneously with its publication, for embodying in the reigning mode any event which happened to be stirring, no matter its frivolity or gravity, as the case might be. The accomplishment of the union between England and Ireland was seized by the milliners and fashion-mongers as the excuse for a thousand extravagances in head-dresses, combining supposititious emblems of the twin kingdoms with allusions to their happy conjunction.

April 2, 1801. No. 1, *Taste.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

April 2, 1801. No. 2, *Fashion.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

April 2, 1801. No. 3, *Elegance.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

April 2, 1801. No. 4, *Fancy.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

May 1, 1801. *Boot-Polishing.* G. M. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

July 12, 1801. *Light Summer Hat and Fashionable Walking-stick.* Published by R. Ackermann.

July 20, 1801. *The Toper's Mistake.* G. M. Woodward inv. Published by R. Ackermann.

1801. *Rag Fair.* Published by R. Ackermann.

September, 1801. *An Old Member on his way to the House of Commons.* T. Rowlandson del. Published by R. Ackermann.—The old Member and his dog are passing, on their way to the Houses of Parliament, through Lisle Street, evidently a spot of some temptation to the personage who forms the subject of the caricature, an eccentric celebrity, without doubt, at the time of the publication.

The establishment of Mrs. Woods is evidently the rock a-head which threatens the venerable senator; Mrs. Woods, the lady abbess, is, with one of her decoying nymphs, standing at the door of her mansion; two more syrens are beckoning the passer-by from a window, and various houris appear above, all issuing their invitations to the M.P., an individual of consideration. The amorous character of the vicinity is indicated by the circumstances surrounding a coach, which is driving by. The coachman has a pretty girl on his box, and while he is publicly saluting her cheek, his fare, an officer, is kissing a fair companion in the vehicle, and two street Arabs, a boy and a girl, are stealing a ride on the back, and they too are indulging in a loving embrace, disregarding the insecurity of their situation.

1801. Four subjects on a sheet.—*Here's your potatoes, four full pounds for two pence! Light, your Honour, Coach unhired. Buy my roses, dainty sweet briar! Pray remember the blind.* Designed and executed by T. Rowlandson. Republished 1811.

September 12, 1801. *A Sailor Mistaken.* G. M. Woodward. Published by R. Ackermann.

December 20, 1801. *Gig-hauling, or Gentlemanly Amusement for the Nineteenth Century.* G. M. Woodward inv. Published by R. Ackermann.

1802.

February 25, 1802. *Friendly Accommodation.* Woodward inv., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

March 1, 1802. *The Monstrous Craws, or a New-Discovered Animal.* Published by R. Ackermann.

May 1, 1802. *A Man of Fashion's Journal.*—Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. 'Queer dreams, owing to Sir Richard's claret, always drink too much of it —rose at one—dressed by half-past three—took an hour's ride—a good horse, my last purchase, remember to sell him again—nothing like variety—dined at six with Sir Richard—said several good things—forgot 'em all—in high spirits—quizzed a parson—drank three bottles and loung'd to the theatre—not quite clear about the play—comedy or tragedy—forget which—saw the last act—Kemble toll-loll—not quite certain whether it was Kemble or not—Mrs. Siddons monstrous fine—got into a hack—set down in St. James's Street—dipp'd a little with the boys at hazard—confounded bad luck—lost all my money.'

May 1, 1802. *A Woman of Fashion's Journal.*—Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. 'Dreamt of the Captain—certainly a fine man—counted my card money —lost considerably—never play again with the Dowager—breakfasted at *two* . . . dined at seven at Lady Rackett's—the Captain there—more than usually agreeable —went to the Opera—the Captain in the party—house prodigiously crowded—my *ci-devant* husband in the opposite box—rather *mal à propos*—but no matter—*telles choses sont*—looked into Lady Squander's *roût*—positively a mob—sat down to cards—in great luck—won a cool hundred of my Lord Lackwit, and fifty of the Baron—returned home at five in the morning—indulged in half-an-hour's reflection —resolved on reformation, and erased my name from the Pic-Nic Society.'

May 20, 1802. *The Sailor's Journal.*—Two members of the fleet, in the famous days of prize-money, are seated at table with a punch-bowl between them. One of them is smoking old Virginia, while his friend is favouring him with certain extracts from his diary, of which the following must serve as a sample: 'Entered the port of London. Steered to Nan's lodgings and unshipped my cargo; Nan admired the shiners—so did the landlord—gave 'em a handful a-piece—emptied a bottle of the right sort with the landlord to the health of his honour Lord Nelson—All three set sail for the play—got a berth in a cabin on the larboard side—wanted to smoke a

pipe, but the boatswain wouldn't let me—remember to rig out Nan like the fine folks in the cabins right a-head. Saw Tom Junk aloft in the corner of the upper deck—hailed him—the signal returned. Some of the land-lubbers in the cockpit began to laugh—tipped 'em a little foremast lingo till they sheered off—emptied the grog bottle—fell fast asleep—dreamt of the battle off Camperdown—my landlord told me the play was over—glad of it—crowded sail for a hackney coach—got on board—squally weather—rather inclined to be sea-sick—gave the pilot a two-pound note, and told him not to mind the change. In the morning looked over my rhino—a great deal of it, to be sure—but I hope, with the help of a few friends, to spend every shilling in a little time, to the honour and glory of old England.'

May 28, 1802. *Special Pleaders in the Court of Requests, a Litigation between Snip, a tailor, and Galen Glauber, a quack.* Published by T. Williamson, 20 Strand.—A justice, with his legal library at hand (*Game Laws, Penal Laws, Vagrant Act, Blackstone*, &c.) for ready reference, is sitting to investigate a delicate case. A working tailor, who is snapping his shears at his adversary, in the excitement of the cause, and dressed as he has left his shop-board, is the plaintiff; the defendant has brought a pair of nether garments into court as evidence; he is resolutely endeavouring to support his case, while the small clothes in question are held out at the end of his cane for the investigation of the obviously reluctant judge, who does not appear to relish the too familiar vicinity of such unusual testimony.

June 15, 1802. *A Parish Officer's Journal.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.—'Rose early and reflected on the dignity of my office—put on my wig to create awe and reverence in my family. Betty, my wife's new maid, not sufficiently struck by my appearance—a great deal too free—remember to give her warning—dined with the gentlemen at the *Cat and Bagpipes*—returned home soon in order to prepare for the evening's entertainment—had half-an-hour's bickering with my wife to keep up my consequence—and set out to meet my parish friends at the *George*, where we made a most excellent supper, on the profits of a *child*, and adjusted several weighty parochial concerns while partaking of the good things the landlord prepared for us—which consisted of rumps of beef, legs of mutton, suet puddings, fat geese, onions, and other light delicate articles—spent the evening very convivially, and made up another party for the day ensuing.'

June 10, 1802. *How to Pluck a Goose.* Etched by T. Rowlandson. Published by T. Williamson, 20 Strand.

June 25, 1802. *La Fille mal gardé, or Jack in the Box.* Published by T. Williamson, 20 Strand.—An old miser, with a portentous bunch of keys, has, in imagination only, secured his treasure, and he is further prepared to insure the safety of a fair charge by the same precaution of locking her in a well-defended chamber; the windows are heavily cross-barred, a blunderbuss and a rattle hang ready to hand, as precautions against intruders; but no danger threatens from without,

the risk is nearer within; the miser's strong box has evidently changed its contents, since the rising lid discloses a smart young officer, who only requires the door to be fastened before he appears on the scene. The intriguing damsel, with averted head and her finger on her lips, is inculcating caution to the impatient captive.

July 1, 1802. *Comfort in the Gout.* (See 1785.) Republished by S. W. Fores, 50 Piccadilly.

July 1, 1802. *A Lady in Limbo, or Jew Bail Rejected.* Published by S. W. Fores, 50 Piccadilly.—A 'fine lady,' presumably an *Anonyma* of the period, finds herself in the fastness of a spunging house; she is made as welcome as circumstances will permit; a bottle of wine, the refreshment customary, is

A LADY IN LIMBO, OR JEW BAIL REJECTED.

ordered, and the stern hearts of the sheriff's men are appealed to, while bail is sent for. It was a well-known practice at the beginning of the century, and earlier, to pay some obscure individual a trifling fee to become security on emergencies. Similar fictitious householders were always in attendance, and producible from the bar-rooms in the neighbourhood. In the present case a professional limb, of the Hebrew persuasion, is presented, decently made up for the occasion, to tender himself as bondsman for the lady's due appearance. It is evident, however, that a suspicious recognition is taking place; 'Harry Holdfast, Officer to the Four Counties,' or his deputy, does not, judging from his expression, seem to approve of the surety, and the Jew looks somewhat disconcerted under his

inspection. The tears of the unfortunate captive, and the plausible reassurances—as to the respectability of the bail offered—of her chaperone, or duenna, are powerless to move the stoic breast of the experienced catchpole.

July 1, 1802. *Slyboots.* Published by S. W. Fores.—Slyboots and her cat are snuggled up by the fire, full of fun and friskiness; it is difficult to determine

SLYBOOTS.

which looks the more mischievous of the pair. The exhortations of the preacher against the vanities of life, seem a trifle out of place here, or, at all events, his denunciations are not likely to produce any lasting impressions on such mercurial souls.

July 1, 1802. *Intrusion on Study, or the Painter Disturbed.* (See November 1785.) Republished by S. W. Fores.

July 1, 1802. *Jockeyship.* Published by S. W. Fores.

July 1, 1802. *A Snip in a Rage.* Published by Howitt, Panton Street, Haymarket.—An infuriated tailor has intruded his head and shoulders through the window of a frail fair's bedchamber, which he has reached by means of a ladder resting against the sill. The tailor, with his measure round his neck, is snipping his shears viciously above the head of a blushing maiden, who is covered with becoming confusion at her detection. The figure of a sturdy apprentice, seen disappearing in the rear, is sufficient to account for the *contre-temps.*

July 18, 1802. *The Corporal in Good Quarters.* Published by S. Howitt, Panton Street, Haymarket.—The marvellous influence of a red coat is the subject of the present sketch. Who can resist a dashing young soldier? The rustic beauty seems unequivocally smitten, and does not disguise the compromising fact that 'she dotes on the military.' The gallant son of Mars has been quartered on a prosperous farmer, who loves good cheer and brave company; the corporal is made welcome at bed and board, and the best in the house is prepared for his delectation. The venerable Hawbuck does not, however, seem pleased with the way his guest is carrying on with his buxom daughter, who is but too clearly smitten with the soldier's charming freedoms and his fine feathers; it is more than the parent bargained for, and even his dog is looking on with astonishment. But the scandalised parent and the young rustic lounging in the doorway, possibly an acknowledged sweetheart, are at a discount; their authority is likely to be set at defiance. As for the disconcerted swain whose dejected air and attitude express the profundity of his despair, he will probably do something desperate; in dudgeon at his blighted hopes he may very likely fall under the beguiling corporal's spell, offer himself as a recruit, be 'listed, and thenceforth forsake the plough-tail to follow the drum; a lasting text against one of the many evils consequent upon the maintenance of a standing army.

August 30, 1802. *A Musical Family.* Published by R. Ackermann.

September 12, 1802. *Sorrow's Dry, or a Cure for the Heart-ache.* Designed and published by Thomas Rowlandson. Republished 1811.

Were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage, never to be curst
With second Love, so fatal was the first,
To this one error I might yield again.—DRYDEN.

'Deborah Crossstich departed this life September 5, 1802, aged 62.' The body of the departed wife is laid out in her coffin, propped on trestles; on the plate let into the lid is engraved the above affecting inscription.

The lamenting spouse is far gone in a mixed state of grief, intoxication, and maudlin affection; he is making laudable efforts to resign himself to his recent bereavement, and is endeavouring to allay his sorrow, between the combined consolations of drink and the tender solicitudes of a favourite maid, who is exerting herself to administer comfort to her afflicted master, with her arm round his neck. The personal belongings of the deceased—her watch, little articles of

THE CORPORAL IN GOOD QUARTERS.

jewellery, and plate—have evidently been ransacked by this affectionate pair of unaffected and disinterested mourners. An open book displays this familiar quotation, bearing somewhat disrespectful application to the case of the departed :—

A smoky house and a scolding wife
Are the plagues of man's life.

Oh, what pleasure will abound
When my wife is laid in ground!

November 20, 1802. *Doctor Convex and Lady Concave.* Published by R. Ackermann.

1802. *Hunt the Slipper, Pic-Nic Revels.* Rowlandson del. and publisher.

Men are but children of a larger growth.—SHAKESPEARE.

The chairs have been cleared out of a large apartment, and a party of full-grown men and women, some of whom have long passed maturity, are seated on the floor for a game at 'high jinks.' Bowls of punch, bottles of wine, and abundant refreshments of a strong nature, are put on the ground behind, within easy reach of the revellers, who are in the full enjoyment of a boisterous game of 'hunt the slipper.' The party is made up of an abundance of pretty rosy damsels, blooming, blushing, and smiling, such as Rowlandson with his etching needle or his reed pen could produce at will, and in every degree of perfection; corpulent matrons, dowagers, and gothic old maids are likewise plentiful. There is a gentleman to every lady, and the whole scene is a very animated one; while the fun is apparently appreciated by the performers, who are entering into the spirit of the diversion. The rules of the Society are framed on the wall :—

Ici on boit, on danse, on rit!
Et quelquefois on joue aussi.

Two pictures, hung over the doors, are supposed to be indicative of the subject. *Vive la Bagatelle!* a party in pursuit of a balloon; and *Sans Souci, sans six sous,* a bacchanalian revel.

1802. *Salt Water.* Published at 24 Lower Sackville Street.—A bathing scene.

July 1, 1802. *Who's Mistress now?* Published by S. Howitt, Panton Street, Haymarket.—The scene is a kitchen; a servant is disporting herself before a large glass, in borrowed plumage, in the hat, feathers, and train of her mistress, and flourishing a fan; meanwhile a group of amused spectators are peeping in at the pantry door; while the cat, more practically inclined, has knocked over a dish, and is availing herself of the opportunity of making off with a fine fish prepared for dinner.

1802. *Compendious Treatise on Modern Education.* By J. B. Willyams, from Notes by the late Joel M'Cringer, D.D., 8 plates by T. Rowlandson, oblong 4to.

1802. *Bardic Museum of Primitive British Literature, and other admirable rarities.* Edward Jones, bard to the Prince of Wales. Coloured frontispiece by T. Rowlandson.

1803.

February 1, 1803. *Signiora Squallina.*

February 1, 1803. *Sweet Lullaby.*

February 1, 1803. *Queer Fish.*

February 1, 1803. *Recruits.* (See 1811.)

March 1, 1803. *A Catamaran, or an Old Maid's Nursery.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street.

March 1, 1803. *Richmond Hill,* after H. Bunbury. Published by R. Ackermann.

March 1, 1803. *Billiards,* after H. Bunbury. Published by R. Ackermann.

April 1, 1803. *The Road to Ruin.* Published by S. W. Fores.

April 6, 1803. *A Diver.* T. Rowlandson invt., 1803. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The figure introduced under this title is perhaps as droll as any which Rowlandson has drawn. The scene represents the interior of *a Bagnio,* '*Hot and Cold Baths, cupping, sweating,* &c., &c.' From the picture it would seem that the bath-attendants of the period, who administered the rough towellings and flesh brushings, which are indicated in the plate, were not of the sex one generally expects to find discharging these functions in our own day. In the case of *The Diver* no very glaring impropriety is suggested—the individual in question is like a ball of flesh; the image, on an exaggerated scale, of the Chinese joss-figures, and literally perfectly spherical; his quaint image is reflected in the water as he plunges forward in a sort of cricket-ball bound; a print of Narcissus gazing on his form in the fountain, suspended on the wall, suggests a sufficiently striking contrast.

April 12, 1803. *Ducking a Scold.*

May 1, 1803. *John Bull Listening to the Quarrels of State Affairs.* (Treaty of Amiens.) Published by R. Ackermann.—John Bull, with his hair standing on end, is listening, stooping, with his hands on his knees—'I declare my very wig stands on end with curiosity. What can they be quarrelling about? Oh that I could be let into the secret! If I ax our gentleman concerning it, 'tis ten to one if he tells me the right story. Buonaparte, with his cocked hat on, and his great sword by his side, is insisting on his arguments, 'And so—if

you do so—I do so!' 'Jurisprudist,' a gentleman of the black robe (possibly meant for the Chancellor), appears very uncomfortable at the Corsican's decided attitude; he is crying in consternation, 'Oh!'

June 21, 1803. *A Snug Cabin, or Port Admiral.* (See June 21, 1808.)

July 1, 1803. *A Stage Coach.*

July 10, 1803. *Flags of Truth and Lies.* Published by R. Ackermann.—John Bull, as an honest Jack Tar, is holding out the Union Jack, and pointing to his inscription in reply to the message of intimidation set forth on the tricolour, held out by a huge-booted, long-queued Frenchman, a composite being between a soldier and postilion:—'Citizen First Consul Buonaparte presents compliments and thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Great Britain, who have honoured him with their visits at Paris, and intends himself the pleasure of returning it in person as soon as his arrangements for that purpose can be completed.' 'Mon grand Maître, bid a you read dat, Monsieur.' John Bull replies: 'Um, let your Grand Master read that, Mounseer':—'John Bull does not rightly understand the Chief Consul's lingo, but supposes he means something about invasion; therefore the said John Bull deems it necessary to observe that if his consular Highness dares attempt to invade any ladies or gentlemen on his coast, he'll be damned if he don't sink him!'

1804.

January 1, 1804. *Diana in the Straw, or a Treat for Quornites.* Published by S. W. Fores.

January 2, 1804. *A French Ordinary.* (Originally published in 1801.) S. W. Fores, 50 Piccadilly.—The attractions of a cheap French table d'hôte are ludicrously set forth ; while the ravenous diners are represented making the best use of their opportunities within the *salle à manger*, the delicate character of the attendance and the culinary department are slyly hinted. We are admitted to the secrets of *la cuisine Française*, as they have seemingly been revealed to the caricaturist. The slovenly old cook is emptying the morsels left from the plates of the customers, into the capacious *pot-au-feu*, to reappear dished up for succeeding *convives*. A lean cat is seated in the frying pan, probably in course of fattening for the spit ; as to the larder, the main provisions consist of dead cats and frogs ; it was an accepted axiom that all the *Jean Crapauds*, as our Gallic neighbours were playfully christened by John Bull, lived more or less on frogs. Rowlandson, as we have shown, had French relatives, and had studied in Paris and spoke the language with fluency ; while those travellers who were familiar with native habits, from travelling abroad, stoutly maintained that such were the staples of the national food, being convinced of the truth of the formula, as asserted by the waggish Peter Pindar—'I've liv'd among them and have eat their frogs!'

June 8, 1804. *Light Volunteers on a March.* Published by R. Ackermann.

June 8, 1804. *Light Infantry Volunteers on a March.* Published by Ackermann.

July 31, 1804. *The Imperial Coronation.* Published by R. Ackermann.—The platform which has been erected for this celebration is more suggestive of an execution than a coronation ; a body of the old Guards, in their bear-skin caps, surround the raised space. The Pope is present in full canonicals, to perform the ceremony in person. A gallows has been considerately provided, in order to lower the imperial crown on to the brows of the future wearer

more conveniently. On the gallows is painted, 'Patrick Death, Gibbet-maker to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Gulls.' The Pope, who holds the string, which works over a pulley, and suspends the Crown, is crying somewhat irreverently: 'In a little while you shall see him, and in a little while you shall not see him.' The weight of the diadem is too much for

A FRENCH ORDINARY.

the wearer and his new throne, the planks of the platform are broken through, and the future emperor is sinking beneath, while calling to his confederate Talleyrand, 'My dear Talleyrand, save me! my throne is giving way. I am afraid the foundation is rotten, and wants a cursed deal of mending!' His prime minister is much concerned, 'Ah, master, the crown is too heavy for you!'

Another pillar of the Church is pointing out that the Corsican has not acted with his usual cunning, 'You forgot your old Uncle, the new bishop—if you had made me Pope I should have let the crown down easier!' The ceremony is parodied in the background, monkeys taking the place of the actual performers, only in this case the imperial ape is seated in state, with sceptre and orb, in greater security.

1804. *Theatrical Leap-frog.* Published by Ackermann, Strand.—The young Roscius, as an infant prodigy, is flying over the back of Kemble, both the performers being dressed in the habit then customary for Hamlet—'Alas!' cries Kemble, 'is it come to this? Ah, woe is me! seeing what I have seen, seeing what I see! O Roscius!'

December, 1804. *Melpomene in the Dumps, or Child's Play defended by Theatrical Monarchs.* Published by Ackermann, Strand.—Mrs. Siddons in tragic swathings, one arm resting on a table, her other hand extended in an interlocutory attitude, while her foot is resting on a stool; on the table are books —*Salary Benefits*, *The Rights of Woman*, and *The Duty of Man*. On the wall is hung Bunbury's *Propagation of a Lie*. John Philip Kemble is resting his hand on her shoulder, and another gentleman, hat in hand, is pointing with his finger to a shorter figure, probably intended for the person of Colonel Topham, Editor of *The World*, '*More Soldier than Scholar!*'

THE DEBATE OR ARGUMENT.

Melpomene. And pray, Mr. Monarch, how long am I to be confined to this *box fever*, or nervous rheumatism in my loins? A pretty business you have made of this season; what between your *Blind Bargain* and *Infant Roscius*, you think to send me to the ground; but let me caution you, that 'if once I do but stir or lift this arm, the best of you shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know how this foul rout began, who set it on, and he that is approved in the offence, though he hath twinned with me, *both at a birth* shall lose me.'

First Monarch. [Probably intended to designate Sheridan.] Why really, Madam, all I can say in my defence or that of my *Infant* is this, that if John Bull chooses to feed on slink calf, instead of substantial roast beef, *yet consents to pay for the roast*, it is not for me to complain; but, Madam, should there be a fault laid at my charge, let me tell you it is not entirely mine; your brother here, beside me, has had *his share* in it, and between friends, I must observe, that you have had your day; and if a good salary during this *Infant fever* and frigid weather cannot encourage you to wear flannel, gird up your loins, and rest contented on your arm (I mean arms). I will be bound to say, you are not the woman I took you for; and rather than *be subject* to such complaints while I *reign* 'King of shreds and patches,' I would forego the advantages of government, and 'live on scraps at proud men's surly doors.'

Second Monarch. [John Philip Kemble, otherwise familiarly designated *Black Jack*.] Sister, be of comfort, our friend speaks home; you may relish him more in the soldier than the scholar, but though his oratory is bad, his *argumentum argentum* is good; his voice like mine is husky; but his *silver* tones are delightful. It is true we have both had our day;

'our May of life is gone; 'tis fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf, and that which should accompany old age' *we have got.* 'The world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' Public taste is similar, it is now in second childishness; and when mere oblivion takes place, then you shall make a sally, and should the Town require a *filip*,[1] I will be at your elbow.

December 14, 1804. *The Death of Madame République.*—The moribund République is stretched on her death-bed, the tricolour cockade is worn on the side of her nightcap; by the side are bottles of *Purging Mixture* and *Laudanum*. *Vive la Liberté* and *Vive la République* are put out of sight; the Abbé Sièyes, as doctor, is holding the new Emperor, an infant in long clothes, the crown is on his head, a sceptre and orb are in either hand. John Bull, spectacles on nose, and with his hand in his waistcoat pocket, has stepped in; he is much astonished at the change of affairs: 'Pray Mr. Abbé Sièyes, what was the cause of the poor Lady's death? She seemed at one time in a tolerable thriving way.' 'She died in childbed, Mr. Bull, after giving birth to this little Emperor!'

1804. *A New French Phantasmagoria.* (The date 1805 in one corner.) —Napoleon Buonaparte, with the Imperial crown, sceptre, orb, and robes of state, is holding out his hand, with impertinent condescension, crying, 'What! my old friend, Mr. Bull, don't you know me?' John Bull is dressed in sailor fashion, as the 'champion of the seas;' there is an air of satirical quizzing about his features, and, in order that he may be able to distinguish his transmogrified acquaintance, he has mounted a pair of huge magnifiers, 'Bless me, what comes here, it's time to put on my large spectacles, and tuck up my trousers! Why, surely, it can't be?——it is Boney too, for all that; why, what game be'est thee at now? Acting a play mayhap? What hast thee got on thy head there? Always at some new freak or other.'

1804. *A Compendious Treatise of Modern Education,* in which the following interesting subjects are liberally discussed: The Nursery, Private Schools, Public Schools, Universities, Gallantry, Duelling, Gaming, and Suicide; to which are added coloured designs, both characteristic and illustrative. By Joel M'Cringer, D.D., F.R.S., folio.

Letters from the hand of the caricaturist are scarce, and however familiar collectors may be with Rowlandson's touch, and even his caligraphy, on his numberless drawings in Indian ink, the productions of his famous reed-pen, it is very seldom that samples of his familiar correspondence are to be met with. We print one example, not as an instance of his brilliancy in composition, or as representing any valuable literary disclosure, but simply as illustrating that the artist's circumstances were not too flourishing at the period under consideration.

[1] 'My Lord Loggerhead spells physician with an F, hem! hem!'—Doctor Pangloss, *Heir at Law.*

The original also contains a sketch, and is exhibited to the public in one of the cases of the British Museum (Manuscript Department), among a collection of interesting autographs of eminent men.

29,300 G. Ad^{l}. MSS. Purchased 6 June, 1871.

Letter to James Heath. Engraver.
Upper Charlotte Street Fitzroy Square.

This note is written in Indian ink, of the consistency mixed by the Caricaturist for his outlines.

No. 1 James Street, Adelphi.
March 1st, 1804.

Friend Heath.

'Tis with sorrow I relate that my own finances and the little sway I have with the long-pursed gentry—obliges me to retire before the plays are ended. I hope you will not say, as they do at Drury (No money returned after the curtain is drawn up).

The Bill sent in says Nine Numbers, Eight only have been received, the Ninth mentioned in your letter as being delivered November the First, since my return to Town, has, through some mistake, never come to hand. I also possess a receipt from you for £2. 2. 0, and as I hope you call me a tradesman and poor, you will make out a fresh Bill, and that we shall verify the old proverb of Short Reckonings make Long Friends.

I remain sincerely yours,

Thos Rowlandson.

1805.

February 3, 1805. *Quarterly Duns, or Clamorous Tax-gatherers.* Published by Howitt, 73 Wardour Street, Soho.—Taxation in 1805 raised a great deal of bad feeling; the satirists treated the increased imposts, and the methods of collecting them, from their point of view, and made the public smile at ills to which perforce they were compelled to submit. The house of a quack practitioner in 'Rotten Row,' one Dr. Humbug, at the sign of the Golden Pestle of Hippocrates, who advertises 'advice gratis' on his front door, is the scene of a general muster of the inquisitors and collectors of taxes. *Window Tax, Income, Property, House, Servants, Horses, Dogs, &c.*, are among the requisitions to be levied. *The Budget opened, or how to raise the wind for the year* 1805 explains these visitations. The quack and his wife are declining to admit their duns; they are surveying the besieging party from an upper window, and the *goodwill* of their house is, according to a placard, *to be disposed of.* The prospect of 'Houses to Let' and of windows 'Blocked up' shows that taxation was pressing with over-severity, and had, in reality, been carried beyond a joke.

February 25, 1805. *The Famous Coal Heaver, Black Charley, looking into the Mouth of the Wonderful Coal Pit.* Published by Ackermann. Described by an English Yeoman. (Here follows a long description turning on 'the fundamental deficiency.')—Fox, in blue and buff, on his hands and knees, is staring with a look of astonishment into the mouth of a large head of Pitt, beside which flourishes a Scotch thistle (for Dundas), and around is a thicket of *scrubs*, which are interlaced over a bench, with T.B. (Treasury Bench) cut on it.

April 23, 1805. *The Modern Hercules cleansing the Augean Stable.*—'Augeas, a king of Elis, had a stable which was not cleansed for thirty years, yet Hercules cleansed it in one day.'—*Heathen Mythology.* The modern Hercules, wrapped round with his lion's skin, is making use of a monster measure, *Whitbread's Entire*, with the contents of which he is freely deluging the St. Stephen's stables. The abbot of St. Stephen's, with mitre and crozier, ensconced in his niche, is in consternation at the work going on. The horses are all standing with their heads turned to their stalls, and their hoofs to the purifier. Dundas (Lord Melville) is kicking with energy, crying 'What the Deel is the man

aboot?' Wilberforce's 'Broom for the suppression of Vice' is between his legs, and before him is a huge private chest for stray provender, with money bags outside. Trotter stands next; he cries, 'Attack the Gallopers! I am only a poor Trotter.' Pitt, a very bony steed, is crying, 'I am afraid we shall all be drenched in turn;' and a crowd of others are thrown into confusion at their prospects, saying, 'Who could have expected this?' Against the wall are stalls stored with money-bags from end to end: 'Navy Stall,' 'Army Stall,' 'Treasury Stall,' &c.

April 23, 1805. *The Fifth Clause, or Effect of Example.* Published by T. Rowlandson.

April 28, 1805. *A Scotch Sarcophagus.* Published by T. Rowlandson, Adelphi.—The Sarcophagus is of handsome design; two cherubims, in Scotch bonnets, surmount the lid; two devils, evidently much shocked, appear on the sides. Two Highlanders, in full kilt and tartan dresses, are standing as mourners, one is leaning weeping with his elbow on the urn, the other is seeking comfort in his snuff mull.

Stop, Traveller, and read.

Within this
Sarcophagus,
composed of Scotch pebbles,
are deposited the political remains of

JOHNNY MAC-CREE

and his faithful servant

JOHN TROTT.

In respect to the former, suffice it to say
that he was a strenuous friend to all Reports that
reverberated to his advantage, whether proceeding
from a first rate or a Catamaran Explosion.

At length a Tenth Report, aided by an obstruction
in the Thorax from the fifth clause, finished his
Political Career.

Mourn, Scotsmen, Mourn!
For though he was a swift galloper on the high
road of Peculation, yet his friend John, who
lies beside him, was only his inferior in being
but a simple Trotter, in the grand and
Sublime scale marked out by his
Worthy Preceptor.

They took their departure on Monday, April 8, 1805.

Peace to their Political Manes!

May 15, 1805. *John Bull's Turnpike Gate.*—On a hill is an abbey church, lighted up with the glory of 'King, Church, and Constitution.' John Bull, stand-

ing before his turnpike, is guarding the pathway; on a ledge beside the post is placed a formidable work, the *Test Oath*. The Pope, with mitre, crozier, and hood, is mounted on his pontifical ass. 'Mr. Bull,' he says, 'I have been to Paris and seen all the fine sights there. I now want to have a peep at that little church on the hill, therefore let me pass the turnpike.' J. B. replies: 'If you want to go through pay the toll; what the devil do you think I keep a turnpike gate for?

A crowd of dissenters, quakers, &c., in the Pope's rear, are anxious to enjoy the opportunity: 'Though I boast not gaudy trappings,' says a quaker, 'nor am I mounted on ass-back, yet if he goeth through, verily I should like to go through also!' 'Verily so should I!' 'We should all like to go through!'

May 25, 1805. *A Sailor's Will.* Woodward inv., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann.

July 8, 1805. *The Scotch Ostrich seeking Cover.*—'In the natural history of the ostrich it has been observed that when the bird is closely pursued he runs his head and neck into a hole, leaving his hinder parts exposed; concluding no doubt that, as he sees no one, no one sees him!'

Dundas has thrust his head through a hole in the wall labelled *Parliamentary Recess*, he cries, 'Ah! ah! nae one sees me now!' John Bull with his blunderbuss, and his brother Pat by his side, are watching the Scotchman's manœuvre. 'Be asy, brother Pat, I see him as plain as ever. I have plenty of ammunition left, but I shan't fire just at present.' This print is founded on the inquiries into Lord Melville's conduct when Treasurer of the Navy.

July 14, 1805. *Recovery of a Dormant Title, or a Breeches-Maker become a Lord.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi. Republished July 14, 1812.—The features of a sudden rise in life form humorous materials in the hands of the caricaturist. The lately created nobleman, a coarse and common clothier, is swaggering in all his new finery, to give his past associates a taste of his new-found honours. His showy court dress is assumed with awkward pretension; he wears a ribbon and star and a dress sword; none of these decorations harmonise with the wearer, who is so evidently out of place in his fine feathers, that the journeymen tailors and cobblers, his neighbours and recent comrades, are jeering at his burlesque dignity; his lady dressed in unbecoming finery, and carrying a large plume of feathers on her head, looks no less 'out of character' than does her tailoring spouse. The shop, over which appears, *Stitchall, Whitechapel, Breeches cleaned and repaired*, once the pride of the pair, is now closed. A placard states: 'The goodwill of this shop to be sold, removed to Grosvenor Square;' while an old Jewess, part of the establishment, probably the ancestress of one of the pair, is trying her hardest, on the top of some steps, to wipe out the offensive name of the ex-proprietor.

July 14, 1805. *Antiquarians à la Grecque.* Published by R. Ackermann.

October 1, 1805. *The Departure from the Coast, or the end of the Farce of Invasion.* Published by Ackermann.—On the heights of the English coast stands the British Lion, contemptuously pouring a broadside into the retreating invader; the British cruisers are sweeping the seas. The Emperor, seated on a donkey, is limping off, to the delight of some French monkeys. The national prototype's contributions, in the shape of a shower of shot, have capsized the iron crown of Milan. 'Bless me, what a shower! I shall be wet through before I reach the Rhine.' The Emperor and his steed are overloaded with sacks of *Excuses for non-performance. The Boulogne Encampment* and *The Army of England* fill his pockets, while files of soldiers are indicated above.

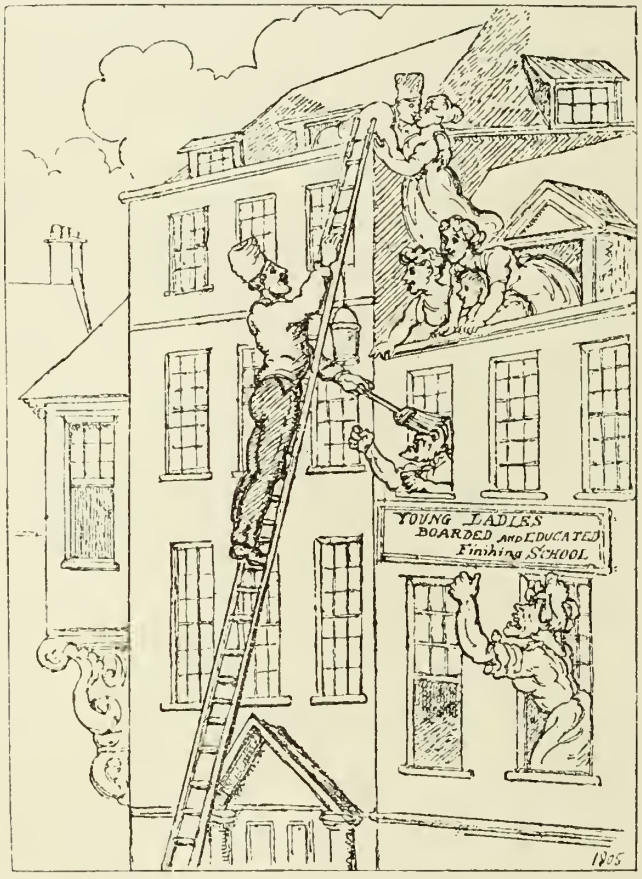
October 2, 1805. *John Bull at the Opera.* Published by T. Rowlandson.—It is a matter of no surprise to find Rowlandson, who, in spite of his acquaintance with the Continent, was as thoroughly confirmed a John Bull as his illustrious predecessor Hogarth, ridiculing the tastes of the fashionable public, who patronised and petted exotic artists, to the neglect of native talent. Like the rest of the caricaturists, he traded on the national spirit, and held up foreigners to contempt and ridicule; with a happy faculty for seizing their grotesque points, their loose ways of life, and their love of finery and display, which has not, we will venture to believe, been excelled in any day. It is natural the school-fellow, fellow-student at the Academy, and familiar intimate through life, of such a talented English performer as Bannister, should have resented the artificial taste which heaped wealth on comparatively obscure aliens, with whose art plain John Bull could have slight sympathy, while the most rarely gifted of his countrymen were left to struggle through life without a due acknowledgment, in a pecuniary sense, proportioned to the extent of their merits, as contrasted with the abilities of their foreign rivals, and the fabulous salaries they received. The designer has accordingly displayed the signor from a whimsical point of view; the face of the performer is suggestive of that of the good-looking youth, the leading figure in the eccentric humours of an *Italian Family* (1792); it was probably a portrait recognisable at the period. Certainly John Bull, in the artist's view, does not appear much at home at the Italian Opera; the spectators are divided between gigglers and gapers, and on the whole it is doubtful if their imported entertainer affords his audience the unequivocal enjoyment they would have been able to secure at the hands of 'honest Jack Bannister,' and native performers of his stamp.

October 30, 1805. *Raising the Wind.*

November 13, 1805. *Napoleon Buonaparte in a Fever, on Receiving the extraordinary Gazette of Nelson's Victory over the Combined Fleets.* Published by Ackermann.—The Emperor, in his huge cocked hat, is seriously indisposed, after reading the extraordinary gazette: '19 sail of the line taken by Lord Nelson.' Beside the Corsican is a group of court physicians in consternation:

JOHN BULL AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

'My dear Doctors! those sacré Anglois have played the devil with my constitution; pray tell me what is the matter with me. I felt the first symptoms when I told General Mack I wanted ships, colonies, and commerce. Oh dear! oh dear! I shall want more ships now; this is a cursed sensation. Oh, I am very qualmish!' 'Be-gar,' cries the first physician, 'I have found it out. Your heart be in your breeches!' Another doctor is observing that 'the case is desperate;' another recommends 'letting blood;' while others have, after a consultation, arrived at the conclusion—'Irrevocable.'



A BOARDING SCHOOL.

1805. *A Boarding School.*—The droll scene our artist has imagined,—for it is to be hoped, in the interests of educational establishments and social decorum, that he was not in the situation to draw the incidents from actual observation,—is transpiring on the outside of a Young Ladies' Seminary, where maidens are 'boarded and educated,' and their minds trained. According to the notice-board, there seems no reason to question this being a 'finishing school' in the fullest acceptation of the expression. 'The young ideas' are shooting in a precocious fashion which is setting the restraint of the governesses at defiance. Certain well-favoured

young house painters are inciting the mischievous hoydens to disregard the injunctions of their preceptresses. A daring scamp is stealing a kiss from a buxom belle, over the eaves of the adjoining house, and three terrible young flirts are exchanging pleasantries with a youth on a ladder, who is stopping the torrent of menace, poured forth by the mistress, by bedaubing his whitewash brush in the learned features of the infuriated old lady. It is evidently early morning, before the customary studies have commenced.

1805. *Glowworms.* (See July, 1812.)

1805. *Muckworms.*

1805. Illustrations to *Tom Jones, or the History of a Foundling.* Book 7, chap. 14.—'The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the sentinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light coloured coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandages, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a churchyard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

'When the sentinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap, and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

'Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

'Jones seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell. . . . The report of the firelock alarmed the whole house. . . .

'Before Jones could reach the door of his chamber, the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

'The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead; but they presently saw their mistake, for he not only

struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination, being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and spectres.

'At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the matter, he answered, "I am a dead man, that's all; I am a dead man; I can't recover it; I have seen him."

'"What hast thou seen, Jack?" says one of the soldiers. "Why, I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday."'

THE SENTINEL MISTAKES TOM JONES FOR AN APPARITION.

Illustrations to Fielding's *Tom Jones* (See 1791). 1791–93. Published by J. Siebbald, Edinburgh. 1805. Republished by Longman & Co., London.

Illustrations to Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle.* 1791–93. Published by J. Siebbald, Edinburgh. 1805. Republished by Longman & Co., London. Etched by Rowlandson.

Clearing a Wreck on the North Coast of Cornwall. Sketched in 1805. Rowlandson del.

View on Sir John Moreshead's Estate at Blisland near Bodmin, Cornwall. Rowlandson del.

View near Bridport, Dorsetshire. 1805.

Rouler Moor, Cornwall.

Coast of Cornwall, &c. (A series of views in Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, &c.)

1806.

'*The Sorrows of Werther.*' *Letter* X.. *The Waltz with Charlotte.*—'We began; and at first amused ourselves with making every possible turn

THE GERMAN WALTZ.

with our arms. How graceful and animated all her motions! When the waltz commenced, all the couples which were turning round at first jostled against each other. We very judiciously kept aloof till the awkward and clumsy had withdrawn; when we joined in there were but two couples left. I never in my life was so active; I was more than mortal. To fly with her like the wind, and lose sight of every other object! But I own to you I then determined, that the

woman I loved, and to whom I had pretensions, should never do the waltz with any other man. You will understand this.'

April 3, 1806. *An Evergreen.*—An extravagantly elongated figure, treated so as to suggest a trimmed shrub, and coloured green. There is much in the execution of this folio strip to suggest the hand of Rowlandson. Published by Fores.

April 20, 1806. *A Cake in Danger.*

> Careful observers, studious of the Town,
> Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown.—GAY'S *Trivia.*

It is night, or rather early morning, and the watchman, staff in hand, leaning forward in his box, in a state of semi-consciousness, more asleep than awake, does not observe that under the shelter of his house a deed of spoliation is proceeding. A simple countryman has fallen into the clutches of two fair members of the 'Hundreds of Drury,' and, while they are tenderly embracing the yokel, the contents of his pockets are being transferred to their own keeping.

1806 (?). *A Select Vestry.*

1806 (?). *A Country Club.*

April 16, 1806. *The Political Hydra.* (Wigstead.) Originally published December 26, 1788. See description (1788). Reissued with fresh date.

April 18, 1806. *Falstaff and his Followers Vindicating the Property Tax.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi. Fox is travestied under the portly figure of Falstaff; Sheridan, Petty, and other Ministers do duty as his followers. The unwieldy knight is standing in the presence of John Bull, and pointing to a huge pack, 'Ten per cent. on John Bull's property,' which is to be fitted to the national back. 'Mercy on us, how you must be all changed in your way of thinking! When Billy proposed the same thing, one of you said it was a most flagrant instance of injustice and inequality; another that it was abominable in principle and in its operation, not only cruel but intolerable; and another went so far as to say that if I sanctioned it I was not a person for any honest man to be acquainted with. What have you to say for yourselves?'

Falstaff has a plausible explanation at the service of his employer: 'You cannot blame us, Master Bull, we did not make it, or steal it; it lay in our way, and we found it!'

May 1, 1806. *A Maiden Aunt smelling Fire.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

> Old Maids are doomed to lead Apes in Hell.

An old Tabitha, who is appropriately surrounded by her feline friends, has been disturbed from her slumbers by various suspicious nocturnal sounds, and has appeared, candle in hand, and in a very incomplete toilette, to fathom the mystery, of the source of which she has evidently some shrewd suspicion; since

she is hastening to the first floor to her niece's apartment. Above the balustrade stands the guilty damsel, who has had sufficient warning, as her lover, carrying his garments in his hand, for expedition, is making his way from the niece's room under the cover of an ambuscade ; while the lady is leaning over the staircase railings, with an air of startled innocence assumed to carry off the *contretemps*.

May, 1806. *Recruiting on a Broad-Bottom'd Principle.* Published by T. Blacklock, 92 Royal Exchange.—Grenville, Fox, and their colleagues, are out on a recruiting expedition, to enlist volunteers for their new service. Lord Grenville, as the recruiting sergeant, is haranguing the bystanders ; his followers are rather of the tatterdemalion order : they wear the red caps of Liberty, and the revolutionary cockades, they are out-at-elbows and shoeless. Sheridan is waving the colours inscribed 'God save the King! No Jacobins!' Fox is drummer, Lord Derby is fifer ; 'Now my brave fellows, now is the time to make your fortunes and show your loyalty, all on a Broad-Bottom'd principle : we don't value *candle-ends* and *cheese-parings*, not we! All lives, and fortune-soldiers to a man. We'll make our enemies tremble ; we are the boys to *wind* 'em ; now is your time, my lads ; the bed of Honour is a bed of Down.' A dog, the *Member for Barkshire* according to his collar, is bow-wowing the sergeant's address ; one of the audience, with a paper, *Bed of Roses* (to which the ministerial condition had been likened by Lord Castlereagh), in his pocket, is half decided to join their standard : 'I don't like a bed of Down, I would rather it was a *Bed of Roses* : however I have a great mind to enter notwithstanding, there is nothing like having two strings to one's bow.'

George the Third is peeping through his spyglass ; he is not very clear as to the actual motives of the party : 'What, what! my sergeant and drummer beating up for volunteers ; that's right, that's right, get as many as you can!'

May 4, 1806. *Daniel Lambert, the wonderful great Pumpkin of Little Britain.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The famous Leicester giant, or rather fat man, Daniel Lambert, was the object of fashionable curiosity at this date. The worthy and good-natured-looking monster's figure is set forth at full, and justice is done to his corpulence. A tailor and his journeyman are between them vainly trying to stretch their measuring tape round the colossal girth ; a fairly conditioned man-cook has just brought in a noble rib of beef for the regalement of the giant. Three modishly dressed persons of quality, who have come to admire the huge proportions of Daniel Lambert, are contrasting their own meagre condition of genteel slimness with his excessive plumpness. A notice sets forth, 'Agricultural society for the improvement of fat cattle. Leicestershire Ram' ; and a placard advertises, 'The powers of Roast Beef, or the Leicestershire Apollo, now in full bloom ; no blemish whatever on any part of his body. Thirty-six years of age. Weighs upwards of 50 stone,

14 lbs. to the stone, or 700 lbs. Measures 3 yds. 4 inches round the body, and 1 yard 1 inch round the leg; is five feet eleven inches in height. Admission only one shilling. Laugh and grow fat.'[1]

May 31, 1806. *A Diving Machine on a New Construction.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—The unpopular increase of Taxation, levied under the Broad-bottom'd auspices, was severely dealt with by the satirists. In the present version, the Ministers are represented as the crew of a diving-barge, *The Experiment.* Fox is the diver, and a noble wreck, the 'Constitution cutter, John Bull commander,' has gone down to the bottom of the 'Ocean of Taxation.' Her commander is done for; amidst the spoils of the shipwreck, the Diver (Fox) is securing certain weighty additions to his treasury: pig-iron, Beer Tax, and heavy chests, '10 per cent.' are among the spoils. A rope is secured to the pondercus Property Tax; Fox is giving the word to 'Haul up;' Petty, Sheridan and others are hauling away at the ropes; their lighter is nearly filled with the precious wreckage they have been able to secure.

June 20, 1806. *The Acquittal, or upsetting the Porter Pot.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—Lord Melville and his counsel are exulting over the results of his acquittal by his peers of the charge of investing the public funds for his personal advantage, as far as the interest was concerned, a perquisite previously allowed to the Treasurer of the Navy. When Lord Melville, then Henry Dundas, filled the post of Treasurer to the Navy, he brought in an act for the better regulation of that office, making such employment of the funds in hand a misdemeanour; Whitbread, (at the head of the advanced Liberals, or 'Radical Reformers,' who began to make his party

[1] The advice offered in the concluding line of Daniel Lambert's advertisement must, however, be followed with certain reserve. The Leicester giant's premature end is hardly an encouragement to would-be imitators. After his first visit to London, in 1806, Daniel Lambert returned to his native place; the year following he repeated his visit, but feeling oppressed by the atmosphere of the metropolis, he made a tour through the principal provincial cities and towns, where he proved a great source of attraction. We are told 'his diet was plain, and the quantity moderate, and for many years he never drank anything stronger than water. His countenance was manly and intelligent; he possessed great information, much ready politeness, and conversed with ease and facility. He had a powerful and melodious tenor voice, and his articulation was perfectly clear and unembarrassed. . . . Lambert had, however, for some time shown dropsical symptoms. In June, 1809, he was weighed at Huntingdon, and, by the Caledonian balance, was found to be 52 stone 11 lb.; 10 stone 4 lb. heavier than Bright, the miller of Malden, who only lived to the age of thirty.'

A few days after this last weight was taken, on June 20, Lambert arrived from Huntingdon at the Wagon and Horses Inn, St. Martin's, Stamford, where preparations were made to receive company the next day and during the Stamford races. He was announced for exhibition; he gave his orders cheerfully, without any presentiment that they were to be his last. He was then in bed, only fatigued from his journey, but anxious to see company early in the morning. Before nine o'clock, however, the day following, he was a corpse! He died in his apartment on the ground-floor of the inn, for he had long been incapable of walking up stairs. As may be supposed from his immense bulk and weight, his interment was an arduous labour. His age was thirty-nine. At the Wagon and Horses Inn were preserved two suits of Lambert's clothes; seven ordinary-sized men were repeatedly enclosed within his waistcoat, without breaking a stitch or straining a button.

dreaded as formidable opponents of the old-fashioned Whig section, from which his supporters had receded), and Wilberforce, as the enemy of all corruptions, were the principal movers of Melville's impeachment, for the alleged breach of his own act.

The two Scots, Melville and Trotter, who are dressed in Highland garb, are embracing fraternally; at the same time, Melville is giving a sly backward kick to a huge pewter pot, bearing the face of the disconcerted mover of the charges. *Whitbread's Entire Butt* is knocked over, its contents *Impeachments, High Crimes, Misdemeanours*, and *Peculation*, are flowing away unheeded; 'What is life without a friend?' cries the ex-Minister on his acquittal; his counsel, Trotter, is assuring his relieved patron, 'I'll *trot* for you! I'll gallop for you all over the globe. O happy day for Scotland! and see how pleased John Bull looks—ah Johnny, Johnny, this is indeed a glorious triumph.' But Mr. Bull declines to be soft-sawdered: his face is wearing anything but a satisfied expression; he significantly keeps his hands in his pockets, and is grumbling, 'I say nothing,' as if he could say a great deal if he were disposed to express his honest opinion of the entire transaction.

July 21, 1806. *Experiments at Dover, or Master Charley's Magic Lantern.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—The repeated delays to the preliminaries for peace, and the various manœuvres of Buonaparte's government, which protracted the issue of Fox's policy, led to a feeling out-of-doors that the Minister was not dealing straightforwardly with the public; that dissimulation was thrown into their eyes like dust; and that the Whig chief was deluding his followers for some reasons of his own; meanwhile the Corsican Emperor was carrying forward plans for fresh aggressions unchecked.

Fox, in the print, has settled himself comfortably at Dover; with a magic lantern to work his delusions, he is throwing painted images across the Channel, which are reflected on the cliffs of Calais. The figure of Napoleon is seen sounding a news-horn, announcing 'Preliminaries of Peace'; Fox's slide contains other views, which have to follow, for the further perplexity of the honest spectator: 'More despatches,' 'Messenger to Paris,' 'Messenger from Boulogne,' &c. The Showman is trying to reassure his friend, 'There, Master Bull, what do you think of that? I told you I would surprise you—"Preliminaries of Peace," Huzza!' John Bull, who is standing unconvinced behind Fox's chair, replies: 'Yes, yes, it be all very foine, if it be true. But I can't forget that d——d Omnium last week; they be always one way or other in contradictions! I will tell thee what, Charley, since thee hast become a great man, I think in my heart thee beest always conjuring.'

June, 1806. *Butterfly Hunting.* Published by Wm. Holland, 11 Cockspur Street.—A collision between the pursuits of rival enthusiasts is pictured under the title of 'Butterfly Hunting.' Nothing can stop the fervour of the butterfly

collectors in their chase of the sportive prey, wantonly flitting all over the flower-beds, and leading the excited entomologists a pretty dance, carrying destruction to the parterres, and ruination to the tulips, of which the proprietor of the house and grounds is, it appears, a passionate fancier. The havoc, which is spreading over the beds of his favourites, is reducing him to frenzy; as he is awakened from his rest, and surveys from his bedroom-window the field of action, the only wonder is, if he has a loaded gun ready at hand, that he is not tempted to salute the reckless spoilers with a volley.

BUTTERFLY-HUNTING.

1806. *A Prize Fight.*

1806 (?). *Anything will do for an Officer.*—The caricature of a pigmy and misshapen sample of humanity, dressed as an officer, with an enormous cocked hat, worn on one side of his battered and lined old face; a long pigtail projects over his high shoulders; he swaggers with one hand on his hip, and the other on the head of a tasseled cane, which is nearly as tall as the hero himself; his shrunken spindle legs are thrust into huge boots, and his tremendous sword, which is longer than the wearer, is trailing on the ground. The argument is not complimentary to commanders in general: 'Some school-boys, who were playing

at soldiers, found one of their number so ill-made and so undersized that he would have disfigured the whole body if put into the ranks. "What shall we do with him?" asked one, "Do with him?" says another, "why make an officer of him!"'

1806. *View of the Interior of Simon Ward, alias St. Brewer's Church, Cornwall.*—A quaint delineation of a church-interior during service; the pastor,

A PRIZE FIGHT.

who is somewhat of the Dr. Syntax type, is holding forth. There is a squire's pew, a rosy, sleepy clerk, a large leavening of fat slumberers (among the rest the sexton and pew-opener), a crowded gallery, worshippers both devout and careless, gazers through curiosity, and the usual elements which made up a grotesque-looking country congregation at the end of the last century.

1806. *A Monkey Merchant.*

1807.

February 1, 1807. *Miseries of London. Going out to dinner* (*already too late*) *your carriage delayed by a jam of coaches, which choke up the whole street, and allow you an hour or more than you require to sharpen your wits for table talk.* Published by Ackermann, 101 Strand.

Breast against breast, with ruinous assault
And deafening shock they come.

February 3, 1807. *The Captain's Account-current of Charge and Discharge.* Published by Giles Grinagain, 7 Artillery Street, London.—A pair of plates connected with some militia or yeomanry satire of the period: the scene of the captain's misadventure is evidently a cathedral town, but the interest of the print is not sufficiently strong to make any elucidation of the facts of the case of much importance. The captain is mounted on a spirited charger; he is losing his seat; several whips and his sabre have fallen, and the rider is holding on precariously by his horse's mane. Professor Gambado's famous tract, *Hints to Bad Horsemen*, is thrown on the ground. The members of the troop, galloping in the rear, are enjoying their leader's mishap, and saying, 'Our young whip is not an old jockey.' The captain cries, 'March! trot! canter! charge! halt, halt, halt! I mean;' while candid confessions burst forth spontaneously from the trumpet at his side. 'Avarice, vanity! oh what a ninny I was to throw myself off! they're laughing at me!' while hypocrisy, ingratitude, double-dealing, false friendship, malice, &c., are trumpeted forth.

In the second plate the rider has come to grief; the horse is prancing gaily, relieved of his rider; the animal is addressing a parting remark to the discharged captain: 'You seem more frightened than hurt. You have been taught the value of whips more than the use of them.'

A hussar has recovered the trumpet; he stoops over to the fallen captain, who is rubbing the seat of his injuries: 'I hope your honour is not hurt,' to which the fallen leader replies, 'I am not hurt, upon my honour!' The troopers are riding gaily on, exclaiming, 'Why, our captain needn't a fallen!'

MISERIES OF LONDON.

February 15, 1807. *Miseries of Travelling; an Overloaded Coach.* Published by R. Ackermann.

February 18, 1807. *At Home and Abroad.*—A domestic interior; the servant is leaving the room with a warming-pan, and a lady, of the developed 'fat, fair, and forty' order, is preparing to go to bed; the partner of her joys, who is more youthful, has dropped his pipe and is sipping a bumper of wine; but, although evidently sleepy, he seems disinclined to follow the lady's example of retiring to rest.

February 18, 1807. *Abroad and at Home* is a complete contrast to the previous subject.—A handsome-looking man is reclining on a couch before the fire; on the table by his side are fruit and wine, on his knee there dallies an elegant creature; the lady's maid is figured in the background, regaling herself with drops on the sly.

February 26, 1807. *Mrs. Showwell, the Woman who shows General Guise's Collection of Pictures at Oxford.* Etched and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—This, like the companion print, bears the initials J. N. Esq. (John Nixon), 1807, but the style of execution is in Rowlandson's marked manner. Mrs. Showwell is a dwarfed, quaint old woman, of good-natured appearance, wearing a cap and hood; she is pointing out the excellences of a collection of old masters with a wand, and in her other hand is held the key of the gallery.[1]

March 1, 1807. *The Enraged Vicar.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—

> To see them rattle, howl, and tear,
> By Jove, 'twould make a parson swear,

A subject of wanton destruction, which forms a fitting companion to the invasion of the tulip-fancier's flower-beds by irrepressible

[1] Francisco Caracci, and General Guise's collection (*Somerset-House Gazette*), from a note to Mr. Ephraim Hardcastle (Editor):—'Francisco Caracci was the younger brother of Augustino and Annibale; and Antonio, called from his deformity Il Gobbo, was the natural son of Augustino. These were the individuals who formed that celebrated family of painters. The father of Ludovico Caracci was a butcher (*era macelago*), and the father of Annibale and Augustino a tailor. Annibale resolved to mortify the pride of Ludovico, who despised him on account of his frequently reminding him of their low origin. He therefore privately painted the portraits of the Caracci, as large as life, in a butcher's shop, and showed his picture for the first time to Ludovico, when in company with Cardinal Farnese. It is now in the Guise collection, at Christ Church College, Oxford. Annibale is the butcher weighing the meat, which a soldier (Ludovico) is purchasing. Augustino stands near them. Antonio is lifting down a carcase, which conceals his deformity; and the old woman represents their mother. General Guise is said to have given 1,100*l.* for this picture, which was purchased for him at Venice. Talking of Oxford, did you ever see this collection? If the old General Guise had no more taste for fighting than for painting, I would have met him and his legions with wooden cannon. Yet I have heard certain *bigwigs* of the University crack up the Guise Gallery! They are nice social fellows at Christ Church for all this, and men of taste; a conversation on painting is brought to table in hall there, like the wine—devilishly well iced.'

butterfly-collectors, was published the year following, as *The Enraged Vicar.* In this case the horticultural tastes of the reverend gentleman have led him to turn the grounds of the vicarage into a picture of the most unvarying precision : clipped hedges, chopped borders of box, with yew-trees and evergreens, carved into wonderful imitations of impossible objects, form the passion of his heart. A hunted fox is darting through these wonderful works of art ; the hounds are breaking over everything, and the whole field of fox-hunters are riding through the Vicar's boundaries, and pounding their horses over his cherished monstrosities. Judging from the frantic state of the dignitary, the reverse of benedictions seem

THE ENRAGED VICAR.

likely to be invoked upon the heads of the intruders, who are wrecking the results of any amount of misdirected patience ' in less than no time.'

April 18, 1807. *All the Talents.* Published by Stockdale, Pall Mall.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

The complex nature of the famous Broad-Bottom Administration, known as ' All the Talents,' is set forth in an allegorical representation, which is supposed to include the several qualifications of the vaunted *illuminés.* It may be remembered that this Ministry, which came into power under Liberal and popular auspices, retired

on the rejection of their favourite measure, Catholic Emancipation, which they were pledged to introduce. The King, and his friends, the remnant of the Pittites, made a desperate stand against this measure, and the consequence of its defeat was the immediate withdrawal of 'All the Talents' from office. As

ALL THE TALENTS.

embodied by Rowlandson's pencil, the combination of heterogeneous elements produced a curious monster: the wig of a learned judge is worn on the head of a spectacled ape, with an episcopal mitre and a Catholic crosier; a lawyer's bands, a laced coat, and ragged breeches; wearing one shoe, and a French jackboot; and dancing upon a funeral pyre of papers, the results of the Administration, its

endless negotiations with France, and its sinecures and patronages, which are blazing away. The creature's right foot is discharging a musket, to represent the 'Army,' which is producing certain mischief in the rear, and bringing two heavy folios, *Magna Charta* and the *Coronation Oath* upon the head of the dangerous animal. The left hand, holding a pen upside-down, is supposed to be compounding new financial projects, in a ledger laid over a music book, 'Country dances,' an allusion to the alleged dancing proclivities of Lord Henry Petty, the Broad-Bottomite Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The smoke, from the pipe of this *lusus Naturæ*, is obscuring the portrait of William Pitt. The end of 'All the Talents,' who sacrificed their influence from conscientious motives, and whose upright principles were beyond suspicion, was a great source of triumph to their opponents, who signalised their retirement with a volley of satirical effusions. The 'Interment of the Broad-Bottomite Ministry' produced a shower of political squibs and caricatures; and among the best verses on the occasion, appeared the following mocking epitaph, which has been attributed to the gifted pen of Canning, who came into office on the dismissal of 'All the Talents.'

When the Broad-Bottomed junto, all nonsense and strife,
Resigned, with a groan, its political life;
When converted to Rome, and of honesty tired,
It to Satan gave back what himself had inspired;

The Demon of Faction, that over them hung,
In accents of anguish their epitaph sung;
While Pride and Venality joined in the stave,
And canting Democracy wept on the grave.

Here lies, in the tomb that we hollowed for Pitt,
The conscience of Grenville, of Temple the wit;
Of Sidmouth the firmness, the temper of Grey,
And Treasurer Sheridan's promise to pay.

Here Petty's finance, from the evils to come,
With Fitzpatrick's sobriety creeps to the tomb;
And Chancellor Ego, now left in the lurch,
Neither laughs at the law nor cuts jokes at the Church.

Then huzza for the party that here's laid to rest—
'All the Talents,' but self-praising blockheads at best:
Though they sleep in oblivion, they've died with the hope,
At the last day of freedom, to rise with the Pope.

April 24, 1807. *A Nincompoop, or Hen-peck'd Husband.* Published by T. Tegg, Cheapside (147).—It is supposed to be the day of rest and ease, and com-

fortable cits are taking their summer outings to suburban resorts. A buxom city wife is sailing along with an air like a tragedy queen, fanning herself as she walks. Her better half, a miserable being reduced to abject servitude, is bearing a bundle, a shawl, a pair of pattens, and an umbrella, objects to serve in the train of his mistress's grandeur; the poor 'nincompoop' is vainly turning his

A NINCOMPOOP, OR HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

eyes up Heavenwards: no miracle is vouchsafed to free him from his bondage. Other stout promenaders are bursting with indignation at the weakness of this lord of creation, while they walk in the other extreme, and leave their better halves to drag along both children and baggage in their wake. Certain tired pedestrians are enjoying the reward of their exertions, while partaking of cool

pipes and tankards, at the '*Old Swan Inn, Ordinary on Sundays*,' whither the parties have evidently proceeded to dine.

April 26, 1807. *John Rosedale, Mariner. Exhibitor at the Hall of Greenwich Hospital.* Etched and published by T. Rowlandson.—Like the companion print, *Mrs. Showwell* (Feb. 26), the sketch is signed with the initials J. N. Esq. The old sailor Cicerone, who has a pigtail, and wears a long square-cut coat of naval blue, with gold buttons and lace, is pointing out with a cane the mysteries of certain allegorical compositions to the gaping spectators :—

'Here is George, Prince of Denmark, and in the perspective a view of St. Paul's, London, Sir James Thornhill in the wig, &c. &c.'

May 1, 1807. *The Pilgrims and the Peas.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside. One of a series of headings to songs, ballads, &c., published by T. Tegg.—In the illustration to Peter Pindar's Apologue of *The Pilgrims and the Peas*, the disconsolate sinner, with hard peas in his shoes, is crawling along, doubled up with agony, to the shrine at Loretto, meeting halfway the joyful pilgrim, who has accomplished his penance, 'whitewashed his soul,' and returned from his journey without personal inconvenience, by the exercise of the simplest precaution, as he confesses :—

> To walk a little more at ease,
> I took the liberty to boil my peas!

May 3, 1807. *Scenes at Brighton, or the Miseries of Human Life.* Published by A. Berigo, 38 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

Plate 1. Beauty, Music, a few thousands, and opportunity given by card tables, often feather the adventurer and prove an easy introduction to the Miseries of Human Life.

Plate 2. Jealousy, rage, disappointment, intrigue, and laughter are here pretty much exemplified, and afford an old Lover a high-seasoned taste of the Miseries of Human Life.

May 6, 1807. *Monastic Fare.*

> And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell,
> Who leads a good life is sure to live well,
> What Baron, or Squire, or Knight of the Shire
> Lives half so well as a Holy Friar?

May 6, 1807. *Black, Brown, and Fair.* Designed by Sir E. Bunbury. Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—An illustration to the lines :—

> With Black, Brown, and Fair, I have frolic'd 'tis true,
> But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

At the window of a tavern, at Wapping 'Dock Head,' is a bevy of beauties,

representing the variations of complexion described by the song-writer. The redundant charms of this collection of beauties are arresting an equally diversified circle of admirers, numbering mulattos, a Chinaman, a Holland skipper, a foreign Jew, and a Virginia nigger.

May 6, 1807. *The Holy Friar.* Designed by Sir E. Bunbury. Rowlandson, sculp.

MONASTIC FARE.

I am a Friar of orders Grey,
And down the valleys I take my way.
I pull not Blackberry, Haw, or Hip;
Good store of ven'son does fill my scrip.
My long Bead-roll I merrily chaunt,
Wherever I walk no money I want;
And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well;

What Baron, or Squire, or Knight of the Shire
Lives half so well as a Holy Friar?

After supper of Heav'n I dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream;
Myself by denial I mortify,
With a dainty bit of a Warden pie.

THE HOLY FRIAR.

I'm cloth'd in sackcloth for my sin,
With old Sack wine I'm lin'd within,
A chirping cup is my Matin song,
And the vesper's bell is my bowl—ding dong!
What Baron, or Squire, or Knight of the Shire
Lives half so well as a Holy Friar?

May 16, 1807. *I Smell a Rat, or a Rogue in Grain.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand. An exuberant rustic charmer has been entertaining

a fashionable visitor in a granary ; a party of rustics, mounting the ladder, have disturbed the interview. A powdered, pig-tailed, and lace-ruffled dandy has sought concealment amidst the sacks of grain ; his head appears over the barrier in sheer dismay, for a determined farm-help, probably the legitimate swain of the indignant damsel, armed with a formidable pitchfork, is making reckless efforts to impale the trespasser ; his fury is slightly restrained by the stalwart exertions of the lady, who has buried her fingers in the village Othello's shock head of hair ; at his feet is a scroll with the quotation 'I smell a rat, dead for a ducat.' A bill, pinned on the wall, sets forth 'Rats, pole cats, and all sorts of vermin effectively destroyed.'

May 17, 1807. *The Old Man of the Sea, sticking to the Shoulders of Sindbad the Sailor.* Vide *The Arabian Nights Entertainments.* Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—The dandified Sir Francis Burdett is figured as a discontented Sindbad the Sailor ; his preceptor John Horne Tooke, in his clerical garments, is perched on his pupil's shoulders, and he is driving him through *The Mire of Politics*, in which he is wading knee-deep. In the distance is shown the baronet's mansion, *Independence and a comfortable home.* From an upper window a lady is waving back the traveller, who does not relish turning his back on this prospect to encounter the *Ministerial Shoals* and *Treasury Rocks* which are opposed to his progress on the other side. Horne Tooke is urging on the career of his *protégé* : 'Persevere ! persevere ! you are the only man to get through.' Burdett's confidence is wavering : 'This old man will be the end of me at last ; what a miry place he has brought me into !'

May 25, 1807. *A White Sergeant giving the Word of Command : 'Why don't you come to bed, you drunken sot ?'* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand. —A man, past the meridian of life, is calmly enjoying his pipe before his fire, with an agreeable book in his hand, '*Rule a wife and have a wife.*' The young wife is indignantly rating the easy-going husband on his inclination to prefer the fireside to his conjugal couch.

May 29, 1807. *Comedy in the Country, Tragedy in London.* Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—*Comedy in the Country* is played in a barnlike building to an audience of rustics, whose faces express the most intense appreciation. *Tragedy in London*, as performed in a fashionable theatre, has plunged a very select audience into the depths of grief and misery : tears bedew every cheek, and even the members of the orchestra are weeping profusely.

May 30, 1807. *Platonic Love.* '*None but the Brave deserve the Fair.*' Sir E. Bunbury del., Rowlandson sculp.—An illustration to the lines in Othello wherein Desdemona's wooing is described. A veteran commander, who has lost an arm and both legs, is acting on the advice of his fair, who is tenderly embracing his wooden leg. Although the name of Rowlandson is appended to this

plate, the method of its execution bears a closer resemblance to the handling of C. W. (Williams).

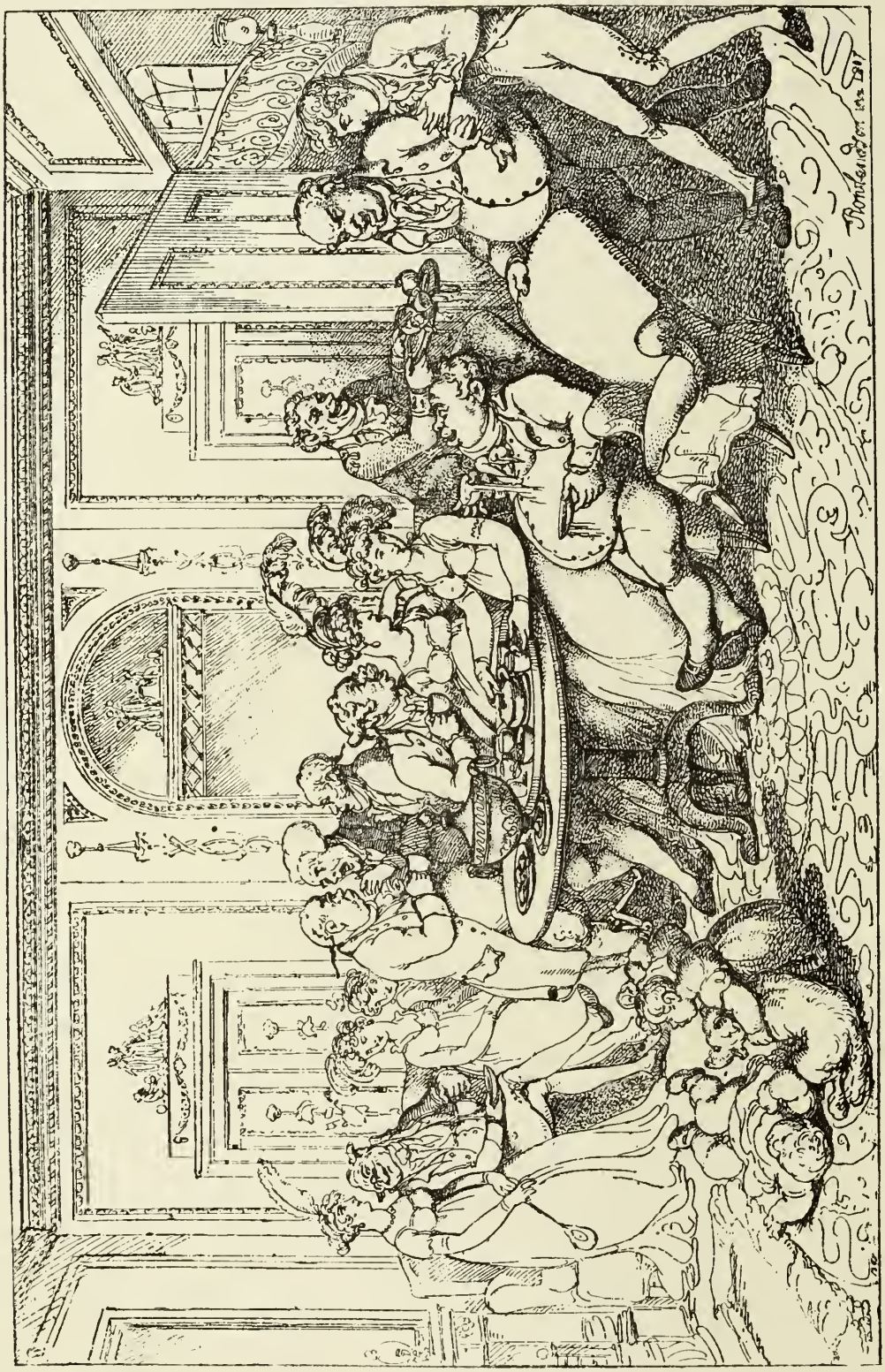
June 12, 1807. *Miseries Personal.* Published by Ackermann, 101 Strand. 'After dinner, when the ladies retire with you from a party of very pleasant men, having to entertain as you can half a score of empty or formal females; then after a decent time has elapsed, and your patience and topics are equally exhausted, ringing for the tea, &c., which you sit making in despair for above two hours, having three or four times sent word to the gentlemen that it is ready, and overheard your husband, at the last message, answer, "Very well, another bottle of wine." By the time the tea and coffee are quite cold, they arrive, continuing as they enter, and for an hour afterwards, their political disputes, occasionally suspended by the master of the house by a reasonable complaint to his lady at the coldness of the coffee; soon after the carriages are announced and the company disperse.'

June 15, 1807. *Murphy Delaney.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—This caricature is an illustration to the song which is printed below it. It happened to the hero, Murphy Delaney, to find himself, when 'fresh as a shamrock and blind as a bull' from the effects of imbibing a 'skinful of whiskey,' by the side of the quay, which he mistook for the floor of his shed, 'And the keel of a coal-barge he just tumbled over, and thought all the while he was going to bed.' When his body was recovered from the river an inquest was duly held to determine the cause of his end, during which the subject of the deliberation revived, and appeared as a witness; but his testimony being declined, on the ground of his recent decease, the jury appealed to the doctor, who swore that, as Delaney was 'something alive,' it 'must be his ghost. So they sent out of hand for the clergy to lay him, but Pat laid the clergy, and then ran away.'

June 18, 1807. *A View on the Banks of the Thames.* (No. 177.) Published by T. Tegg. (See illustration, p. 77.)

July 1, 1807. *More Scotchmen, or Johnny Maccree Opening his New Budget.* —Lord Melville, on the strength of his re-instalment, has extended his patronage to a swarm of his countrymen; he is dressed in Highland garb, and is opening the mouth of his sack, from whence is issuing an interminable stream of Scotchmen, who are trooping steadily on the road to fortune, through the portals of St. Stephens. 'There ye are, my bonny lads, mak the best o' your way, the door is open, and leave a Scotsman alaine to stick in a place gin he once gains an entrance.' John Bull, who is standing aside, quite overpowered by the spectacle of this Caledonian incursion, is exclaiming: 'Dang it, what a swarm of them there be—enough to cause a famine in any Christian country!'

July 9, 1807. *A Cure for Lying and a Bad Memory.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—A wag at one of



MISERIES PERSONAL.

the universities has applied to an empiric, on a visit to the neighbourhood, for a cure, as a proof of his skill, for a propensity to tell lies, and a memory which retained no recollection of what its possessor had stated last. In the picture the quack has just administered his *Pillula Memoria* and *Anti Fibbibus*; the incautious would-be waggish student is very uncomfortable, and declares he has taken *Asafœtida*. 'You speak the truth,' says the doctor, 'you are perfectly

A VIEW ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

cured; and as to your memory, that cure follows of course, for I am sure you will never forget the medicine!'

July 10, 1807. *The Double Disaster, or New Cure for Love.* Rowlandson del. et sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—This sketch, which is characterised by the artist's usual spirit when dealing with kindred subjects, represents the situation of a rustic swain, whose philanderings have landed him in the midst of the perplexities of a double dilemma. It is seemingly 'washing

day,' and the gallant intruder has effected his admission to court the graces of a pretty maiden, who is thrown into consternation at the risk to which her suitor, by an awkward *contretemps*, is suddenly exposed. The pair have evidently been disturbed at the moment the lady was engaged in drawing a mug of ale for the refreshment of her admirer; in the confusion, the tap of the beer barrel is still left running, and all the maid's solicitude is centred in the position of her swain, who has incautiously taken refuge in the copper. A very disagreeable-looking old beldame is kindling a blazing fire in the stove, while a buxom wench is working away at the pump, which is pouring gallons of water into the unlucky Lothario's place of concealment. The youth is hesitating midway between the ordeals of fire or water, and he is struggling to effect his escape from both, at the risk of exposure and its consequences.

July 14, 1807. *Easter Hunt. Clearing a Fence.* (*Easter Monday, or the Cockney Hunt.*)

1807. *Miseries of the Country.* 'While on a visit to the hundreds of Essex, being under the necessity of getting dead drunk every day to save your life.'

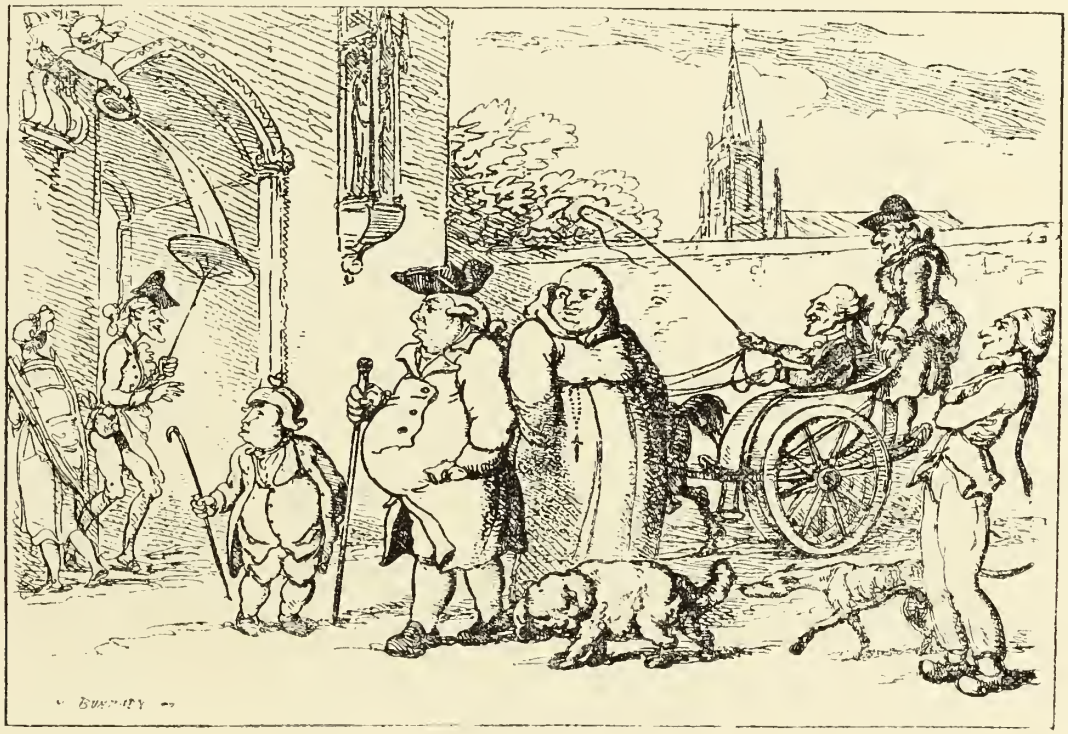
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas. . . .

The hundreds of Essex, it appears from the print, which represents a bacchanalian sporting revel, were doubtless attractive to fox-hunters; but the hospitalities exercised therein were rather excessive. The usual accompaniments of a drunken bout of the period are set forth with Rowlandson's graphic skill; an old toper is draining a punch-bowl and capsizing himself simultaneously; an ambitious young reveller is tipsily trying to mount the table, and over-balancing himself in the attempt; a stout divine is indisposed in a corner; heavy drinkers laid low are on the floor, whence they are dragged off by their heels, and carried to bed in an incapable and collapsed condition. Furniture is knocked over, and chimney ornaments sent to grief. It is an anniversary meeting of choice spirits.

October 5, 1807. *A Mistake at Newmarket, or Sport and Piety.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—A good pious old soul, wearing a hood, red cloak, clean apron, and pattens, and carrying Wesley's hymns in her hand, is interrogating certain sporting characters, who are lounging at the door of the *Ram Inn.* 'Pray, young man,' she enquires of a smart young jockey, 'are there any *meetings* in this town?' To which the jockey replies, 'Yes, ma'am, two a year—Spring and October!'

1807(?) *Englishman at Paris.* H. Bunbury invt., Rowlandson sculp.—Our old friend John Bull is shown, with his travelling accompaniments, philosophically pursuing his quiet way in the land of the 'Monsieurs.' He is the centre of curiosity, though, according to the artist's picture, he is the least remarkable object in the group. A corpulent friar is observing the well-rounded person of

the stranger with an appreciative eye ; while a lean cook, in wooden shoes, is staring with astonishment at the goodly proportions of the Englishman. A French *petit-maître* is driving a ramshackle contrivance, and his queerly clad servant is perched on the springs behind. A female luggage porter is plodding along , and an adventitious shower, directed from a balcony above, is descending on the umbrella of a dandified pedestrian, daintily mincing along on tiptoe, who, at first glance, might be taken for a live Marquis, if, on inspection, his apron and the professional implements peeping out of his coat-tail, did not proclaim him a barber. John Bull's substantially built dog is eyeing a sniffing French hound with threatening suspicion.



ENGLISHMAN AT PARIS.

1807(?) *Symptoms of Restiveness.* H. Bunbury del., Rowlandson sculp.—Henry Bunbury, it will be observed, was remarkably fond of drawing disasters in the saddle ; his brother, the respected Sir Charles Bunbury, was, for many years, president of the Jockey Club, in which difficult position he rigorously upheld the integrity of the turf ; and there is no doubt that the originator of ' Geoffrey Gambado, Esq.,' and of those invaluable precepts on equitation published and illustrated as alleged by the eminent *Riding Master of the Horse and Grand Equerry to the Doge of Venice* (about the only potentate who could not find a turnpike-road within his capital), must have had ' a good eye for a horse.'

The Symptoms of Restiveness are of a somewhat marked and unmistakable

character: while one sportsman's steed is kneeling down on his forelegs, and turning the huntsman heels over head, another cavalier's animal is standing rigidly on his forelegs, and perseveringly attempting to dislodge his mount by kicking out wildly behind. A third rider is no less fortunate in his hack, which has 'no mouth,' and is moreover a 'bolter'; the animal is steadily plunging through everything in its way, apparently unconscious of the desperate efforts his master is making to hold him in. An old woman, with her barrow and its contents, are tumbled over, without attracting the attention of the wrong-headed brute, whose mind is absorbed in his own private speculations.

SYMPTOMS OF RESTIVENESS.

1807(?) *A Calf's Pluck.* Designed by H. Bunbury. Etched by T. Rowlandson.

1807(?) *Rusty Bacon.* Designed by H. Bunbury. Etched by T. Rowlandson.

1807(?) *A Tour to the Lakes.*—

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Through all its various paths hath been,
Must oft have wondered to have found
His warmest welcome at an Inn.

A clerical traveller has arrived, late at night, at an hostel; a pretty chamber-maid is showing the reverend visitor to his room, bearing a lighted candle, a warming-pan, and the saddle-bags of the guest, who appears well pleased with his conductress, and is imparting his admiration. As it appears that this gentleman is inclined to be less respectable than his venerated calling should suggest, it is less scandalising to observe that various practical jokes of a rough character are besetting his path; consequently, it is highly probable that he will receive an active moral lesson before he reaches his chamber.

November 9, 1807. *Thomas Simmons, drawn from Life by Mr. Angelo.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi. 'The horrid and inhuman murderer of Mrs. Hammerstone and Mrs. Warner at the house of

A CALF'S PLUCK.

Mr. Boreham, a Quaker at Hoddesdon, in Herts, on Tuesday evening, October 20, 1807.'—The barbarous murderer does not rejoice in a very formidable exterior. His weakly person has been sketched by the hand of Henry Angelo, the well-known fencing-master, a firm friend of Rowlandson through life. His amusing *Memoirs* have supplied us with many circumstances relating to the caricaturist. It appears that Angelo, Bannister, and Rowlandson were schoolfellows at an early period of life, and they were all as youths excessively fond of their pencils; although it was reserved for Rowlandson alone to attain proficiency in the fine arts. Angelo, like George Selwyn, Colonel Hanger, and some few notorieties, was fond of attending executions, visiting jails, and similar lugubrious exhibitions. Among his visits to prisons he encountered some curious characters. Thomas

Simmons, the subject of the present plate, was one of the unfortunates with whom he became acquainted on one of these eccentric excursions.

From the sketch, Thomas Simmons appears a mere dwarf of a man, a harmless-looking and apparently half-witted individual, realising the traditional idea of *Simple Simon.* This murderer has heavy manacles round his puny limbs. Groups of miserable prisoners, and hard-featured jailors are in the rear, and the heavy iron doors of Newgate afford an appropriate background.

November 10, 1807. *Directions to Footmen.* Rowlandson del. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside (273).—'Take off the largest dishes, and set them on with one hand, to show the ladies your vigour and strength of back, but always do it between two ladies, that if the dish happens to slip, the soup or

RUSTY BACON.

sauce may fall on their clothes, and not daub the floor; by this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.'—A stalwart awkward-looking yokel, in a showy livery, is carrying out these useful directions to the letter. While grinning at his horrified mistress, he is upsetting a tureen held loosely in his right hand, over a handsome damsel, and is flooding the table-cloth, to the horror of the company, and the delight of a poodle, which is revelling in the stream. In the clumsy footman's left hand is held a dish, from which he is calmly allowing the joint, gravy, &c., to glide over the back of another dog who is less pleased than his companion.

November 10, 1807. *John Bull making Observations on the Coast.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—The head of George the Third, as the sun, is throwing its brilliant rays across the Channel, and shining on the British Fleet which lines the waters. The head

of Napoleon Buonaparte, with his cocked hat and feather, is represented as a comet with a fiery train, which is making vicious exertions to dash itself across the orb of day. John Bull has planted his telescope on the shores of the Channel, and his eye is following the course of the erratic meteor: 'Ay, ay, Master Comet, you may attempt your peri-heliums, or your devil-heliums for what I care, but take the word of an old man, you'll never reach the sun, depend upon it.'

November 20, 1807. *A Couple of Antiquities.* Published by R. Ackermann.

November 20, 1807. *My Aunt and My Uncle.* Published by R. Ackermann.

November 21, 1807. *The Dog and the Devil.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—The interior of a conjurer's chamber, decorated with the usual paraphernalia of bats, stuffed crocodiles, &c. The empiric wears his learned robes and fur cap; in the centre of a magic circle stands the pretended enchanter's assistant, dressed in a bullock's hide, with the horns and tail left on, to personate the Father of Evil; a butcher, in his working dress, has called to consult the oracle concerning a missing sheep; he has brought his bull-dog with him, unobserved by the demonstrator, and the animal, true to his instincts, has pinned the mock demon-bull by the nose; 'the pretended devil roar'd most tremendously; but the dog kept a firm hold. The conjurer, rising in a passion, exclaimed, "You scoundrel, take off your dog!" The butcher, however, perceiving the cheat, cried out, "Not I, doctor, I know he is of as good a breed as ever bolted, so let 'em fight fair; if you are not afraid of your devil, I am not afraid of my dog; so dog against devil for what sum you please!"' The fictitious demon is in bad case.

1807 (?). *More Miseries, or the Bottom of Mr. Figg's Old Whiskey broke through.*—A serio-comic scene that befel the 'grocer's wife at Norwich, owing to the bottom of Mr. Figg's whiskey breaking through.' The flooring of a vehicle something like a phaeton has proved too slight for a ponderous occupant: the lady's ample proportions are framed in the chaise, to the alarm of her husband, who is seizing the prancing horse. Certain gazers, hugely delighted, are hastening up not to lose the spectacle of the lady's awkward situation.

1807 (?). *The Man of Feeling.*—The scene takes place in a sky-parlour, and the principal performer is a son of the Church.

1807 (?). *Miseries of Bathing.* 'After bathing in the river, on returning to the bank for your clothes, finding that a passing thief has taken a sudden fancy to the cut of every article of your dress.'

1807 (?). *The Pleasures of Human Life.* By Hilari Benevolus & Co. Published by Longmans, 1807. Crown 8vo. *Pleasures of Human Life*, in a dozen dissertations, interspersed with various anecdotes, *Pleasures of Fashion*, *Fashionable People*, *Market of Love*, *Greeks*, *Literature*, *Hints to Print Collectors*, *Puffing*, etc., coloured by Rowlandson.

1808.

SOCIAL AND GENERAL CARICATURES.

January, 1808. *The Discovery.*

January, 1808. *Wild Irish, or Paddy from Cork with his Coat Buttoned Behind.*

February 16, 1808. *Scenes at Brighton, or the Miseries of Human Life.*

Plate 3. 'A Blackleg detected secreting cards &c., after drawing upon your purse on former occasions, is the properest of men to run the gauntlet, as he but too often produces substantial Miseries for Human Life.'

Plate 4. 'Suffering under the last symptoms of a dangerous malady, you naturally hope relief from medical skill and practice; but flying periwigs, brandished canes, and clysters, the fear of random cuffs, &c., intrude and produce a climax in the Miseries of Human Life.'

March 1, 1808. *Miseries of High Life.*—'Briskly stooping to pick up a lady's fan, at the same moment when two other gentlemen are doing the same thing, and so making a cannon with your head against both of theirs, and this without being the happy man after all.'

March 1, 1808. *The Green Dragon.* Rowlandson del. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A clerical-looking and corpulent reprobate is receiving the upbraidings of his infuriated spouse, to whom the artist has playfully given some resemblance to a veritable dragon, with teeth, claws, and venom. The position of affairs is further explained by a spirited representation of 'Socrates and Zantippe,' which hangs on the wall. A pretty servant-maid, who is making a somewhat hasty exit, is supposed to have aroused the jealousy of the virago, whose vials of wrath have brought her stout helpmate to a state of stupefaction and terror. The picture is accompanied by the lines of Gay, from the *Beggars' Opera* :—

> With rage I redden like scarlet, that my dear inconstant varlet,
> Stark blind to my charms, is lost in the arms of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!

March 1, 1808. *Description of a Boxing Match.* June 9, 1806 Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

April 1, 1808. *Soldiers on a March.* 'To pack up her tatters and follow the drum.' Designed and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—The progress of the regiment is much impeded by camp-followers. A stream happening to cross the route, the marching party are wading through; the soldiers bearing in addition to their knapsack the fairer burden of a wife, and in some cases two infants, with kettles, gridirons, and other culinary appliances, the latter swinging on the end of their muskets. The officer commanding the party has the advantage of securing a mount on the plump shoulders of a pretty damsel, whose skirts are tucked up as a preparation towards wading across the water, with the feathered hero on her back.

MISERIES OF HIGH LIFE.

May 12, 1808. *The Consultation, or Last Hope.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—'So when the Doctors shake their heads, and bid their patient think of Heaven—all's over, good night!'

From the picture, which rejoices in this comforting quotation, we judge the unfortunate invalid, introduced by the artist as the principal figure in this humorous plate, is in a bad case; his suffering face expresses all the forlorn terrors of his extreme situation, which seems tolerably hopeless, since he is attended by no less than ten learned practitioners, and a sick-nurse; it is hard if among them they cannot settle their patient's condition. The ten are by no

means troubling themselves about their client all at once : it is sufficient that a brace of the brethren are feeling each a pulse, which operation does not seem to afford them much enlightenment, since one is consulting his chronometer, and the other is seeking inspiration from the head of his gold-topped stick. Their colleagues are more agreeably engaged in fortifying themselves for their arduous professional duties by attending manfully to the refreshment department. The gouty patient has evidently been a man of substance ; over his mantel hangs a map of ' Rotten Boroughs,—Camelford, Devon, &c.'

May 21, 1808. *Volunteer Wit, or not Enough for a Prime.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg (227).—A party of Volunteer officers are gathered round the mahogany of their entertainer, who, it seems, is a notorious screw ; the host is offering to fill the wine-glasses of the mess, but the dimensions of the glasses are somewhat miniature for bumper toasts. A challenge is given from the chair : ' Come, gentlemen-volunteers, to the right and left—Charge if you please to the King!' The vice-chair is winning the sympathies of the rest, and extracting a grin all round, by standing up, spectacles on nose, and responding : ' I should be very happy to obey your orders, Colonel, but really your glasses are so small, that, dash me if there's enough for a prime !' The Colonel's miserly disposition is hinted by the various papers thrown about, on the ' Current prices of Port wine,' and such maxims as ' A penny saved is twopence got ' ; with a statement pinned to the wall, ' How to get rich,' ' Pinch, squeeze, gripe, snatch, &c.'

1808 (?). *The Anatomy of Melancholy.* ''Tis a misery to be born, a pain to live, a trouble to die.'—A mixed scene of suffering and indifference. Propped up in a pillowed arm-chair, before the fire, is a melancholy invalid, old, decrepit, and ill-favoured. By his side is a list of ' Remedies against discontents,' ' Cure of jealousy,' &c. ; on the mantel is an array of doctor's bottles, and a hatchment, —*groans, griefs, sadness,*—forms a cheerful adornment for the chimneypiece.

Behind the sufferer, whose last hour, it seems, is approaching—since Death has thrust his head, arm, and hour-glass through a window above his head—is seated a blooming young damsel, decked out in all the attractiveness of an evening toilette ; planted at a table by her side is a dandified admirer ; before them a dessert is arranged, and decanters of wine are ready to hand. The nonchalant pair are pledging one another amorously in bumpers, while the spirit of the founder of the feast is departing. A painting of Democritus, his face wearing an expression of grief on one side, and laughter on the other, explains the transitory nature of sorrow, and the key of the situation is further offered by certain lines inscribed on a paper under the lady's hand : ' Come what may, the cat will mew, the dog will have his day.'

May 21, 1808. *The Mother's Hope.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp.

Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside. (No. 228.)—The Mother's Hope is a pretty juvenile termagant, a Turk of the most irreclaimable order. The young rebel is dancing about in a fine rage, scattering his playthings, and 'making a bobbery' which is setting the entire house by the ears. The screams of the intractable elder are imitated by an infant in arms, and a canary is adding its shrill pipings to the general squall, after the nature of little warblers.

I dont like dolls! I dont like Canary Birds. I hate Battledore and Shuttlecock. I like Drums, and Trumpets — I wont go to school — I will stay at home — I will have my own way in everything!"
Bless the Baby — what an aspiring spirit — if he goes on in this way — he will be a second Buonaparte!"

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

The wilful child is making a general statement of refractory resolutions:—'I don't like dolls—I don't like canary birds—I hate battledore and shuttlecock—I like drums and trumpets—I won't go to school—I will stay at home—I will have my own way in everything!' The horrified grandmother is growing prophetic on the strength of this irreconcilable prodigy: 'Bless the Baby—what an aspiring spirit—if he goes on in this way he will be a second Buonaparte!'

June 4, 1808. *The Sweet Little Girl that I Love.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg (167.)—A long military gentleman, wearing spectacles, a pigtail, and a powdered wig and whiskers, in the course of his perambulations has come across a quaint round little body, as broad as she is long, and perched on pattens: the hero is stooping low to salute the lips of the dwarfed lady. The picture is designed as a parody upon the lines :—

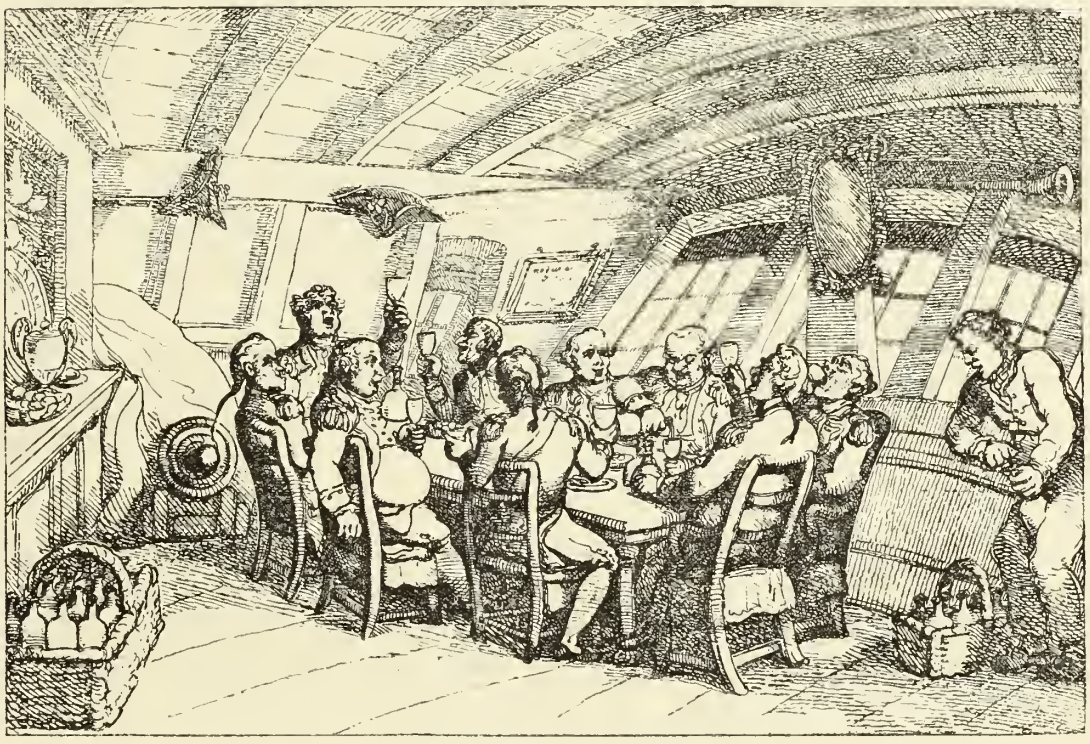
My friends all declare that my time is misspent,
While in rural contentment I rove:
I ask no more wealth than Dame Fortune has sent,
And the sweet little girl that I love.
The rose on her cheek's my delight:
She's soft as the down—the down of the dove.
No lily was ever so fair
As the sweet little girl that I love.

June 4, 1808. *Odd Fellows from Downing Street, complaining to John Bull.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside (168).—John Bull, in his best clothes, and standing in the vicinity of the Treasury, is receiving a deputation, the members of which, as far as appearance goes, are singularly fitted for the order of Odd-fellows. The object of their interview is simply an appeal to the sympathies of the National Prototype: 'You must know, Mr. Bull, we are a society of Odd Fellows who had a Lodge in Downing Street, and were robb'd of our cash and accounts, notwithstanding we met at the King's Head, and so near the Treasury too! Is not it very hard? However, we have left Downing Street entirely.' John Bull, who, with his hand beneath his coat-tails, is ruminating over other more weighty matters applying to his own case, and peering through his huge spectacles, returns in reply: 'All I have to say, my good friends, is this—I am very sorry for you, but I must own I am of opinion if some more *Odd Fellows* in Downing Street were to quit their situations it would be very much to my advantage!'

June 20, 1808. *A Snug Cabin, or Port Admiral.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—Very different cheer to the *Volunteer Prime*, is found on board the ship of the port-admiral. That worthy personage is drawn entertaining his naval colleagues, admirals, commodores, and captains, in his state cabin, with the best of cheer; baskets of prime vintage from the Isles of the Madeira, are ready to the nimble steward's hand, and the goodly flasks are uncorked in a twinkling. The jorums on the mahogany are capacious, and the glasses, which are freely emptied, would serve as goblets for more than half-pint bumpers; however, in spite of the hilarity, and the liberal circulation of the decanters, decorum is preserved, and the naval commanders are comporting themselves like 'fine old English gentlemen,' while the toast goes round :—

Come Hurricane,
Drink your Wine.
Here's to the wind that blows,
The ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor.

June 30, 1808. *Accommodation, or Lodgings to Let at Portsmouth.* Published by T. Tegg. (219.)—Certain smartly-rigged tars have just come on shore, evidently after a handsome haul in the way of prize-money, as the spruceness of their turn-out evinces. A highly presentable 'salt' has his wife in tow; the



A SNUG CABIN, OR PORT ADMIRAL.

lady has evidently taken a share of his good fortune, being dressed in the height of the fashion, with ear-rings, necklets, and chains, heavy enough for cables, to which are suspended miniatures, seals, and watches. The happy pair are evidently about to set up housekeeping, and an advertisement-board has just arrested their attention, conveying the information, 'Lodgings for Single Men and their Wives,' with an invitation to ring the bell. 'Why, Nan,' exclaims the tar to his partner, 'this is the very berth we have been so long looking after!'

June 30, 1808. *The Welsh Sailor's Mistake, or Tars in Conversation.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside. (220.)—The artist has assumed a little poetic licence to perpetrate a jokelet of

a very harmless order. Groups of sailors are seated on the forecastle, some perched on coils of rope, others on sea chests ; a British tar, on a barrel, with a canister of 'real Oronooko' by his side, is spinning a yarn to his messmates ; he has arrived at the exciting incident of his narrative :—'and so then, do you see, David, we sprung a leak!' when his Welsh messmate, who cannot resist this allusion to a reputed national delicacy, rather irrationally interrupts him : 'Cot pless us—and save us—did you ? and a ferry coot fetchitable it is ; I should have liked to have had a pit with you.'

October 25, 1808. *A Bill of Fare for Bond Street Epicures.* Woodward del., engraved by T. Rowlandson. Published by T. Tegg.

November 1, 1808. *Wonderfully Mended; shouldn't have known you again.* One of the series bearing Rowlandson's name, and published by Reeve and Jones, 7 Vere Street—The scene represents the consulting room of some eminent quack of the day, who, dressed in his morning-gown and slippers, with glasses on nose, is receiving his decrepit and melancholy patients. The comforting assurance given by the practitioner to his patients is, it appears, totally without foundation ; all his clients, judging from their condition, being in a fair way to supplement the Bills of Mortality.

November 1, 1808. *The Last Shift.* Published by Reeve and Jones, 7 Vere Street.—Interior of a pawnbroker's shop ; two St. Giles's demireps are shown in the act of raising a loan to replenish their gin bottle, at the expense of their wardrobe.

November 1, 1808. *Breaking Cover.* Published by Reeve and Jones, 7 Vere Street.—A fox-hunting party is passing through a village ; one of the Nimrods has seemingly formed an attachment for a fair neighbour : standing on the back and saddle of his horse, he has contrived to raise himself to the level of the lady's casement, and she is leaning out of window, and rewarding his gallantry with a tender embrace ; meanwhile her husband in his nightcap, opening the shutter below, is securing a prospect of the proceeding, which has thrown an expression of idiotic consternation over his simple features.

November 1, 1808. *Get Money.*—One of a series engraved in rough facsimile of Rowlandson's original drawings, and bearing an imitation of his autograph in the corner ; published by Reeve and Jones, 7 Vere Street.

Below the print appear the following lines :—

Get Money, Money still,
And then let Virtue follow if she will.

Three conventional types of Israelites are indicated standing in Duke's Place, the resort of Jewish clothesmen, eagerly canvassing the above doctrine, and carrying out its first injunction.

November 1, 1808. *Doctor Gallipot placing his Fortune at the feet of his Mistress.* Published by Reeve and Jones, 7 Vere Street.

Throw physic to the dogs.

Doctor Gallipot, a brandy-faced empiric, who is dressed in the height of the 'Frenchified' fashion, the better to support his quackeries, is laying the imple-

DOCTOR GALLIPOT.

ments of his profession, as his fortune, at the feet of a slightly theatrical looking lady, whose figure is delineated with Rowlandson's accustomed grace and spirit.

November 1, 1808. *Rum Characters in a Shrubbery.* Published by Reeve and Jones, 7 Vere Street.—Four demireps, of dissipated appearance and varied characteristics, are regaling themselves on Booth's gin at a public bar or *Rum Shrubbery.*

About 1808. *Bartholomew's Fair.* Nixon del., Rowlandson sculp.—The fun of the Fair is represented in full swing, and the humours of the scenes displayed on all sides are seized and hit off with the usual felicity of both artists. Judging from the caricature, the abolition of fairs in the City must have been a boon to public order and morality. The noise, disorder, and misrule of the festivity are taking place outside the hospital. Boat-swings are revolving, a few of the swings are getting into difficulties, upsetting, or the bottoms coming out, while some of the swingers find themselves indisposed from the motion. There are wandering sellers of sweets, pastry, and such things as were devoured at *fairings*, boys with links, for it is late, and dusk ; booths for refreshments, where customers are eating hot cakes cooked on the spot. There are drinking stalls where tipplers are taking too much ; as is illustrated in the person of a reveller who, finding himself overcome with liquor, has laid down in the gutter to take a little rest, an opportunity not lost sight of by the light-fingered gentry who have come for business ; the toper's watch, purse, hat, and other portable property are swiftly transferred. There are booths for dancing, and there are merrymakers who are managing to dance outside ; there are revolving wheel-swings and merry-go-rounds ; there is a crowd of very miscellaneous merry-making company, and parties of jolly sailors arriving outside coaches. The harmony of the proceedings is varied by several rows ; and, in more than one spot, rings are formed for fair fighting, and both men and women are exhibiting their prowess in the boxing line, or exchanging buffets and scratches. The signs and booths of famous showmen, once the splendours of by-gone fairs, are disposed around ; among the spectacles which invited those of our forefathers who 'went to see the shows,' we may notice that Rowlandson has introduced Miles' Menagerie, Saunder's Tragic Theatre, Gingle's Grand Medley, Miss Biffin, Polito's Grand Collection, Punch, &c.

ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURES AGAINST BUONAPARTE.

As we have already seen, Rowlandson's pencil and graver were enlisted against the Corsican ; it would seem that the artist's anti-Napoleonic proclivities ran strongly from this period until the downfall of the Emperor ; or else—which is the more reasonable solution—English prejudices against the man whose almost frantic antagonism to this country is now forgiven, if not well-nigh forgotten, demanded an unlimited supply of pictorial satires to stimulate the national hatred, a state

of things which pleased both the publishers and the public, and kept the caricaturist occupied, although it is to be regretted that these somewhat imaginative scenes of horror employed his ready skill to the exclusion of those representations of social manners, and the observances of the world around him, whose eccentricities he might have sketched from the life—scenes drawn from a quaint and picturesque generation of which his earlier career has left us such lively pictures, works which alone render his name worthy of his reputation, and which form in themselves an inexhaustible and valuable legacy to his followers.

July 8, 1808. *The Corsican Tiger at Bay.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The mighty disturber of the peace of Europe is figured under the form of a savage tiger, with his natural head, and on which he wears the enormous military cocked hat with its long plume—most indispensable accessories in all the caricaturist's portraits of the great 'little Corsican.' The tiger's claws are rending four 'Royal Greyhounds,' which are quite at the mercy of the ferocious conqueror; but a larger and stronger pack of 'Patriotic Greyhounds' are giving tongue, and a fierce charge is being made by some very determined and mischievous-looking hounds who are rushing up to the attack. The *Dutch Frog*, isolated on his own little mudheap, is promising to join the fray: 'It will be my turn to have a slap at him next.' The *Russian Bear* and the *Austrian Eagle*, are kept in secure bondage by heavy fetters, but the triple-headed bird of prey is looking forward to a fresh onslaught, and prompting his fellow-captive: 'Now *Brother Bruin*, is the time to break our chains.'

John Bull, on his own island shores, has come out in the character of a sportsman; he is pointing his piece at the tiger brought to bay, and is singing nursery rhymes for the general encouragement:—

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead:
D —— me, but we'll manage him amongst us!

July 10, 1808. *Billingsgate at Bayonne, or the Imperial Dinner.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The members of the Royal family of Spain, decoyed to Bayonne, are sitting down to a very unruly repast, the entire company being at loggerheads. The Queen has risen from table, and in true fishfag style she is raving at her son Ferdinand, who is confronting her: 'Now, you villain, I'll tell you to your face—and before my dear friend Boney—you are no child of the King's—so you may shut up.' At this famous interview the Queen of Spain, it may be remembered, after upbraiding Ferdinand for his usurpation, actually declared him illegitimate. This argument, according to the print, does not demolish her opponent, who is replying: 'Madam, I know all your tricks, and all the tricks of your Prince of Peace.' The Infants of Spain

are encouraging the last speaker: 'Brother, don't mind her, we, the Infants, acknowledge you;' a terrific personage, with the emblem of a Royal crown on the back of his seat, is banging down his fist and demanding: 'Am not I the great Zavallos? will you be silent?' Those on the opposite side are more tranquilly disposed; Charles, who had abdicated by Buonaparte's compulsion in favour of his son Ferdinand, is crying: 'I wish they would let a poor old King play quietly on his fiddle!' while one of the diners is actually paying attention to his meal, and wishing 'they would leave him at peace.' Little Buonaparte in the uniform of a general, as he is usually represented, has risen from a high-raised throne, erected in accordance with his imperial state, at the head of the table; he is affecting to be in a passion at the general discord which he had ingeniously contrived to foster and bring about: 'I'll tell you what, if you make such a riot at my table, I'll be d——d if I don't send you to the Round House!'

July 12, 1808. *The Corsican Spider in his Web.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—The formidable Emperor is represented in a highly successful character as an overgrown spider; his body is formed of 'unbounded Ambition,' which is topped with his own head, he enjoys an amazing capacity for swallowing the surrounding insects, which seem unable to resist being drawn into his toils. The voracious Corsican Spider in the centre of his wide-spread web, is swallowing down a brace of *Spanish Flies.* 'Small Flies Innumerable' are entrapped in strings, and even the largest specimens seem powerless to disentangle themselves; the Austrian, Dutch, Portuguese, Hanoverian, Etrurian, Prussian, Hamburg, Italian, and Venetian Flies are all more or less effectually secured; the 'Pope Fly' is half entrapped, and is expressing a fear of being dragged in. The 'Russian Fly,' of more hostile disposition, has caught his feet in the snare: 'I declare I was half in the web before I made the discovery.' The 'Turkish Fly' is at present free, but its security is uncertain: 'I am afraid it will be my turn next.' Stout John Bull is figured as the 'British Fly'; he is observing the wiles of the 'Corsican Spider' without any anxiety on his own account: 'Ay, you may look, master Spider, but I am not to be caught in your web!'

July 12, 1808. *The Corsican Nurse soothing the Infants of Spain.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside. (245.)—Buonaparte is acting as nurse to the rival Spanish claimants, still clad in his uniform and boots, with the indispensable cocked hat of Brobdingnagian proportions; the Emperor is lulling the entire royal family to sleep: with one foot he is rocking the 'Imperial Cradle,' which contains 'The good old King and his amiable Consort,' while Don Carlos, in swaddling clothes, with a padlock round his neck, is slumbering upon one of the Corsican's knees; upon the fellow is held Antonio under similar conditions, while the arch-deceiver is rocking a dupli-

cate Imperial Cradle containing the unconscious 'Prince of Asturias,' with his other foot.

July 22, 1808. *The Beast as described in the Revelations* (*Chap.* 13), *resembling Napoleon Buonaparte.* Designed by G. Sauler Farnham. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The Beast, which has sprung from Corsica, is drawn with seven heads; the names of Austria, Naples, Holland, Denmark, Prussia, and Russia are on the respective crowns; the seventh head, which is of course that of Napoleon, is severed from the trunk, while vomiting forth flames. The distance shows cities on fire, where the beast has wrought destruction; on his body are the figures 666, the total of the numerals found in the name of Napoleon Buonaparte added together, taking *a* as one, *i* as ten, *t* as a hundred, and so on.

Spain is represented as the champion who has had the courage to make a stand against the monster. The patriot has crippled the destroyer; the hero is armed with a sabre of *True Spanish Toledo*, and is crying, 'True patriotism shall thus subdue the monstrous beast, and quell the rage of war.' His shield is *Catalonia*, a mitre, *St. Peter's, Rome*, is his helmet; *Spanish Patriotism* has struck the decisive blow from his right arm, *Asturias*; his sword-belt is *Madrid*; his legs *Cordova*; and with his foot, *Cadiz*, he is strangling a serpent. The fleet of Admiral Purvis is seen on the seas; Hope, with her anchor, is stooping to catch the crowns of France, Spain, and Portugal, which have been shaken from the brow of the smitten beast.

August 18, 1808. *From the Desk to the Throne. A New Quick Step by Joseph Buonaparte. The Bass by Messrs. Nappy and Tally.* Designed by G. Sauler Farnham. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—This caricature was issued to burlesque the astonishing elevation of Joseph Buonaparte to the throne of Spain, of which, through his brother's ingenuity, he secured a brief and by no means tranquil possession.

On Napoleon's coronation, his brothers had been created princes, and Joseph had been made King of Naples before the Spanish intrigue. The caricaturist's version, though striking, is not literally true. According to the print Joseph Buonaparte has one foot resting on the rail of the desk at which he lately occupied a seat, with the other he is endeavouring to touch Madrid on the map of Spain and Portugal. His pen has fallen from his ear, and he is straining to clutch the royal regalia of Spain which is above his head. From a paper pinned to the wall we are informed this remarkable promotion is taking its rise from the office of a 'public notary, Bayonne.' His fellow-clerks, pausing with their quills uplifted, to marvel at this sudden flight of ambition, are making various pertinent observations: 'What a prodigious step for a notary's clerk!' One clerk is exclaiming, 'Why, Joseph, whither art thou going?'—'Whither?' replies the

elevated clerk, 'Whither, but to fill my high destiny, and, like my noble brother, sway the sceptre of another!' His colleagues are adding as riders, 'He must needs go whom the devil drives, and should it cost his neck!'

But proverbs tell of many slips
Between the tankard and the lips,
And really I am apt to give
The proverb credit as I live!

August 21, 1808. *King Joe's Retreat from Madrid.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—The occupancy of the Spanish throne has not proved, if we may trust the print, a profitable sinecure of long duration. King Joseph is rushing away from his new dignity as fast as his legs will carry him; the crown has slipped off in the flight; the fugitive's invincible standards and the 'Legions of Honour' are in tatters, but the hands of the Frenchmen are not empty; king, officers, and troops are all loaded with bags of plate and bullion. The Spanish soldiers are up in arms; their priests are encouraging the pursuers, who are firing a volley into the midst of the scared invaders, while crying 'Stop thieves! stop thieves! they have stolen the plate from the palace.' Joseph's fears are too much for his self-command; he is appealing to his great little brother, 'Why don't you stop? the Philistines are pursuing us.' Napoleon is replying from his carriage, which is tearing away up hill as fast as his coachman can urge the horses, 'I can't, brother Joe, I am in a great hurry myself.'

August 27, 1808. *King Joe on his Spanish Donkey.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—King Joe, the new sovereign, is finding his seat anything but easy, and even his military saddle has proved a failure; the animal he has had the temerity to mount has become ungovernable; the usurper is losing his seat; the crown is flying one way, the sceptre another: 'Bless me, what a restive animal this is! I thought he would have been as gentle as a French pony, and was as easily managed as an Italian greyhound!' The Spanish donkey is neighing at a pack of 'Saddle-bags for the Spaniards,' and his heels are kicking to the winds the various proclamations, 'All found with arms to be shot!' 'No liberty to a Spaniard!' 'The road to fortune!' 'Joseph, King of Spain!' 'French news!' 'No quarter!' 'Thumb-screws for the rebels!'

September 12, 1808. *A Spanish Passport to France.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A Spanish don, dressed in all his ancient splendour, with a huge sombrero hat and feathers, a long Toledo rapier, and wearing his fierce moustachios turned up to his eyes, is kicking the French invader to France: '*Va-t'en, Coquin.*' The usurper, whose courage has disappeared, is sneaking off in undissembled terror; he is receiving

the indignities inflicted by the don with abject servility: '*Votre très humble serviteur, monsieur.*'

September 12, 1808. *The Political Butcher, or Spain cutting up Buonaparte, for the benefit of her neighbours.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The Spanish don has put on a butcher's apron and sleeves; the body of the late 'disturber of the peace of Europe' is extended on his dissecting board, and the operator is cutting up the Corsican with professional zeal. The Spaniard is holding up his enemy's head, and encouraging the other powers, who have come to take a share in the dismemberment of the Corsican, 'Now, my little fellows, here are bones for you all to pick. The meat, being just killed, may be somewhat toughish, but I'll warrant it fresh and high-flavoured. True Corsican veal, I assure you, you see the head!' The Imperial double-headed eagle of Austria, is swooping over this morsel: 'I have long wished to strike my talons into that diabolical headpiece, and now I hope to do it effectually!' The Prussian eagle is crippled: 'Oh! the delicious morsel for an eagle to pick, but my clipt wings cannot bear me so high. Cruel Boney! why cut them so short?'

The Italian greyhound is practising a new concerto called, 'If you will not when you may, when you will it shall be nay.—The harmony by Spain and Portugal.' The Danish dog is picking all the flesh left on the arm: 'The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat; but,' alluding to the presence of England, 'the nearer that Bull, the less I can eat.' The British bull-dog, who has been enjoying portions of the joints, has started up: 'I should like to have the picking of that head, for I dare say it is hare-brained!' The Russian bear is indulging in the luxury of licking the Napoleonic boots, and he is beginning to long for a taste: 'This licking gives me a mortal inclination to pick a bone, as well as the rest. But Turkey's a fine garden, and would be a vast acquisition.' Sweden, a white-coated dog, is giving good counsel to her neighbour: 'Yes, but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!'

The Dutch frog is seated on a cask of Hollands, beside a barrel of 'somniferous cordial' for King Louis; he is smoking a reflective pipe over his prospects. 'If I were sure matters are as they appear I should like to pick a bone, it is true; but wisdom bids us doubt, and prudence condemns precipitation, so I'll e'en take another whiff!'

In the slaughter-house at the rear are shown the carcases of Murat, Dupont, Junot, and others, suspended by the heels.

September 15, 1808. *The Fox and the Grapes.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The Corsican fox, who is still at large, has turned his tail on certain rich vines heavy with ripe Spanish grapes, which are growing beside fine prolific Portuguese plum-trees. The fox, who bears Napoleon's head, with his inevitable huge cocked hat, is speciously trying

to convince the Gallic cock that the fruit, which he cannot reach, is not worth gathering, 'Believe me, my dear doodle-do, you would not like them. I found them so sour that I absolutely could not touch them!' This excuse is not satisfactory to the hearer, 'But, my good friend, you promised to bring me home some Spanish grapes and Portugal plums; where are they?'

September 17, 1808. *Prophecy Explained.* '*And there are seven kings, five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come, and when he cometh he must continue but a short space.* Revelation, chap. 17, v. 10.'—The fulfilment of prophecy is pictorially set forth with a completeness which must have been felt eminently satisfactory: the five kings that have fallen, the crowned monarchs of Prussia, Bavaria, Holland, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, are all tumbling about in the 'Slough of Disgrace and Ridicule.' The one that is, is of course 'King Nap.' The little Emperor, in all his imperial state, robes, crown, orb and sceptre, is still left standing, but his face wears an apprehensive expression, as he is gazing on the fate of the one that 'continued but a short space'—'King Joe,' to wit, who is driven beyond the Pyrenean Mountains in a state of consternation, while a fair goddess, the figure of Spanish liberty, floating on the clouds, is depriving the usurper of the Spanish crown.

September 20, 1808. *Napoleon the Little in a Rage with his Great French Eagle.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—Napoleon, in his general's uniform, with his sword drawn, and bristling with rage up to the tip of his preposterous feather, is menacing his huge French eagle, which is much larger than himself; the Imperial crown is on the bird's head, and one of his legs is tied up—the results of damages sustained in the recent flight from Spain. It will be remembered that Joseph Buonaparte evacuated Spain August 1808. Napoleon is furiously rating his fugitive slave, 'Confusion and destruction! what is this I see? Did I not command you not to return till you had spread your wing of victory over the whole Spanish nation?'—'Ay, it's fine talking, Nap, but if you had been there, you would not much have liked it; the Spanish cormorants pursued me in such a manner that they not only disabled one of my legs, but set me a moulting in such a terrible way that I wonder I had not lost every feather; besides it got so hot I could not bear it any longer!'

September 24, 1808. *A Hard Passage, or Boney Playing Base on the Continent.* The design suggested by G. Sauler Farnham. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—Buonaparte, with a drum for a seat, and standing on the map of the Continent, with his foot placed on Spain and Portugal, is trying to scrape through a difficult piece of music, *Conquest of Spain and Portugal*; the music book is open on a desk before him. 'Plague take it, I never met with so difficult a *passage* before. But if I can once get over the *flats* we shall do pretty well, for you see the key will then change to B sharp.' The Russian bear, with

a muzzle on his jaws, is trying to accompany his leader: 'Why, that is natural enough, brother Boney, though this French horn of yours seems rather out of order, I think!'

September 25, 1808. *King Joe & Co., Making the Most of their Time previous to Quitting Madrid.* Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.

> A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
> Who from the shelf the precious Diadem stole
> And put it in his pocket.—SHAKESPEARE.

Before taking their hurried departure, the 'Intrusive King' and the French invaders are helping themselves to the spoils of the Spaniards; 'Joe' is assisting himself to the regalia; the generals are packing the royal and ecclesiastical plate of Spain into chests for transport; strong boxes are being filled with bags of ducats and medals; the troopers are making off with sacks of treasure; the curtains are torn down; pictures are wrenched from the walls, and such objects as statues, which cannot be carried away, are ruthlessly destroyed. The French, it appears, wantonly damaged or burnt all the property which came in their way when they were unable to carry it off. The wardrobe, carriages, and plunder from Madrid were retaken by the British army. 'The numerous carriages, of all descriptions, and tumbrils so completely blocked the road, and filled the contiguous fields, it was difficult to pass. The carriages were completely loaded with baggage, and the miserable animals pushed into deep and wet ditches. The four-wheeled tumbrils were loaded with ammunition and money; the soldiers got thousands of dollars and doubloons; it is said that one man alone secured doubloons to the value of 8,000*l.* The entire plunder, baggage, money, artillery, and the supplies of the French army were taken, carriages, animals, and a great many ladies. Joe always travelled with a suite of the latter, generally beautiful women. It is said there were ten ladies of his private family with him; those were all taken; it is said he only escaped with the clothes on his back, having lost his hat. By way of replenishing his goods and chattels he actually stole the linen, plate, and clothes from every place he stopped at, until he reached the French frontier.'

September 29, 1808. *Nap and his Partner Joe.* Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—The Dons of Spain and Portugal, reunited in a body, are heartily kicking the two Buonapartes into the mouth of a mysterious monster, opened for the reception of the pair and vomiting forth flames from a cavern supposed to represent the entrance to the infernal region.

> So seeing we were fairly nick'd,
> Plump to the Devil we boldly kick'd
> Both Nap and his Partner Joe!

October 1, 1808. *Nap and his Friends in their Glory.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A remarkably well-assorted quartet, according to English views at the period, consisting of Napoleon, seated beside his friends Death, the Devil, and Joseph, ex-king of Spain. Napoleon, at whose back is a view of Malmaison, has risen to propose a toast: 'Come, gentlemen, here is success to plunder and massacre!' Two of the guests are receiving this sentiment with rapture, but 'Joe, the intruder,' is sitting in sulkiness, discomfited by the late experience which had been forced on him.

A NEW SONG—NAP AND HIS FRIENDS IN THEIR GLORY.

To the Tune of 'Drops of Brandy.'

NAP.

These Spaniards are terrible rogues,
They will not submit to my fetters,
With patience so gracefully worn—
Nay, sought for—by nations their betters.
But let us return to the charge,
And no longer with levity treat them,
Once get them to lay down their arms,
And I'll warrant, brave boys, we shall beat them.
Rum ti iddidy-iddidy,
Rum ti iddidy I do!

DEATH.

Brother Boney, we'll never despair,
A trusty good friend I have found you,
Kill, plunder, and burn, and destroy,
And deal desolation around you.
Then gaily let's push round the glass,
We'll sing and run riot and revel,
And I'm sure we shall have on our side,
Our very good friend here, the Devil!
Rum ti iddidy-iddidy,
Rum ti iddidy I do!

THE DEVIL.

Believe me, friend Death, you are right,
Although I'm an ugly old fellow,
When mischief is getting afloat,
O then I am jolly and mellow.
As soon as these Spaniards are crush'd
Again we'll be merry and sing, Sirs,
And that we will quickly 'complish,
And Joey here, he shall be king, Sirs.
Rum ti iddidy-iddidy,
Rum ti iddidy I do!

DON JOEY.

Excuse me from lending my aid,
You may jointly pursue them, and spike them,
But lately I've seen them, and own,
If I speak the plain truth, I don't like them.
They Liberty cherish so dear,
That they certainly make her their guide, O,
Who pleases may make themselves King,
But may I be devilled if I do!
Rum ti iddidy-iddidy,
Rum ti iddidy I do!

October 3, 1808. *John Bull arming the Spaniards.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—John Bull has arrived to assist the Spaniards. The national prototype, grasping his cudgel of oak, and surrounded by an array of stores of his own liberal providing, is addressing friendly encouragements to the Don: 'My good friend, you see I have brought you clothing for ten thousand men, *viz.*, cheese, shoes, stockings, belts, and small clothes, besides arms and ammunition, and if that won't do I'll bring you Gully and Gregson, and the Devil is in it if *they* won't do!'

His new ally is grateful, and especially looks forward to the assistance of the prize-fighters: 'We thank thee, Johnny, for all thou hast brought, and if thou canst bring the other two we shall be more obliged to thee!'

John Bull has furnished his friend with a tolerably liberal outfit, piles of guns, bayonets, and swords, barrels of powder, shot galore, bales of stockings, shirts, coats, belts, shoes, with (for what reason is not shown) a marvellous selection of cheeses—Stilton, Cheshire, Gloucester, Cambridge, Yorkshire, Leicestershire, Cottenham, Bath, Wiltshire, Cream, Derbyshire, &c.; a sack of gold pieces is also included amongst the supplies: we learn that at one time, on the Peninsula, 'English guineas had no attraction, the dollar or moidore was the medium; but since guineas have been introduced in payment of the army the natives seem to appreciate their value.'

October 17, 1808. *Junot disgorging his Booty.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—General Junot has been seized by a British tar, who is making the invader disgorge his plunder, consisting of utensils of gold, jewels, and specie; the Spanish Don is holding a receptacle for this costly booty in course of restitution. The French officers are stamping in despair over the disasters of their chief: '*Morbleu! comme il a mal au cœur, notre pauvre général.*' Jack Tar, evidently thinking of 'the yellow boys,' is replying, 'More blue? why, ye lubber, what do ye mean by that? don't ye see it's as yellow as gold?'

November 19, 1808. *The Progress of the Emperor Napoleon.* Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—The career of the Corsican is set forth pictorially

in a progressive series of eight pictures. 'First, A ragged-headed Corsican peasant; second, Studying mischief at the Royal Military Academy at Paris; third, An humble ensign, in a Republican corps, requesting a situation in the British army; fourth, A determined atheistical Republican general ordering his men to fire on the Parisians volleys of grape-shot; fifth, A Turk at Grand Cairo; sixth, A runaway from Egypt; seventh, A devout Catholic; eighth, An Emperor on a "throne of iniquities," *O tempora, O mores!*' On the back of the imperial seat, on which the last step of Napoleon's progress leaves him, is posted a list of murders set down to the Corsican's account:—'Duke d'Enghien, prisoners at Jaffa, Palm, Captain Williams, Pichegru, Caton, Toussant, &c., &c.'

AN ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN, AND ANNALS OF HORSEMANSHIP.

COMMUNICATED BY GEOFFREY GAMBADO, ESQ.

Riding Master of the Horse, and Grand Equerry to the Doge of Venice.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATES, DESIGNED BY H. BUNBURY, ETCHED BY T. ROWLANDSON.

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.—SHAKESPEARE.

GEOFFREY GAMBADO, ESQ.

'As I shall be as concise and explicit as possible in the valuable instructions and discoveries I am now about to communicate to the world, it will be the reader's own fault if he does not profitably benefit by them. When I have told him how to choose a horse, how to tackle him properly, in what sort of dress to ride him, how to ride him out, and, above all, how to ride him home again, if he is not a complete horseman in the course of ten or a dozen summers, I will be bold to foretell that neither the skill of Mr. Astley, nor the experience of Mr. John Gilpin, will ever make him one.

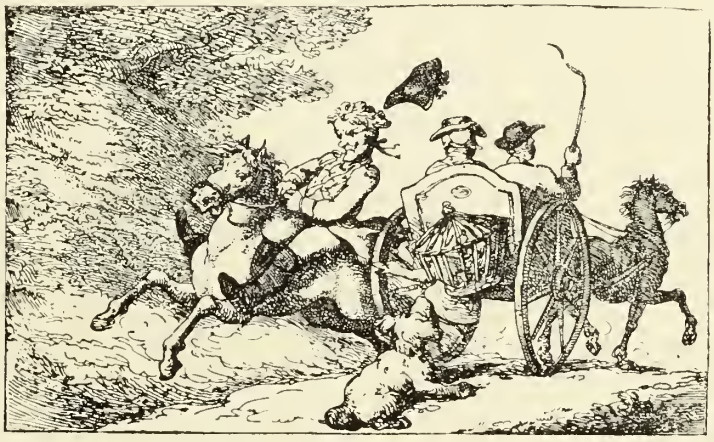
'Nil desperandum, me duce Teucro.

'DIRECTIONS FOR THE ROAD.

'In riding the road, observe in passing a whisky, a phaeton, or a stage-coach, in short, any carriage where the driver sits on the right hand, to pass it on that side, he may not see you on the other, and though you may meet with a lash in the eye, what is the loss of an eye to a leg, or perhaps a neck.

'Take care never to throw your horse down, it is an unlucky trick, and fit only for boys. Many gentlemen of my acquaintance, and I too, have been thrown down by our horses; yet I scarce know an instance upon record of a gentleman throwing his horse down, but many have complained to me of their servants doing it for them.

'In passing a waggon or any tremendous equipage, should it run pretty near a bank, and there be a ditch and an open country on the other side, if you are



HOW TO PASS A CARRIAGE.

on business and in a hurry, dash up the bank without hesitation, for should you take the other side, and your horse shy at the carriage, you may be carried many hundred yards out of your road, whereas by a little effort of courage you need only graze the wheel, fly up the bank, and by slipping or tumbling down into the road again go little or nothing out of your way.

'ACCIDENTAL EXPERIMENTS AND EXPERIMENTAL ACCIDENTS, COMMUNICATED BY VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

'*Letter to Mr. G. Gambado.*

'"Sir—I want your advice, and hope you will give it me concerning a horse I have lately bought, and which does not carry me at all in the same way he did the man I bought him of. Being recommended to a dealer in Moorfields (who, I think, is no honester than he ought to be), I went to him and desired to look

into his stable, and so he took me in, with a long whip in his hand, which, he said, was to wake the horses that might perhaps be asleep, as they were but just arrived from a long journey, coming fresh from the breeders in the North. There were some fine-looking geldings, I thought, and I pitched upon one that I thought would suit me, and so he was saddled, and I desired the dealer to mount him, and he did, and a very fine figure the gelding cut ; and so the people in the street said, and a decent man in a scratch-wig said the man who rode him knew how to make the most of him, and so I bought him. But he goes in a different manner with me, for instead of his capering like a trooper he hangs down his head and tail, and neither whip nor spur can get him out of a snail's gallop. And I want to know whether by law I must keep him, as he is certainly not the horse I took him for, and therefore I ought to have my money again.

'"The limner in our lane was with me when I bought him, and has taken a

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF A HORSE.

picture of him as he was with the dealer on his back, and another as he now goes with me upon his back, by which you will see the difference, and judge how better to advise me upon it.

'"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

'"Lavender Row, Shoreditch." '"Tobias Higgins.

'Mr. Gambado's Reply.

'"Sir—Upon a strict examination of the two pictures by the limner in your lane, I am clear you are in possession of the identical horse you intended to purchase, although he does not exhibit quite so much agility under you, or make so tearing a figure as when mounted by Mr. ——, who I am well acquainted with, and who, you may depend, is as honest a man as any that deals in horseflesh.

'"You could have no right to return the horse if he went no better than one

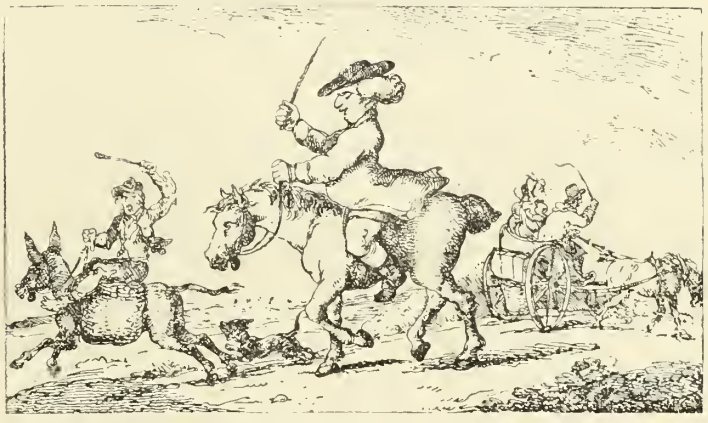
with his legs tied. You stand in the predicament of Lord ——, who gave twenty guineas for Punch, and when he found he could not make him speak prosecuted the showman; but my Lord Chief Justice adjudged the man to keep his money, and my Lord his Punch, although he could not get a word out of him.

'"My opinion is, sir, as you ask it, that the decent man in the scratch-wig made a very sensible remark when he observed that my friend Mr. —— knew how to make the most of a horse, and I am satisfied that you, sir, know with equal facility how to make the least of one.

'"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

'"G. Gambado.

'"P.S.—I am sorry to add my maid tells me that two shillings out of your five were very bad ones."



HOW TO MAKE THE LEAST OF HIM.

'*Letter to G. Gambado, Esq.*

'"Sir—Being informed that you are now at home, and desirous of giving every information in your power to those who may stand in need of it respecting their horses, I beg leave to submit my case to you, which, considering how fond I am of the chase, you must admit to be a lamentable one. Relying, however, sir, as I do, on your philanthropy (I should more properly say Phillipigy) and that zeal in the cause which has so long characterised you, I make no doubt but the small difficulties I now labour under will be soon surmounted.

'"You must know, sir, I am very fond of hunting, and live in as fine a scenting country as any in the kingdom. The soil is pretty stiff, the leaps large and frequent, and a great deal of timber to get over. Now, sir, my brown horse is a very capital hunter, and though he is slow, and I cannot absolutely ride over the hounds (indeed the country is so enclosed that I do not see so much of them as I could wish), yet in the end he generally brings me in before the huntsman

goes home with the dogs. So thus far I have no reason to complain. Now, sir, my brown horse is a noble leaper, and never gave me a fall in his life that way, but he has got an awkward trick (though he clears everything with his fore-legs in capital style) of leaving the other two on the wrong side of the fence, and if the gate or stile happens to be in a sound state, it is a work of time and trouble to get his hind-legs over. He clears a ditch finely indeed with two feet, but the others constantly fall in; that gives me a strange pain in my back like what is commonly called lumbago, and unless you kindly stand my friend, and instruct me how I am to bring these hind-legs after me, I fear I shall never get rid of it. If you please, sir, you may ride him a-hunting yourself any day you will please to appoint, and you shall be heartily welcome. You will then be better enabled

HOW TO DO THINGS BY HALVES.

to give me your advice; you can't have a proper conception of the jerks he will give you without trying him.

'"I am, Sir, with due respect,

'"Your very humble servant,

'"Nic. Nutmeg, Clerk."

'*The Answer.*

'"Reverend Sir,—Your brown horse being so good a hunter, and, as you observe, having so fine a notion of leaping, I should be happy if I could be of any service in assisting you to make his two hind-legs follow the others, but, as you observe, they seem so very perverse and obstinate that I cherish but small hopes of prevailing upon them.

'"I have looked and found many such cases, but no cure.

'"However, in examining my papers I have found out something that may prove of service to you in your very lamentable case.

'"An hostler has informed me that it is a common trick played upon bagsters or London riders, when they are not generous to the servants at the inn, for a wicked boy or two to watch one of them as he turns out of the gateway, and to pop a bush or stick under his horse's tail, which he instantly brings down upon the stick, and holds it fast, kicking at the same time at such a rate as to dislodge the bagman that bestrides him. Here, sir, is a horse that lifts up his hind-legs without moving his fore ones, and just the reverse, as I may say, of yours, and perhaps the hint may be acceptable. Suppose, then, when your horse has flown over a gate or a stile in his old way, with his fore-legs only, you were to dismount and clap your whip or stick properly under his tail and then mount again, the putting him in a little motion will set him on his kicking principles in a hurry,

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

and it's ten to one but, by this means, you get his hind-legs to follow the others. You will be able, perhaps, to extricate your stick from its place of confinement when you are up and over (if you are not down), but should you not it is but sixpence gone. I send you this as a mere surmise; perhaps it may answer, perhaps not.

'"I beg to thank you for your offer, which is a very kind one, but I beg to be excused accepting it; all my ambition being to add to the theory with as little practice as possible.

'"I am, Rev. Sir, your most humble servant,

'"G. GAMBADO."

'*Letter to G. Gambado, Esq.*

'"GOOD SIR,—I am in great haste, having a great quickness of pulse, and my bed being now warming, but cannot get into it without first informing you how fast I came home from market to-night, and upon my old mare, too, who

was always unkind before as to going. But so it happened. The old mare, that I could never get to go above three miles an hour, as soon as ever I was up, set off, and the devil couldn't stop her till she got home—ten miles in about fifty-eight minutes. I'm in a heat yet. But I have found out her motive, and now the public may make use of it. I had bought a couple of lobsters to carry

HOW TO MAKE THE MARE TO GO.

home, had their claws tied up, and put one into each of my great-coat pockets. Well, the old gentleman in my right pocket (a cunning one, I warrant him) somehow or other contrived to disengage his hands, and no doubt soon applied them to the old mare's side, and, I imagine, had got fast hold of a rib by the

HOW TO PREVENT A HORSE SLIPPING HIS GIRTHS.

time I reached the first mile-stone, for she was mad, I thought, and my hat and wig were gone in a twinkle. However, when I got off, and had taken a little breath, I went into the kitchen to unload, but missed one of my lobsters; so I ran back into the stable, and there was the hero hanging at the old mare's side; she'd had enough of it, and so stood quiet.

'"I thought myself bound to inform you of this, hoping it would prove a great national discovery. I mean to keep lobsters on purpose, for it's cheaper than buying a horse instead of my old mare; and I can go faster with one of them in my pocket than I could post. When my boys come home from school, to hunt in the forest, I mean to treat each of them with a cray-fish for his pony, and then, I think, we shall head the field.

'"I am, sir, yours, ever in haste,

'"PETER PUFFIN."

THE APOTHEOSIS OF GEOFFREY GAMBADO, ESQ.

'*Letter to* MR. G. GAMBADO, *editor of various learned performances.*

'"SIR,—You have no doubt heard of a description of Natural Philosophers, called Pigeon Fanciers, who breed the bird of that name, and all its varieties. I was once, sir, a member of this community, till growing tired of punters, tumblers, nuns, croppers, runts, &c., &c., I was resolved to enlarge my ideas, by extending my researches and abandoning the biped, to obtain a closer acquaintance with the quadruped. I became a horse-fancier. Being fond of riding, and daily observing, in my airings to Brentford, a great variety of horses, and a still greater variety in their motions, I, some years since, set about making a collection of such as were singular and eccentric in their shapes and actions, and I flatter

myself no private museum can boast of a more admirable variety than I have possessed.

* * * * * * *

'"As amongst pigeons, so amongst horses, there are tumblers. The feat is, however, performed differently, and varies considerably in its effect on the performers. As the pigeon executes this without anything on its back, so the horse seldom achieves it without somebody upon his. To the latter, therefore, we must give the greatest share of merit, who ventures to perform upon a hard road what the other does only in the air, without even a cloud to brush against. The one preferring, it seems, the Milky, and the other the Highway.

'"Among horses, I have never discovered a pouter; but I have had a fine puffer. The noise he made, however, and particularly when at his business, was not pleasant; and I let a neighbour have him cheap, who had a good three-stall

THE TUMBLER, OR ITS AFFINITIES.

museum, and a very heavy vehicle to draw; so that in all weathers he might enjoy the entertainment of his very extraordinary qualifications.

'"It is well known that there is a horse that is called a carrier, so there is a pigeon likewise. But as it may not be known to every one, I must inform you that from very long observation, I find the pigeon is the most expeditious of the two.

'"I am, sir, your very humble servant,

'"BENJ. BUFFON."

'ADVICE TO WOULD-BE HORSEMEN.

'I HAVE given you the hints contained in my previous letters supposing you are at home enough on horseback to ride out alone, and may possibly be tempted

to travel the road, as either the lucre of gain, or the *universal passion*, as a celebrated author calls the love of fame, may send you forth.

'Let me entreat you to examine your tackling well at setting out, particularly from an inn and after dinner. See that your girths are tight; many a good fall have I got by not attending to this. Ostlers are too apt to be careless, and ought never to be paid till we see them the next time.[1] An instance of a singular nature occurred at Huntingdon a few years since to the Rev. D. B., of Jesus College, in Cambridge, which has given a discovery to the world (productive, indeed, of a paper war), but which may turn out beneficial to mankind, as it proves 3 to be equal to 4.

'The Doctor dined at the "Crown"; it was dusk when he set out northwards. I myself saw 3*s.* charged in his bill for wine; this accounts for his want of observation. As for the ostler's, I must attribute it to his having been paid before-

HOW TO RIDE A HORSE UPON THREE LEGS.

hand. The Doctor went off at a spurt pretty much in the manner I have recommended, and having got clear of the pavement he wished to (what is called) mend his pace; but his horse was obdurate, and all his influence could not prevail. The Doctor fancied at times he went oddly, and therefore brought to at Alconbury, five miles from Huntingdon, and alighted for an examination, when he discovered that the ostler, through inattention, had buckled up one of the horse's hind-legs in the surcingle; and to this alone he had to attribute his hobbling way of going.

'[1] A learned dancing-master in the University of Oxford, who taught politeness also, and published a book upon that subject, fixed the same period for passing a stile in some cases that is here judiciously recommended for the payment of an ostler. His precept was that a well-bred man meeting another on the opposite side of a stile ought on no account to be persuaded to go over first. The name of this ingenious author was Towle. Had two zealous pupils of his school met each other at a stile, it is supposed they must have concluded their lives on the premises.

'There was an ostler[1] at Barnet who was a moralist, possibly this at Huntingdon was an experimental philosopher, and thought an old member of the University the most proper subject to put his experiment in execution. It certainly answered as far as five miles; but how it would succeed in bringing horses of different forms together over Newmarket, I am not competent to determine. It seems as if one might work a lame horse thus and keep his unsound leg quiet. If this experiment has been repeated it has been in private, for I have not heard of it; and I much question if it would ever be generally adopted. When I say *generally*, no reflection upon general officers. A timid major, however, might keep his horse in due subjection on a review day by this method.

'GEOFFREY GAMBADO.

DR. CASSOCK, F.R.S., INVENTOR OF THE PUZZLE FOR TUMBLE-DOWN HORSES.

'*Letter to* MR. GAMBADO.

'"I return you my most hearty thanks for the very salutary advice you have been good enough to give me, from which I have derived much improvement, and should have acknowledged sooner had I made sufficient trial of the fine machine you recommended in such warm terms. My hobby, as I told you before, is an admirable animal, and finely calculated for a pensive man like myself to take the air upon. It was a pity he was prone to tumble, and that, too, in stony roads the most, for he was otherwise bordering on perfection. So I sent for a carpenter on the receipt of your recipe, and had a large puzzle of oak made for him, after the pattern of those worn by the Squire's pointers, and I have found it answer prodigiously.

'"I have had nothing like a bad fall lately, except one day in cantering over a ploughed field, where, upon a blunder, the machine entered the ground with

[1] James Ripley, many years ostler at the "Red Lion," who published a volume of letters.

such force as to introduce a portion of the hobby's head along with it. We came clean over, and for some time I thought my hobby's neck was broken. I did not mind it myself; but I shall take care in future always to gallop on the hard road, and then such another catastrophe cannot ensue.

'"I am, sir,

'"Your very obsequious humble servant,

'"Caleb Cassock.

'"P.S.—I forgot to tell you my parishioners stare at me a good deal. The machine has an odd appearance, I own, but not altogether unpicturesque. I got the drawing master of Mr. Birch's school to send you a sketch of us. It is esteemed a likeness. That of the hobby is rather flattering."

'*My Remarks.*

'"I am happy to find the puzzle has answered so well; and I doubt not now it has been tried and approved by such a right-headed reverend gentleman, one who is also so good a horseman, and understands all the matter so well, that, by producing his name, I shall be able to get a patent for it, which cannot but prove very lucrative, for who has the horse that he will swear will never tumble down?

'"This I believe would be a question that would pose (upon oath) every man on horseback in Hyde Park on a Sunday.

'"Though Dr. Shaw, who is a great traveller indeed, has the modesty to assure us that the Barbary horses never lie down; yet even he has not the effrontery to say that they never tumble down! '"G. G."

'*To* G. Gambado, Esq.

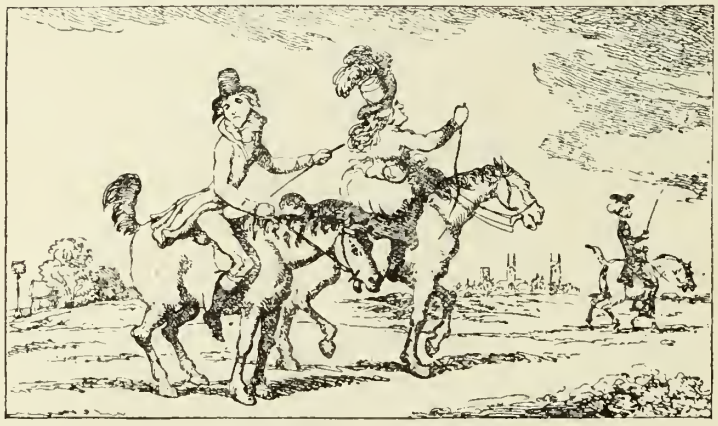
'"Sir,—Hearing much of your knowledge in horses, I beg leave to ask your advice in a business where my delicacy, as a gentleman, is deeply concerned, and flatter myself that you will sensibly feel for my situation, my future fortune in life depending on your decision. I have the happiness to be well received by a young lady of fortune in this town, who rides out every morning, and has had the goodness to permit me to join her for some days past. I flatter myself I am beloved, but, sir, the horse I ride is my father's, and he will not allow me to part with him: and this horse, sir, has an infirmity of such an embarrassing nature, that our interviews are unpleasantly interrupted at frequent intervals, and my dear Miss S—— will perhaps ride away with some other gownsman who is more decently mounted.

'"Be pleased, sir, to send me a recipe for this complaint, or I may lose my

dear girl for ever. I have tried several experiments, but all in vain, and unless you stand my friend I shall go distracted.

'"I am, dear Sir, in a great fuss, yours most truly,

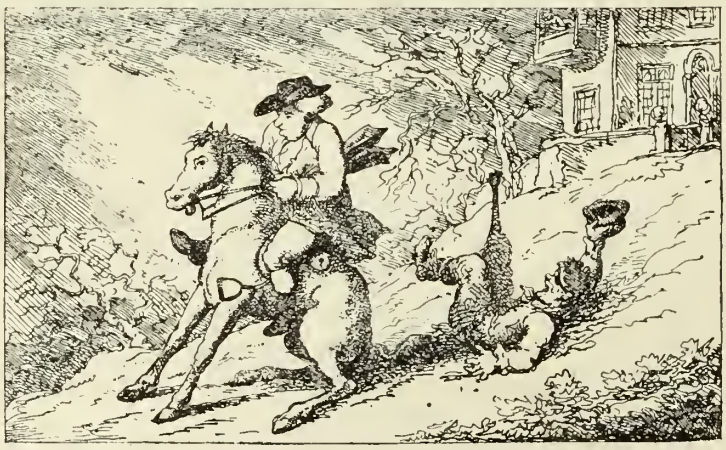
'"St. John's Coll. Cam." '"GEORGE GILLYFLOWER.



'JUVENUM PULCHERRIMUS ALTER,
ALTERA QUAS ORIENS HABUIT PRÆLATA PUELLIS.'—OVID.

'Note from my Farrier to the above.

'"HONOURED SIR,—By advice from Mr. Gambado of your horse's complaint, I have sent you a powder so strong, that, if administered night and morning in his corn, I will be bold to say, no horse in England shall ever suffer from the



HOW TO TRAVEL UPON TWO LEGS IN A FROST.

like again after Thursday next. Shall be very thankful for your Honour's custom in the same way in future, and your lady's too, if agreeable; being, Honoured Sir,

'"Your servant to command,

'"JO. WOOD."

'*To* GEOFFREY GAMBADO, ESQ.

'"KIND SIR,—I have an extraordinary story to tell you, that happened to me t'other day, as I was bringing two pair of stays to Miss Philpot's, at Kentish-town. I lives, sir, at Finchley; and a-top of Highgate Hill, my horse makes a kind of slip with his hind feet, do you see, for it was for all the world like a bit of ice the whole road. I'd nothing for't but to hold fast round his neck, and to squeeze me elbows in to keep the stays safe; and egad, off we set, and never stopt till I got to the bottom. He never moved a leg didn't my horse, but slided promiscuously, as I may say, till he oversate somebody on the road; I was too flurrisome to see who: and the first body I see'd it was a poor man axing charity in a hat. My horse must have had a rare bit of bone in his back, and I sit him as stiff as buckram.

'"Your honor's obedient servant,

'"JAMES JUMPS."'

The Art of ingeniously tormenting, with five plates by Woodward and Rowlandson (Tegg).

The Caricature Magazine, or Hudibrastic Mirror, in numbers.

The Beauties of Tom Brown, embellished with engravings by Rowlandson, one vol.

1808. *Chesterfield Travestie, or School for Modern Manners*, embellished with ten caricatures. Engraved by Rowlandson from original drawings by Woodward. Published by Thomas Tegg, 111 Cheapside, 1808. Republished under the title of *Chesterfield Burlesque*, 1811.

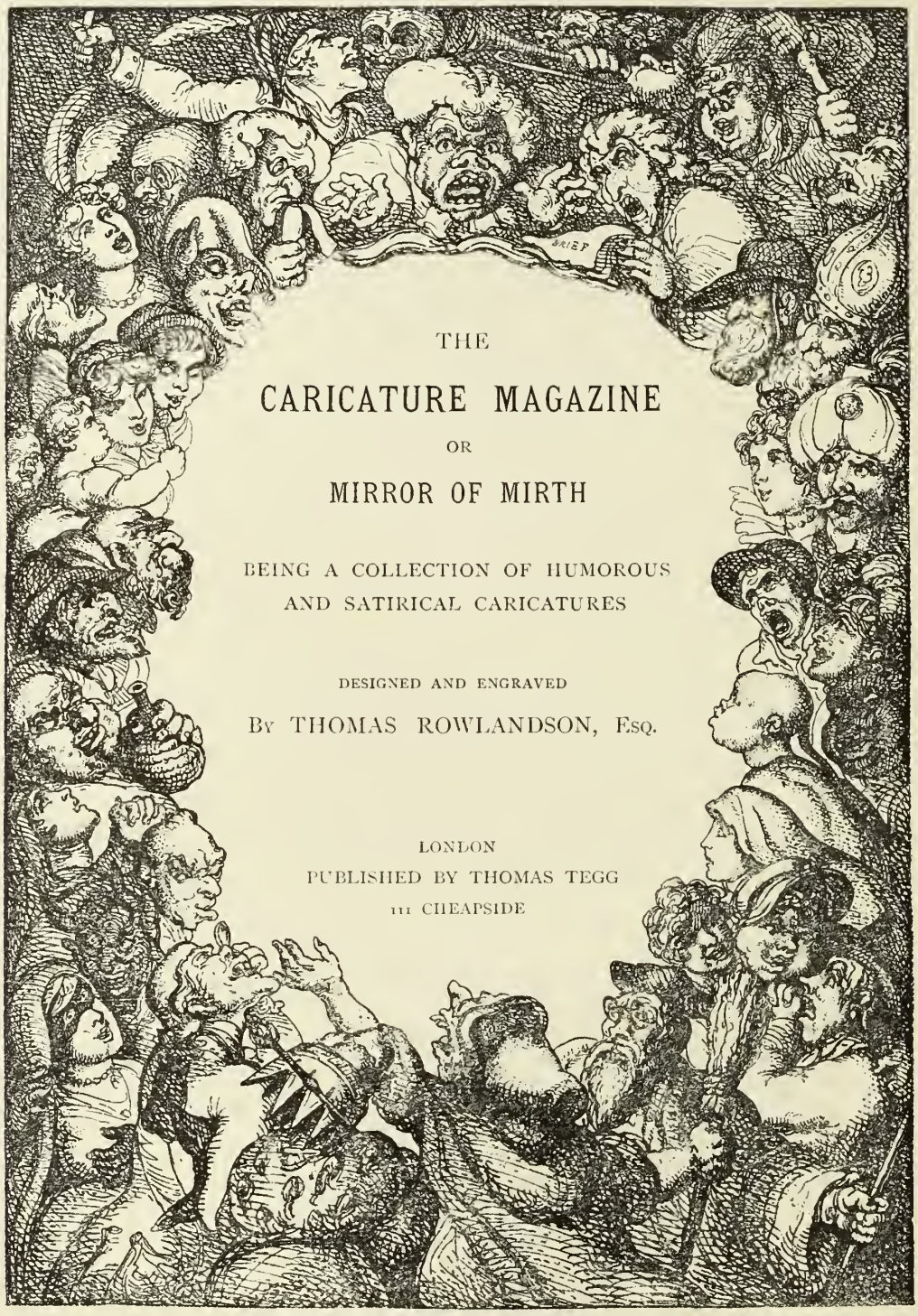
Mottoes.

The better sort should have before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum.—BUTLER.

O tempora! O mores!—JUVENAL.

The times are out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set them right.—SHAKESPEARE.

Folding plate to face the title.
Votaries of Fashion in the Temple of Folly.
How to walk the Streets.
The Art of Quizzing.
How to keep up a conversation with yourself in the Public Streets.
How to break a shop window with an umbrella.
Behaviour at table.



TITLE TO 'CARICATURE MAGAZINE.'

Notoriety, Singularity, Whimsical.
Gentleman and Mad Author.

'I will allow you twelve shillings a week to be my amanuensis!—What do you think of that?'

How to look over your husband's hand while at cards, and find fault with him for losing.

The Nobleman and the little Shopkeeper.

Chesterfield Travestie, or School for Modern Manners.

1. *How to keep up a conversation with yourself in the public streets.*—An absent-minded orator (passing the Forum Debating Society), is rehearsing, with lavish declamatory action, his peroration to the amazement and alarm of the passers-by.

2. *Notoriety.*—A buck in a *Jean-de-Brie.* *Singularity.*—An antiquarian oddity in the costume of three-quarters of a century earlier than the fashion prevailing at the date of the drawing. *Whimsical.*—A dwarf of a woman wearing a cloak down to her toes, and peaked poke head-dress.

3. *The Art of Quizzing.*—Three dandies are promenading arm-in-arm, and unceremoniously criticising aloud a fine and pretty woman, who is walking with a 'squab-old-put': 'D——d fine woman, pon honour, but what a quiz of a fellow she has taken in tow there!'

August 25, 1808. *Behaviour at Table.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—The author offers four excellent directions touching the genteel 'behaviour expected at table,' and if his injunctions were strictly carried out, there is no question that his pupils would be accepted in every society as remarkably polished and well-bred young gentlemen, who had studied Lord Chesterfield's 'advice' to some purpose; perfect ornaments, indeed, to any company amongst which they might find themselves, and desirable patterns for imitation.

1. Place your elbows on the table like a Church Warden at a parish vestry.
2. Stretch your arms across the table to get at what best suits your appetite.
3. Cough and yawn over the dishes.
4. Loll on two chairs while making use of your toothpick.

1808. *A Lecture on Heads*, by G. A. Stevens,[1] with additions as delivered

[1] George Stevens, the originator of the 'Lecture on Heads,' was a very indifferent actor, but a man of humorous parts, and in himself was considered, by his contemporaries, most entertaining company. The idea of the lecture was given him by a country carpenter, who made the character-blocks which formed the subjects of illustration. It proved an extraordinary success in the hands of the originator. He carried it about England, through the States of America, and, on his return, to Ireland; and managed to net some ten thousand pounds by this lucky venture. After he retired more than one actor attempted it, with poor results. Lewis was the most successful of Stevens's

by Mr. Charles Lee Lewis, embellished with twenty-five humorous characteristic prints, from drawings by George Moutard Woodward Esq. Engraved by Thomas Rowlandson. Published by T. Tegg.

Frontispiece: Interior of Covent Garden Theatre. C. Lee Lewis delivering 'A Lecture on Heads' to a crowded audience.

Sir Whisky Whiffle.
Jockey.
Half Foolish Face.
Drunken Head.
A Freeholder.
Female Moderator

Place your Elbows on the table like a Church Warden at a parish vestry
Stretch your arms across the table to get at what best suits your appetite.
Cough and yawn over the Dishes
Sit on two chairs while making use of your toothpick

BEHAVIOUR AT TABLE.

Master Jacky.
London Blood.
A Lady of the Town.
A Connoisseur.
A worldly-wise man; or a man wise in his own conceit.
Male Moderator.
Italian Singer.
An Old Maid.
An Old Bachelor.
The Crying Philosopher.
Counsellor.

imitators, and he had made such arrangements with the author as entitled the latter to a royalty for the use of his 'Lecture on Heads.' It probably derived its principal charm from the style of its delivery. Read in cold blood, its brilliancy and point are by no means startling.

Frenchman.	Dutchman.
British Sailor.	Politician.
Spaniard.	Methodist Preacher.

1808. *British Sailor. Frenchman. Spaniard. Dutchman.* Four characters on a sheet, published by T. Tegg.—The same etchings are given, under similar descriptions, in the 'Lecture on Heads,' by G. A. Stevens, with illustrations by G. M. Woodward, engraved by T. Rowlandson.

December 1, 1808. *Miseries of Human Life* (Plates issued in previous years and collected in 1808). Designed and etched by T. Rowlandson, and published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—Frontispiece: The title in a frame; below it a gouty old miser, wrapped in flannel, is being dragged off in his chair by Death, in spite of his crutch and his struggles to get back to his riches, spread in the strong box, over which he has lost all control; his heirs in the meantime are helping themselves, making light of his hoarded savings, and taunting the impotent money-grubber, who has accumulated riches for them to fling away.

Miseries of Human Life.—Introductory dialogue: 'Sickness befriends temperance by the simplicity of diet which it introduces; it wards off the varied injuries of the open air by requiring the party to inhale a thousand times over, the cherishing, equable, and safely treasured atmosphere of a chamber.'

The picture treats all these fanciful advantages from a burlesque point of view: a sufferer is on his pallet surrounded by all the inconveniences of washing, cooking, and other domestic arrangements, limited to *one apartment*, to serve him as 'kitchen, parlour, and bed-room, and all.'

Miseries of the Country.—Following on horseback a slow cart, through an endless narrow lane, at sunset, when you are already too late, and want all the help of your own eyes, as well as your horse's feet to carry you safe through the rest of your unknown way.

More Miseries.—'Being overpersuaded to stand up in a country dance, when you know, or, what is equally bad, conceive that a bear would eclipse you in grace and agility.' (*April* 1, 1807.)

Fabricious's Description of the Poets. Vide 'Gil Blas.'—'People think that we often dine with Democritus, and there they are mistaken. There is not one of my fraternity, not even excepting the makers of Almanacs, who is not welcome to some good table. As for my own part, there are two families where I am received with pleasure. I have two covers laid for me every day, one at the house of a fat director of the farms, to whom I have dedicated a romance, and the other at the house of a rich citizen, who has the disease of being thought to entertain wits every day at his table; luckily he is not very delicate in his choice, and the city furnishes him with great plenty.' (1807.)

Miseries of Human Life.—Struggling through the curse of trying to disentangle your hair, when by poking curiously about on board of ship it has become clammed and matted with pitch or tar, far beyond all the powers of the comb. (1807.)

More Miseries.—Having so flaccid a cheek that the parish barber, who shaves you, is obliged to introduce his thumb into your mouth to give it a proper projection, cutting his thumb in this position with the razor. (1807.)

Miseries of Social Life.—Escorting four or five country cousins, on their first importation into London from the *Terra Incognita* of England, to the lions, the waxworks, the monuments, &c. &c.

Miseries Miscellaneous.—Stepping out of a boat at low water on a slippery causeway, upon a stone which slides under you, and you descend in the mud up to the chin. (1807.)

A Stag at Bay, or Conjugal Felicity. A Romance.—A matrimonial dispute; the wife is attacking her spouse incontinently, and he is protecting himself, and keeping the aggressor at arm's length with a dirty mop.

The Shaver and the Shavee. H. Bunbury del., Rowlandson sc.

Showing off.—A pair of horsemen are endeavouring to put on a sportsman-like appearance, which is somewhat disturbed by the restiveness of their steeds; one rider is slipping off, and the other, while his horse is going down on his knees in a reverential posture, is flung over the animal's head.

The Production of a Post-House.—The stable-door of a post-house is opened, and a sorry broken-kneed ramshackle horse is trotted out, to the amusement of the people standing about, and to the horror of a gentleman who has evidently come for a mount.

Symptoms of Choking.—A corpulent individual has suddenly left the dinner-table, under an impulse to choke; the rest of the company are thrown into such alarm at his critical situation, that the table-cloth, soup-turreens, wine, decanters, plates, glasses, and all the service are dragged on to the floor in universal destruction. (1806.)

The Enraged Vicar.—A smaller version of this subject (see March 1, 1807).

> To see them rattle, howl, and tear,
> By Jove, 'twould make a parson swear.

Symptoms of Restiveness.—The restiveness referred to appears to be nothing more than a tendency to rest in one spot; a sailor, probably at Portsmouth, from the view of the sea and shipping, is mounted on a steed which he is vainly belabouring with a cudgel, while an old hag is banging away at the poor brute with a long and heavy broom, to the delight of a convivial party, assembled to drink outside a public-house, within view of the dilemma. (1808.)

Pall Mall.

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell;
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach. (1807.)

Miseries of Public Places.—After the play, on a raw, wet night, with a party of ladies, fretting and freezing in the outer lobbies and at the street-doors of the theatre, among chairmen, barrow-women, yelling linkboys, and other human refuse, in endless attempts to find out your servant or carriage, which, when found out at last, cannot be drawn up nearer than a furlong from the door. (*January* 1, 1807.)

Miseries Miscellaneous.—The necessity of sending a verbal message of the utmost consequence by an ass, who, you plainly perceive, will forget (or rather has already forgotten) every word you have been saying. (*January* 1; 1807.)

Miseries of Reading and Writing.—As you are writing drowsily by the fire, on rousing and recollecting yourself, find your guardian in possession of your secret thoughts, which he never ceases to upbraid you with. (*January* 1, 1807.)

Miseries Personal.—When in the gout receiving the ruinous salutation of a muscular friend (a sea captain), who, seizing your hand in the first transports of a sudden meeting, affectionately crumbles your chalky knuckles with the gripe of a grasping-iron, and then further confirms his regard for you by greeting your tenderest toe with the stamp of a charger. (*January* 1, 1807.)

Miseries of the Country.—While you are out with a walking party, after heavy rains, one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay, and then, in making a long and desperate stretch (which fails), with the hope of recovering it, the other is left in the same predicament. The second stage of ruin is that of standing, or rather tottering in blank despair, with both bare feet planted ankle-deep in the quagmire. (*January* 1, 1806.)

Miseries of London.—Chasing your hat (just blown off in a high wind) through a muddy street—a fresh gust always whisking it away at the moment of seizing it; when you have at last caught it deliberately putting it on, with all its sins upon your head, amidst the jeers of the populace. (*January* 1, 1807.)

Miseries of Travelling. '*O Miserabile mihi.*' Published by T. Rowlandson, Adelphi.—A restive horse in a gig backing into the windows of a potter's shop; alarmed at the terrific crash, you become panic-struck, with the perspiration starting from every pore. (*April* 12, 1807.)

Miseries of Travelling.—Being mounted on a beast who, as soon as you have watered him on the road, proceeds very coolly to repose himself in the middle of the pond, without taking you at all into his counsel or paying the slightest attention to your remonstrances. (1807.)

Miseries of Social Life.—Sitting for hours before a smoky chimney, like a Hottentot in a kraal; then, just as your sufferings seem at last to be at an end, puff, puff, whiff, whiff, again, far more furious than ever. Add to this a scolding wife. (*January* 1, 1807.)

Miseries of Social Life.—Walking in a wind that cuts to the bone, with a narrating companion, whose mind and body cannot move at the same time; or, in other words, who, as he gets on with his stories, thinks it necessary, at every other sentence, to stand stock-still, face about, and make you do the same; then, totally regardless of your shivering impatience to push on, refuses to stir an inch till the whole of his endless thread is fairly wound out. 'Dixit et adversi stetit ora.' (1807.)

Miseries of the Country.—Losing your way on foot at night in a storm of wind and rain, and this immediately after leaving a merry fireside. (1806.)

More Miseries.—Being nervous and cross-examined by Mr. Garrow (in a Law Court). (*April* 1, 1807.)

More Miseries.—Endeavouring to make violent love under the table and pressing the wrong foot. (*April* 1, 1807.)

More Miseries.—Sitting on a chair which a servant has fractured and put together the preceding morning, and upon attempting to lean back falling to the ground before a large party; a country servant bursting into a roar of laughter. (*April* 1, 1807.)

More Miseries.—Being obliged to kiss a remarkably plain woman at forfeits, when you engaged in the pastime only with the hope of being able to salute a lovely young lady, to whom you are particularly attached. (*April* 1, 1807.)

Miseries of Travelling.—Starting for a long ride, on a dinner engagement, without a great-coat, in a mist, a mizzle, a drizzle, a rain, a torrent. On arriving at the house at last, completely drenched, you have to beg the favour of making yourself look like a full or empty sack, by wearing your host's clothes, he being either a dwarf or a giant, and you the contrary. (*January* 1, 1807.)

Miseries of Games, Sports, &c.—In skating, slipping in such a manner that your legs start off in this unaccommodating posture; from which, however, you are soon relieved by tumbling forwards on your nose, or backwards on your skull. Also learning to cut the outside edge on skates that have no edge to cut with—ice very rugged. (*January* 1, 1807.)

More Miseries.—In the country, going to a party to dinner, getting very tipsy, quitting the house in a dark night, and getting upon your horse with your face towards the tail, and wondering during the few minutes that you are able to keep your seat, amidst the jeers of your companions, what freak can have entered the brain of the beast to go backwards. (*April* 1, 1807.)

Miseries of the Table.—Inviting a friend, whom you know to be particularly

fond of the dish, to partake of a fine hare, haunch, &c., which you have endeavoured to keep exactly to the critical moment, but which is no sooner brought in than the whole party, with one nose, order it to be taken out. (1807.)

More Miseries.—At an inn, going into a bed too short, with a wooden leg, which you were too fatigued to unstrap, drawing up the living one, going to sleep with the other sticking out at the bottom, which, when the chambermaid comes in for the candle, she conceives to be the handle of the warming-pan, which she has carelessly left in the bed. (*April* 1, 1807.)

More Miseries.—Sending a challenge, requesting a timid friend to attend you to the field, who, you think, will not fail to acquaint the magistrate of it; going with honour to the appointed spot, anxiously looking back at every step to see if the Bow Street officers are coming, without seeing a soul but your antagonist and the seconds. (*April* 1, 1807.)

Miseries Domestic.—Squatting plump on an unsuspected cat in your chair. (*January* 1, 1807.)

More Miseries.—Being persuaded to put your finger into the cage of a parrot and to rub its poll, upon an assurance, from its doating mistress, that it is the most gentle bird in the universe, suddenly feeling the sanguinary effects of its beak. (*April* 1, 1807.)

More Miseries.—Having a newly-rolled gravel walk, finding some friends whom you had asked to dine with you amusing themselves before dinner by drawing each other in your child's chaise, which disastrously stood at the bottom of the garden, within sight; seeing the narrow wheels cut up the walk most unmercifully, and being deterred by a false notion of politeness from giving them a hint to desist. (*April* 1, 1807.)

Cold Broth and Calamity.—A smaller edition of this subject, the disasters of various parties on the ice, but treated with perfect originality as regards the various incidents.

Miseries Domestic.—Waking in the middle of the night in a state of raging thirst, eagerly blundering to the washing-stand, and there finding the broad-mouthed pitcher, which you lift to your lips, so full that, besides amply satisfying your thirst, it keeps cooling your heated body, and purifying your linen with the overplus. (1806.)

Miseries of the Country. Published by T. Rowlandson, Adelphi.—Passing the worst part of a rainy winter in a country so inveterately miry as to imprison you within your own premises; so that by way of exercise, and to keep yourself alive, you take to rolling your gravel walks (though already quite smooth), cutting wood (though you have more logs than enough), working the dumb-bells, or such other irrational exercise. (*April* 12, 1807.)

Miseries of the Country.—While deeply, delightfully, and, as you hope,

safely engaged at home in the morning, after peremptory orders of denial to all comers whomsoever, to be suddenly surprised, through the treachery or folly of your servant, by an inroad from a party of the starched, stupid, cold, idle natives of a country town, who lay a formal siege (by sap) to your leisure. (1807.)

Miseries of London.—Being a compulsory spectator and auditor of a brawling and scratching match between two drunken drabs, in consequence of the sudden influx of company, by whom you are hemmed in a hundred yards deep in every direction, leaving you no chance of escape till the difference of sentiment between the ladies is adjusted. Where you stand you are (that is, I was) closely bounded in front by a barrow of cat's meat, the unutterable contents of which employ your eyes and nose, while your ear is no less fully engaged by the Tartarean yell of its driver. (1807.)

Miseries of Travelling.—On packing up your clothes for a journey, because your servant is a fool, the burning fever into which you are thrown when, after all your standing, stamping, kneeling, tugging, and kicking, the lid of your trunk refuses to approach within a yard of the lock. (1807.)

More Miseries. Published by R. Ackermann.—Being pinned up to a door, round the neck, by the horns of an enraged overdriven ox. (*April* 1, 1807.)

Miseries of the Country.—While on a visit in the Hundred of Essex being under the necessity of getting dead-drunk every day to save your life. (See 1807, p. 78.)

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas . . . .

Miseries of Social Life.—Dining and passing the whole evening with a party of fox-hunters, after they have had what they call 'glorious sport;' and, while you execrate the very name of a hound, being gorged with the *crambe recocta* of one chase after another, till you wish the country was underground. (*January* 1, 1807.)

THE MICROCOSM OF LONDON,

OR

LONDON IN MINIATURE.

With Illustrations by Pugin and Rowlandson.

PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, REPOSITORY OF ARTS, 101 STRAND.

With reference to the illustrations, which form the principal feature of this work, we borrow a paragraph from the 'Introduction':—

'The great objection that men fond of the fine arts have hitherto made to engravings on architectural subjects has been that the buildings and figures have almost invariably been designed by the same artists. In consequence of this the figures have been generally neglected, or are of a very inferior cast, and totally unconnected with the other part of the print; so that we may sometimes see men and women in English dresses delineated in an English view of an Italian palace, and Spanish grandees in long cloaks and ladies in veils seated in one of our own cathedrals.

> The dress, we know, is neither new nor rare;
> But how the powers came it there?

'To remove these glaring incongruities from the publication, a strict attention has been paid, not only to the country of the figures introduced in the different buildings, but to the general air and peculiar carriage, habits, &c., of such characters as are likely to make up the majority in particular places.

'The architectural part of the subjects that are contained in this work will be delineated, with the utmost precision and care, by Mr. Pugin, whose uncommon accuracy and elegant taste have been displayed in former productions. With respect to the figures, they are from the pencil of Mr. Rowlandson, with whose professional talents the public are already so well acquainted that it is not necessary to expatiate on them here. As the following list comprises almost every variety of character that is found in this great metropolis, there will be ample scope for the exertion of his abilities; and it will be found that his powers are not confined to the ludicrous, but that he can vary with his subject, and, wherever it is necessary, descend

> From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

Rowlandson and Pugin del. et sc.

1. Drawing from Life at the Royal Academy, Somerset House.
2. Exhibition Room, Somerset House. Great Room at the Royal Academy, at the time of the annual picture Exhibition.
3. Board Room of the Admiralty, Parliament Street.
4. A View of Astley's Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge.
5. The Asylum, or House of Refuge for Friendless and Deserted Girls, Lambeth.
6. Christie's Auction Room.
7. The Great Hall, Bank of England.
8. Bartholomew Fair, Smithfield.
9. Billingsgate Market.
10. The Hall, Blue Coat School, during the orations on the grand anniversary, St. Matthew's Day, September 21.
11. Bow Street Office. An Examination before the Magistrates.
12. Pass Room, Bridewell.
13. British Institution, Pall Mall (late Alderman Boydell's 'Shakespeare Gallery').
14. The Hall and Staircase, British Museum, Montague House.
15. The Great Hall, Carlton House, Pall Mall.
16. The Roman Catholic Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
17. Coal Exchange.
18. The Royal Cockpit, Bird Cage Walk, St. James's Park.
19. Water Engine, Coldbath Fields Prison.
20. The College of Physicians, Warwick Lane.
21. House of Commons. (During a Debate.)
22. Court of Chancery, Lincoln's Inn Hall.
23. Court of Common Pleas, Westminster Hall.
24. Court of King's Bench, Westminster Hall.
25. Court of Exchequer, Westminster Hall.
26. Covent Garden Market. Westminster Election. Hustings in front of St. Paul's Church.
27. Covent Garden Theatre. (During the performance of an Oratorio.)
28. The Custom House, from the Thames.
29. The Long Room, Custom House.
30. The Debating Society (the Athenian Lyceum), Piccadilly.
31. Doctors' Commons (Great Rider Street, St. Paul's.)
32. Drury Lane Theatre.
33. The Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.
34. Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Old Bond Street.

35. Fire in London. (Albion Mills, Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge; burnt March 3, 1791.)
36. Fleet Prison (the Debtors' Prison, as rebuilt after the riots in 1780), Ludgate Hill.
37. Foundling Hospital. (The Chapel.)
38. Freemasons' Hall (Freemasons' Tavern), Great Queen Street.
39. Great Subscription Room at Brooks', St. James's Street.
40. Guildhall.
41. Guildhall, Court of King's Bench. Examination of a Bankrupt before his Creditors.
42. Common Council Chamber, Guildhall.
43. The Hall, Heralds' Office, or the College of Arms, St. Benet's Hill, Doctors' Commons.
44. Middlesex Hospital, Charles Street (Ward Room).
45. East India Company. The sale Room.
46. King's Bench Prison (Debtors, &c.), St. George's Fields.
47. King's Mews, Charing Cross.
48. Lambeth Palace, 1809.
49. Lloyd's Subscription Room. (Underwriters' Room.)
50. Leadenhall Market.
51. Egyptian Hall, Mansion House.
52. House of Lords.
53. Lottery Drawing, Coopers' Hall.
54. Magdalen Chapel, Magdalen House.
55. The Mint. Stamping the Impression (Tower).
56. Mounting Guard at St. James's Park (Horse Guards).
57. Newgate Chapel. ('The Condemned Sermon.')
58. Old Bailey. (Examination of a Witness.)
59. Opera House, Haymarket. (A Ballet Scene.)
60. The Pantheon. (A Masquerade.)
61. The Philanthropic Society's Chapel (St. George's Fields).
62. The Pillory, Charing Cross.
63. The Post Office, Lombard Street. (Sorting Office.)
64. Quakers' Meeting (Bishopsgate Street).
65. The Queen's Palace, St. James's Park. (Buckingham House.)
66. The Royal Circus, St. George's Fields.
67. The Royal Exchange.
68. Library of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street.
69. Sadler's Well Theatre. (An Aquatic Representation.)
70. Sessions' House, Clerkenwell.
71. Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, &c., Adelphi.

72. Society of Agriculture, Sackville Street, Piccadilly. (An assembly of members in the Great Room.)
73. Somerset House, Strand.
74. Stamp Office, Somerset House.
75. Stock Exchange, Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane.
76. Drawing Room, St. James's Street.
77. St. Luke's Hospital, Old Street.
78. St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.
79. The Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.
80. St. Paul's Cathedral.
81. Surrey Institution. Lecture Theatre.
82. Synagogue, Duke's Place, Houndsditch.
83. Tattersall's Horse Repository, Hyde Park Corner.
84. The Temple Church.
85. View of the Tower of London.
86. Horse Armoury, Tower.
87. The Board of Trade, Treasury, Whitehall.
88. Trinity House, Great Tower Hill.
89. Vauxhall Gardens. (The Orchestra.)
90. Church of St. Stephen, Walbrook.
91. The Watch House, St. Mary-le-Bone.
92. West India Docks.
93. Westminster Abbey.
94. Westminster Hall.
95. Chapel Royal, Whitehall.
96. The Workhouse, St. James's Parish.
97. Greenwich Hospital. The Painted Hall.
98. The Hall, Chelsea Hospital.
99. Military College, Chelsea.
100. Covent Garden Theatre.
101. South Sea House. Dividend Day.
102. Excise Office, Broad Street.
103. View of Westminster Hall and Bridge.
104. A View of London and the Thames. Taken opposite the Adelphi.

1808 and 1809. *An Essay on the Art of Ingeniously Tormenting.* Illustrated with five prints. From designs by G. M. Woodward, Esq. (author of 'Eccentric Excursions'). Rowlandson, sc. 12mo. London. Printed for Thomas Tegg.

I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen ;
More clamorous than a parrot against rain ;
More new-fangled than an ape ;
And more giddy in my desires than a monkey.—SHAKESPEARE.

Folding frontispiece.—A Savoyard with a barrel-organ and a troupe of dancing dogs ; a Frenchman with a dancing bear ; a showman dragging about a dromedary, with a monkey perched on its hump, and pulling the animal's ears. A bird made to fire off a gun, in the rear of a half-starved individual who is lost in hungry longing outside the window of an eating-house ; while the proprietor is taunting the famished gazer with a huge round of beef. A cat is torturing a mouse. A woman is eavesdropping. Another cat is getting a bird out of a cage. A woman is emptying a vessel over the heads of a crowd gathered round a tussle. A cat is launched in the air on bladders. A pair of ruffians are racing on donkeys, and flogging the beasts unmercifully. All these episodes set forth various phases of the fine art of Tormenting.

1. A old vixen is tormenting a pretty maid, who is in tears : 'Don't cry, child. You cannot help being handsome ; but I assure you I have often wept from my dreadful apprehensions for you, lest you should come to walk London streets !'

2. A family scene.

> Train up a child in the way it should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.
> SOLOMON.

Two children have strung up a pair of kittens by their tails ; the tabbies are clawing one another in the air. Two boys have tied a saucepan to the tail of a frightened dog, and a little girl is singeing a cat's whiskers with a brand from the fire. The father is smoking his pipe and declaring, 'Dear little innocents, how prettily they amuse themselves !' while the mother is made to say, 'I love to see children employed !'

3. A husband, with literary tastes, is vainly trying to interest his lady in his reading : 'Now, my dear, now for the passage ; I am sure it will delight you. Shakespeare, "Tempest," act the fifth. "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces——"' The wife is bouncing up to the bell, although there is a blazing fire, interrupting the reading with, 'I wonder the girl don't bring the coals, one might as well sit in an ice-house, but I was born to be tormented !'

4. An old curmudgeon is seated in his armchair, a decanter of wine before him, with a chart of the gold mines of Peru and Mexico at his back ; a young gentleman, who has been unfortunate, is standing before him in an attitude of despondency, little encouraged by the friendly advice of the hunks whose assistance he has vainly implored : 'Ah, my young friend, I told you what it would all come to, but you have brought it all on yourself. I'll not ask you to sit down, because you seem in a hurry ; however, I'll give you my advice : as you say you are not worth a guinea, I'd advise you to quit London, and purchase a small estate in the country !'

1809.

The Discovery. Etched by Rowlandson, 1798. Republished, Jan. 1808–9.

January 15, 1809. *The Head of the Family in Good Humour.* Published by Tegg, Woodward del., Rowlandson sc.—John Bull, a very giant among a race of pigmies, is surrounded by the heads of the different states, who are all hurling out threats against his chances of peace. Napoleon is thundering for *Ships, Colonies, and Commerce.* The Muscovite is denouncing: 'Russian vengeance attend John Bull.' Holland is blustering: 'I'll eternally smoke him.' Tom Paine is offering this warning: 'Let him tremble at the name of America.' The other potentates are following up these threats with valedictions of their own: 'Beware of Prussia;' 'Austria will never pardon him;' 'Spanish fury overtake him;' and 'Let him beware of Denmark.' John Bull is smiling good-naturedly at all these empty vapourings: 'Don't make such a riot, you little noisy brats, all your bustle to me is no more than a storm in a teacup!'

January 15, 1809. *The Old Woman's Complaint, or the Greek Alphabet.* Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—An old country dame has called upon a pedagogue, with a fanciful grievance, to make respectful complaints against the dominie's scholars, who, cap in hand, and satchel on back, are making their entrance into the learned presence, behind their accuser. The schoolmaster, who wears a red night-cap, and slippers, is made to say: 'Good woman, you are always making complaints against my scholars; what have they done to offend you now?' 'Please your honour's worship, they followed me up and down, and said one to another, *at her, beat her, damn her, pelt her!* and a great deal more that I do not recollect.' The young pupils are explaining the old lady's misconception: 'Indeed, sir, we were only repeating our Greek alphabet, in order to get it quite perfect; what the old woman heard was only *Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta,* and so on to the conclusion!'

February 1, 1809. *A Traveller refreshed in a Stagnant Pool, after the Fatigues of a Dusty Day's Journey.* Published by R. Ackermann, Strand.

February 1, 1809. *Mrs. Bundle in a Rage; or too late for the Stage.* Published by R. Ackermann, Strand.

February 1, 1809. *Launching a Frigate.* Newton del., Rowlandson fecit.

Published by T. Tegg, 67 Cheapside.—A trim nymph, very fashionably dressed, is starting on her travels from an hotel, situated, as we recognise, from the notice on the wall, near Portsmouth Dock. The figure of the promenader is drawn with care, and is perfectly in Rowlandson's most telling manner; behind the curled, feathered, and blooming damsel, is an ancient and colossal harridan, bedizened with showy finery, who is supposed to have launched the fair charmer. Characteristic glimpses of Portsmouth are given in the background of the picture.

March 20, 1809. *A Mad Dog in a Coffee House.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—The advent of a nondescript animal, suppositiously assumed to be a ferocious mad dog, has produced the utmost terror and confusion amongst the grave frequenters of a mercantile coffee-house, somewhat after the model of *Garraway's*. All the city brokers, and pillars of 'change found therein, are scared out of their sober senses; some, like the little Jew in the corner, are paralysed with fear; others are trying to creep under the tables; a few are seeking escape by the door, which they are effectually blocking; and groups of affrighted fugitives are endeavouring to gain the refuge of the staircase. A select knot have made for the bar, and are flinging themselves *pell-mell* over the counter; the chimney, and similar places of refuge, are eagerly sought; tables are mounted; comfortable citizens are thrown on their backs, like turtles, and trodden on, while the pressure of viler bodies above is expressing a stream of specie from the well-filled pockets of the overthrown. A cat, her tail swollen to abnormal proportions, is making a frantic rush into the midst of the cowering poltroons under the table. Rowlandson generally manages to introduce certain advertisements appropriate to his subjects, and a notice stuck on the wall of the coffee-house conveys the following piece of shipping intelligence: *For the Brazils, 'The Cerberus,' Captain Pointer. Burden* 300 *tons. Laying off Barking Creek. Enquire of Benjamin Bell, Barge Yard, Broker.*

1809. *Disappointed Epicures.* Another version of *A Mad Dog in a Dining-room.*—In this case the dog has run between the legs of a man bringing in a dish of cutlets, which bestrew the carpet; his downfall has in turn overset another retainer, whose soup tureen has come to grief; the butler, more engaged in watching the calamities of his fellows, has allowed the 'spruce beer' to escape in a shower of froth all over the place. The scene is well worked out; over the door of the dining-room is a picture representing a party of corpulent friars seated round a refectory board. The faces of the party—it is a bachelor-dinner in this instance—express more annoyance than alarm; they are dejected at the prospect of a curtailed repast.

1809. *A Mad Dog in a Dining-room, or Disappointed Epicures.*—This print, which has never before been engraved in its present form, is a literal reproduction of the original study; one of the collection of drawings by Rowlandson

A MAD DOG IN A COFFEE HOUSE.

A MAD DOG IN A DINING-ROOM.

in the possession of the present writer. The picture tells its own story so graphically, that it is unnecessary to attempt any fuller elucidation of the subject.

April 21, 1809. *The Comforts of Matrimony. A Good Toast.* Published by Reeve and Jones.—The picture represents a scene of domestic felicity of the most touching completeness. The husband is browning a muffin for tea; his wife's arm is wound round his neck during this delicate operation; his children are enjoying their peaceful meal; an infant is tranquilly slumbering in the cradle; and a cat, surrounded by her family of kittens, carries out the unity of the subject. Another of the series partly published in 1808, in which a rude facsimile of the original drawings has been attempted, without much success.

The Tables Turned. Miseries of Wedlock. A pendant to the preceding.—The domestic horizon is clouded by storms. The late happy pair are only kept from demolishing each other by the table placed between them, which is being wrecked in the struggle. The wife, in a fury, is holding on to her husband's hair with all her force, while he has a firm grasp of his unfortunate spouse's head, at which he is aiming a pewter-pot; children, chairs, crockery, cutlery, and food, are alike devoted to destruction; the infants are frantic, and general misery prevails. The execution of these subjects is commonplace, and the engraver has not done justice to the originals.

April 29, 1809. *Oh! you're a Devil. Get along, do!* Published by Reeve and Jones, 7 Vere Street, New Bond Street.—A dashing young officer, a gallant adventurer, probably crippled with debts, and with nothing but his commission to support his extravagances, is laying ardent siege to the ordinary person of a rich dowager, fat, *not* fair, and decidedly forty; indeed, the lady is more than old enough to be the mother of her insidious admirer, who is probably looking forward to the possession of the foolish inamorata's fortune to 'whitewash' his liabilities, and exchange him from one slavery to another; preferring the fetters of Hymen to the captivity of a debtor's prison. The lady, a vain piece of antiquated and frivolous vulgarity, is loaded with massive jewellery, which her hopeful lover no doubt looks forward to melting for his own purposes, after he has staked the relict's money-bags on the gambling-table; her feathers are profuse, and she wears a boa of an extinct kind, famous in the annals of contemporary fashions, known as a *rattle-snake.*[1]

[1] Mary Moser, the lively lady Royal Academician, and famous flower-painter, writing to Mrs. Lloyd, the first wife of the gentleman she subsequently honoured with her hand, conveys the following account of the reigning mode in town, to her friend in the country: 'Come to London and admire our plumes; we sweep the sky! a duchess wears six feathers, a lady four, and every milk-maid one at each corner of her cap! Your mamma desired me to inquire the name of something she had seen in the windows in Tavistock Street; it seems *she* was afraid to ask; but *I* took courage, and they told me they were *rattle-snake tippets*; however, notwithstanding their frightful name, they are not unlike a *beaufong*, only the quills are made stiff, and springy in the starching. Fashion is grown a monster! pray tell your operator that your hair must measure just three quarters of a yard from the extremity of one wing to the other.'

June 20, 1809. *A Tit-bit for a Strong Stomach.*

July 31, 1809. *The Huntsman Rising. The Gamester going to bed.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi. (See 1811.)

1809. *Rowlandson's Caricatures upon the Delicate Investigation, or the Clarke Scandal* (Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke and the Duke of York).—In order to make the caricatures, published by Rowlandson, on the Clarke scandal intelligible, it is desirable to recapitulate the circumstances, which are given in condensed form from the writer's 'Life of James Gillray the Caricaturist.'[1]

George the Third's darling son, the favourite Frederick, on whom he doted, and who was so popular out of doors that he was hailed as 'the soldier's friend'—a compliment which no soldier would be likely to utter concerning a commander

OH! YOU'RE A DEVIL. GET ALONG, DO!

who had not taken the right method to render himself the object of general affection—began to attract unenviable notoriety at the beginning of 1809. On January 27 Colonel Wardle charged the Duke with corrupt administration

[1] 'Eighteen years before the date of the investigation (February 1809), Mrs. Clarke, then being about fourteen years of age, resided with her mother and step-father in Black Raven Passage, Cursitor Street. She was a very pretty, sprightly, gaily-disposed girl, being very fond of showing herself, and attracting attention. At this time Mr. Joseph Clarke, son of a respectable builder on Snow Hill (his father was the "great contractor" of his day, and a *man reputed to be enormously rich*) became enamoured of Miss Thompson, who readily received his addresses. She eloped with him, and they lived together about three years, when he married her. She conducted herself with propriety, and they lived together decently several years; in the course of which she bore him several children, four of whom are alive.'—*Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1809.

of the Half-Pay Fund, the sole control of this provision having been vested in the Commander-in-Chief.

The produce of the fund arose from the sale of commissions fallen in by the death or dismissal of officers in the army, and amounts thus realised were applied to the purchase of commissions for meritorious officers, and other beneficial purposes.

Colonel Wardle stated he should prove that the Duke of York had a mistress, Mrs. Clarke, living in great splendour in Gloucester Place, from 1803 to 1806. This lady had a scale of prices for the sale of commissions, and he would lay before the House Mrs. Clarke's prices and the Regulation prices.

	Mrs. Clarke's Prices.	Regulation Prices.		Mrs. Clarke's Prices.	Regulation Prices.
A Majority . .	£900	£2,600	A Lieutenancy .	£400	£550
A Company . .	700	1,500	An Ensigncy . .	200	400

Every sale effected by Mrs. Clarke was a loss to the Half-Pay Fund of the difference between her price and the Regulation price. He then made a statement of a list of sales effected by her, the sums paid, the names and ranks of the officers, a list of exchanges, &c.

Her patronage, it was stated, extended also to ecclesiastics. He moved for a Committee of the whole House to investigate the subject. The motion was agreed to, and the witnesses were ordered to be summoned.

On February 1, Mrs. Clarke stood at the bar of the House—a lovely Thaïs, eminently self-possessed, armed with ready wit, and with charms of person and address which dazzled the gravest members. She contrived to turn all questions put to her with the object of giving annoyance, or for her degradation, into the means of exposing the Duke of York, who, it appears, had withdrawn his 'protection,' stipulating to pay her an annuity of 400*l.* per annum, which had been suffered to fall into arrears, and her applications for payment had been met with threats of the 'pillory' and the 'Bastille.'

Wilberforce, who, as we have seen, had been active in bringing forward the impeachment of Lord Melville, for corruption in his office, when at the Admiralty, as far as misappropriation of the Navy Fund was concerned; and Whitbread, who, as a leader of the Radical Reformers, was foremost in exposing state intrigues and corruptions at Court—were active in bringing forward and proving the case against the Commander-in-Chief.

Wilberforce has made the following entry in his diary, touching the investigation before the Parliamentary Committee: 'This melancholy business will do irreparable mischief to public morals, by accustoming the public to hear without emotion shameless violations of decency. The House examining Mrs. Clarke for two hours, cross-examining her in the Old Bailey way, she, elegantly dressed, consummately impudent and very clever, got clearly the better of the tussle.'

Two officers who endeavoured to shield their chief during the investigation by giving evidence contrary to the truth, were committed to Newgate for equivocation.

After an examination which lasted some while, during which facts damaging to both sides were elicited, while Mrs. Clarke's allegations remained unshaken in the main, Colonel Wardle summed up the evidence, and concluded by moving 'that the Duke of York had been guilty of corrupt practices and connivance. He accordingly prayed for his dismissal from the command of the army.'

Mr. Banks moved an amendment acquitting the Duke of York of personal corruption, but petitioning the King to remove him for gross irregularities and negligence.

Mr. Percival moved and carried a resolution absolving the Duke of all personal corruption or criminal connivance.

It was evident that the resignation of the Commander-in-Chief would alone stop further proceedings. Wilberforce and his party succeeded in forcing him to retire from the command of the army, and the inquiry was dropped.

Sir David Dundas succeeded the Duke of York, and after holding the appointment for two years, resigned, and the Duke was reinstated.

Mrs. Clarke was not appeased by the results of the parliamentary investigation, which had, in fact, effected nothing for her, and all for others. These disgraceful exposures would have been escaped if the Duke had paid her annuity. Her motives in the matter were of course entirely personal; the public were on her side, and she made the notoriety serve her purpose. She announced a *Memoir of her Life*, and of her transactions with the Duke of York, accompanied by a series of his letters; these latter would have been eagerly read, the fervid specimens which came out in the course of the investigation were republished, versified, and circulated in various forms, to the delight of the public. The consequences, and the ridicule apprehended from this exposure, effected the purpose which a mere regard for good faith could not accomplish: negotiations were opened for the suppression and destruction of these memoirs, which were said to be actually in print. An indemnity of 7,000*l.* is believed to have secured Mrs. Clarke's silence, and the annuity of 400*l.* was guaranteed her for life. This outline of the facts will be found substantially followed by the caricaturist's series, although the details differ in certain respects from over-colouring inseparable from satirical versions.

Mrs. Clarke[1] stated that she had been under the protection of the Duke of

[1] The name of Mrs. Clarke's father was Thompson, and he, it appears, was a master printer of some respectability, residing in Bowl and Pin Alley, near White's Alley, Chancery Lane, where Miss Thompson was ushered into the world, as Sterne has it, with 'squalls of disapprobation at the journey she was compelled to perform.'

Upon the death of Mr. Thompson, his widow married a Mr. Farquhar, who was engaged as a

York since the years 1802 or 1803, but her establishment in Gloucester Place did not commence till 1804; it consisted of two carriages, eight horses, nine men servants, &c., to defray the expenses of which the Duke allowed her 2,000*l.* per annum, to be paid monthly. That she had also a small establishment at Weybridge; the house belonged to His Royal Highness. That the sums she received from the Duke were barely adequate to pay the servants their wages and liveries; and when she informed him of it, he replied that 'if she were clever, she would not ask him for money.' That the applications for her interest in military promotions were very numerous; she mentioned them to His Royal Highness, who told her which were likely to be successful. At one period she had a long list of applicants, procured either by Captain Sandon or Mr. Donovan, which she gave his Royal Highness, who said he would procure the appointments by degrees; she stated to him at the same time the sums which she should receive for her interest in procuring them; that the appointment of Mr. Dowler to the Commissariat was through the influence of the Duke of York, who knew that she was to receive 1,000*l.* for it. That two applications were made through the medium of Mr. Donovan, for promotions in the Church, one for a deanery, the other a bishopric; and Dr. O'Meara, who expected one of them, applied to her for a letter of introduction to His Royal Highness. That the Duke was

compositor in the printing house of Mr. Hughes. Miss Thompson was occasionally employed in reading copy to the person engaged as corrector of the press, in which situation she soon attracted the notice of the son of the overseer, who, recognising her abilities, had her placed at a boarding school at Ham, where the young lady, whose 'capacity for elegant improvements' was, if we trust her biographers, of an advanced order, soon acquired ornamental accomplishments; and, from the natural quickness of her parts, she returned, after an absence of two years, so completely altered in her ideas that she thought proper to despise and treat with coldness the attentions of Mr. Day, the well-meaning young gentleman who had been at the charge of finishing her education, it is said, with the view to a future union with this sprightly and promising female prodigy.

Her biographers have hinted at least one flirtation, possibly of a harmless description, before she arrived at the age of seventeen, when she threw in her future with Mr. Joseph Clarke, the hopeful son of a wealthy builder and contractor in Snow Hill. After a union of many years, during which she had experienced various vicissitudes, we find that the misconduct of her husband, who seems, on the whole—from the accounts of some of his contemporaries—to have done his best to deserve the treatment he received, although there are two sides to this story, determined the fascinating Mary Ann to trust to her own resources for support.

During her tenure of the 'neutral territory,' the name of more than one gentleman of gallant reputation and of rank was coupled with her own; but passing over the list of her admirers, we must mention a certain Mr. Dowler (whose name occurred frequently during the investigation), who seems to have had more faithful regard for the lady than her other doubtful lights of love. Mrs. Clarke further became ambitious of shining on a larger scale, and she had the honour of appearing on the boards of the Haymarket Theatre in the character of Portia. Great praise was awarded her performance; her natural abilities, with a certain vivacity, added to a well modulated voice and graceful action, were sufficient to qualify her for a successful actress; but she felt that her proper stage was the world, and she merely secured her introduction to the histrionic profession as an experiment towards promoting the foundation of her future fortunes, and her object in this regard seems to have been secured and her plans were successfully realised.

fully acquainted with the extent of her establishment as he visited her every day; paid some incidental debts which she had incurred; but, at the time of separation, had not made any advances of cash for three months, and, in consequence, left her involved more than 2,000*l.* in debt. She resided in Gloucester Place about three years.

Mrs. Clarke also stated that she obtained for Major Shaw the appointment of Deputy Barrack-Master-General of the Cape of Good Hope, for which he was to pay her 1,000*l.*; she, however, only received 500*l.*, and, on complaining to His Royal Highness, he warned her to be more careful, and not to suffer herself to be duped again, adding that he would put Major Shaw on half-pay. Major Shaw sent her several letters in consequence, complaining of being put upon half-pay, but she paid no attention to them.

Mrs. Clarke also stated that she had in her service as footman, a young man, named Samuel Carter; he lived with her about twelve months, and was in the habit of attending upon her when in company with the Duke of York. She at length obtained for him a commission in the 16th Foot, by applying to the Duke, who conversed with him on the occasion. At the time of the investigation he was a staff officer in the West Indies. Carter was recommended to her by Captain Sutton, and was indebted to her alone for his commission.

It appeared from later disclosures that this Carter, who was by no means a person without education, was the natural son of the deceased Captain Sutton, a most meritorious officer, and a personal friend of the Prince's, and that his son's appointment was an act of well-deserved benevolence. Carter's age at the date of his appointment was, according to Mrs. Clarke's account, about eighteen, but on account of his short stature he looked a mere boy.

Mrs. Clarke was asked whether she intended to abide by the statement of her having pinned up at the head of the bed a list of the friends whom she wished to be promoted, and which list the Duke of York took away? She answered affirmatively, and said that His Royal Highness took it down the second morning, drew up the curtain, and read it. She afterwards saw it in His Royal Highness's pocket-book, with scratches through several of the names of those who had been promoted.

Miss Mary Ann Taylor, who was in the habit of visiting Mrs. Clarke, when she was under the Duke's protection, very frequently, stated that she heard the Duke of York speak to Mrs. Clarke about Colonel French's levy, and that what passed, as nearly as she could recollect, was as follows. 'I am continually worried by Colonel French. He worries me continually about the levy business, and is always wanting something more in his own favour.' Turning then to Mrs. Clarke (Miss T. thinks), he said, 'How does he behave to you, darling?' or some such kind words as he was wont to use. Mrs. Clarke replied, 'Middling;

not very well;' on which the Duke said, 'Master French must mind what he is about, or I shall cut him up and his levy too!'[1]

Large sums, it is certain, had been supplied by the Duke to his mistress—upwards of 5,000*l.* in notes, and in payments to tradesmen for wine, furniture, and a variety of articles, to the amount, in the whole, of between 16,000*l.* and 17,000*l.*, and all within the space of little more than two years. The extent of Mrs. Clarke's debts was likewise to be considered.[2]

Mrs. Clarke's Memoirs.—Mrs. Clarke called on Sir Richard Phillips for the purpose of making some arrangement respecting the publication of her *Memoirs*; this offer was declined for several reasons of a private and political nature: the unqualified reproaches to which Sir Richard Phillips had lately been exposed had probably taught him some lessons of reserve, or at least he did not choose to expose himself to public notice as the publisher of a work which was likely to create much political interest, at least while the novelty of the thing lasted. Though this gentleman declined to become the purchaser of Mrs. Clarke's MS., he promised to recommend her to a publisher, who would treat her justly and liberally. At the same time, Sir Richard told Mrs. Clarke he conceived if she could obtain the arrears of her annuity from the Duke, and a legal settlement for the payment of it in future, together with the payment of all debts contracted during her late connection with His Royal Highness, it would better answer her purpose to suppress the publication altogether. To this reasonable proposition Mrs. Clarke consented; negotiations were opened with the Commander-in-Chief's advisers, and a projected plan of accommodation made known. This was followed by a string of propositions on the other side, which were drawn up, and assented to by Mrs. Clarke, and the famous threatened *Memoirs* of this lady, 'written by herself,' were consigned to the flames on the premises of Mr. Gillet, the printer, of Salisbury Square.

Eighteen thousand copies, with the perusal of which the country was to have been indulged, were actually destroyed, and the entire publication was effectually suppressed. Besides destroying the *Memoirs* Mrs. Clarke gave up ninety private letters, containing, it is said, anecdotes of illustrious and noble personages, of the most curious description.

April 29.—'Mrs. Clarke's *Memoirs* are said to have been suppressed, in consequence of her receiving 7,000*l.* down, and an annuity of 400*l.* for her own life, and an annuity of 200*l.* each for her respective daughters, with a promise that her son shall be provided for. The printer of the work has also received 500*l.* of the indemnification money.'[3]

It is difficult to discriminate between the alleged motives of Colonel Wardle's

[1] *Minutes of Evidence*; and *Annual Register*, 1809.

[2] Mr. Burton's defence. *Minutes of Evidence.*

[3] *Gentleman's Magazine.*

action and his real object; public spirit was the mainspring which directed the mover of the investigation, if we may trust his own account, and for awhile the populace seems to have been of the same opinion, as addresses of thanks from various corporations acknowledged his patriotism. Somewhat later his disinterestedness began to be questioned; then the ugly evidence of the house at Westbourne Place was found difficult to argue away.[1] The absence of Major Dodd and Mr. Glennie at the action—where their presence was of the utmost importance—brought against the Colonel by one Wright, an upholsterer, to recover the expenses of furnishing this house, looked suspicious; the evidence was against the plaintiff, and Wardle was cast in the suit, and had to pay 2,000*l.* and costs.

In the course of the trial it began to be hinted that the chief instigator of these proceedings was no less than a royal Duke, the brother of the Commander-in Chief.

It seems tolerably clear, on sifting the motives of the several actors and puppets in this matter, who had personally nothing to gain by the Duke's dismissal, and who were obviously, with one or two exceptions, corrupt agents in the first instance by their own confessions, and therefore likely to be actuated by no higher principles in the proceedings at issue, that they were (involuntarily in some cases) exposing their own misdeeds to forward the purpose of a greater personage, who did not appear, but to whose influence and purse they looked for their reward.

Mrs. Clarke was, as everyone recognised, acting from the common impulse of personal aggrandisement, and she frankly acknowledged her principles. The year following the investigation, and the destruction of her *Memoirs*, she thought proper to revenge the want of faith which, according to her account, had characterised the proceedings of the 'conspirators' in her own case, by exposing the true intentions of the Duke's assailants; her motives, as she admitted, were in this second exposure prompted by the same interested spirit which had actuated the previous prosecution of her late friend and protector.

[1] Colonel Wardle had promised, or clearly given it to be understood by Mrs. Clarke, that he would furnish a house for her at Westbourne Place, in part payment for her services in the prosecution of the Duke of York. Colonel Wardle, afterwards finding it convenient to deny that he had come under any such obligation, was sued at law by an upholsterer who had furnished the house; and, on the evidence of Mrs. Clarke and the upholsterer's brother, obliged to pay about 2000*l.*, with costs. The day after judgment was given in this cause, Colonel Wardle published, in several newspapers, a note addressed to the people of the three kingdoms, declaring before God and his country that a verdict had been obtained against him only through perjury. During the progress of the trial, the colonel had written to his men of law again and again, desiring that Major Dodd, Mr. James Glennie, heretofore of the corps of engineers, and other respectable witnesses, should be examined; but the lawyers thought this unnecessary. The evidence of Mrs. Clarke, and of the brother of the upholsterer, on oath, would be overthrown by that of the respectable witnesses whom he had to bring forward on a second trial for which he had made application. But if so, what is to be thought of the evidence of Mrs. Clarke against the Duke of York?—*Annual Register*, 1809.

According to her account Colonel Wardle was simply a tool in the hands of the Duke of Kent; his allies were Major Dodd and Mr. Glennie, the former being the Duke of Kent's secretary—who engaged himself without scruple to forward the projects of his employer. According to all accounts Colonel Wardle had bribed the assistance of an ambitious woman who fancied herself aggrieved, and who was, above all, amenable to sordid incentives: the Duke had left her in debt, had broken his word in more than one instance, and had used threats of the pillory and the Bastille in reply to her applications; she was tired of living in obscure retirement, and was irritated by the menaces of creditors, whose demands she had no means of satisfying. The chief temptation held out to her was, however, a promise that she should once more enjoy that command of ease, and power of shining in the world of fashion, which had been Mrs. Clarke's weakness through life. The arrears she claimed were to be made up, her debts were to be paid, the allowance she sought from the Duke of York (400*l.* per annum), was to be doubled by his brother; she was to have a carriage and four, with a residence and state in proportion; and she was to exercise her own taste in furnishing a house with the elegance and splendour which had marked her late establishment at Gloucester Place. To do the lady justice, she hesitated before inflicting the grave injuries which must attend the public exposure of her whilom benefactor, although she was by no means habitually given to sentimentality. She wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, asked for the allowance which, as she avowed, she had done nothing to forfeit, and at the same time mentioned the overtures which two factions were making her: one party for political purposes—the Radical Reformers to wit, headed by Sir Francis Burdett (who she declared had proposed to treat for the papers and letters in her possession, some sixty of which, as she informed the Duke, were in his own handwriting); the other influence brought to bear on her was of a more subtle and covert description, and she went so far as to indicate the disastrous consequences to himself which would inevitably follow if she lent herself to the schemes of his personal antagonists.

The Duke of York remained obdurate, and thus played into the hands of his personal and political enemies. Colonel Wardle seized the opportunity. He gave Mrs. Clarke 100*l.* for present necessities, to induce reliance in those liberal promises which were later repudiated. The lady's natural sagacity, and her experience of life, furnished her with strategic abilities almost equal to the combined talents of the respective factions between which she found herself; and on the strength of the assistance which she finally consented to afford to Colonel Wardle and his supporters through Major Dodd—who, though less seen, was the more active agent in organising the attack on the Commander-in-Chief—she secured the house in Westbourne Place as an earnest

of the benefits she was to receive hereafter, and succeeded in making Colonel Wardle become security for the furniture. In her disappointment it must have proved at least somewhat of a consolation to have out-manœuvred the Colonel; who, for his reward, reaped in the end the obloquy attending exposure and ridicule instead of the glorification which at first appeared likely to crown his exertions. Thus the combination was successfully set in motion, and, in spite of all its discordant elements, compelled to work with something like consistent unison, or its individual members were left to take the consequences of any attempted retrogression, as in the instances of Captain Sandon (Mrs. Clarke's ally), on the one hand, and General Clavering,[1] whose sympathies were with his chief, on the other. The opponents of the Duke of York were thus prepared to open the campaign in the manner we have seen.

In 1810 Mrs. Clarke took up her pen to endeavour to prove that the Duke of York's fall was actually brought about by the successful ingenuity and masterly tactics of his brother the Duke of Kent. In a pamphlet entitled *The Rival Princes* she argued there was feud between the two Dukes, a fact which was sufficiently accepted out of doors, before the appearance of her publication, and that of the refutation which followed it under the title of *The Rival Dukes.* It will be remembered that early in 1802 the Duke of Kent obtained the governorship of Gibraltar, and that when possessed of the supreme command he determined to introduce all the rigour of German discipline, in accordance with the school in which he had received his military education. His efforts to remodel the existing regulations, and to substitute a system of severer subordination and rigid restraint, were not attended with auspicious results; on the contrary, a mutiny took place, December 24, 1803, in which, it is said, the Governor's life was actually aimed at. On this occasion several officers distinguished themselves by their zeal and activity; while the timely arrival of a detachment of artillery

[1] March 23, 1809.—The Speaker put the question: 'That it is the opinion of this House that General Clavering in the said evidence is guilty of prevarication,' which was agreed to without a division; and General Clavering was ordered to be forthwith taken into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms.

March 24.—The Serjeant-at-Arms, having reported that General Clavering was in custody, Mr. W. Wynne moved, 'That, for his prevarication before the Committee of the whole House, General Clavering be now committed to Newgate, and the speaker do issue his warrant accordingly;' which was agreed to.

March 27.—Mr. Fane presented a petition from Captain Sandon, which, after stating his services in the army for upwards of thirty years in various parts of the globe, concludes with apologising for his conduct at the Bar of that House, by attributing it to the hardships he had recently undergone in Spain, combined with an injury sustained on the brain some time since, and the novelty of his situation when called on to give evidence.

March 28.—On the motion of Mr. Fane, Captain Huxley Sandon was called to the Bar; and, after a very impressive reprimand from Mr. Speaker, was ordered to be discharged out of custody on paying the fees.

under Captain Dodd, not only endeared that officer to his royal highness through the remainder of his life, but contributed not a little to restore order in the garrison. The Duke of Kent was soon after recalled, and although he requested that the Commander-in-Chief should hold a court-martial on his conduct, the Duke of York declined to sanction the proceedings—Mrs. Clarke alleged out of fraternal kindness, as he declared to her, that if he had acceded to his brother's wishes, the Duke of Kent would certainly have been dismissed, which would have resulted in the loss of his emoluments, and this would have occasioned a reduction of some 2,000*l.* per annum in his income, at a time too when he was in sufficiently straitened circumstances.

From the date of his return his royal highness remained unemployed, and all efforts to obtain a restoration to his governorship, or attain any command in the army, proved unavailing, although he had received the bâton of a field-marshal in 1805.

Between the Commander-in-Chief and his brother a jealousy had for some time subsisted, and Mrs. Clarke did not hesitate to state that the intrigue to which she had been induced to lend herself as the most conspicuous figure, was prompted by a desire on the part of the principal agitator—who remained discreetly in the background—to humiliate the Duke of York, in the expectation that the office of Commander-in-Chief, vacated by his brother's dismissal, would descend on himself in the natural order of things : an expectation which was not realised. One wild surmise attributed to 'the party' the belief that the Duke of York, smarting under his disgrace, would commit suicide, and thus afford the Duke of Kent a chance of being appointed his successor, as in the event of his brother's decease, there seems little doubt that the Duke of Kent, in spite of certain prejudices against which he struggled through his prematurely closed life, would have filled the office, almost by family right. The character of the Duke of Kent has been dispassionately reviewed since that date, and the calumnies of his detractors disallowed ; beyond a natural leaning to discipline pushed to severity, through the fruits of his training, it is clear that his disposition was remarkably free from the guilty personal weaknesses which marked his age, and from those unrestrained self-indulgences which disfigured many of the brightest luminaries of the last century in nearly every phase of society.

It will perhaps be interesting, after having thus attempted to trace the involutions of this complicated and scandalous intrigue, which, however, belongs to history, to add a word on the ultimate careers of the principal actors. Mrs. Clarke chiefly spent her later years in Paris, where it is understood she died, leaving a fortune amounting to some thousands of pounds. It is a redeeming point in her character, that when a certain nobleman (best known by the fictitious title of the 'Marquis of Steyne,' under which he figures in a famous novel, perhaps the

finest in the world), presuming on the reputation of the mother, made princely overtures, with the object of converting one of her daughters—who, we are informed, were unusually handsome young ladies—into his mistress, the proposal was treated with the indignation its nature merited.

Mr. Clarke, who was by no means the sinner, according to another account which has reached us, that his detractors have painted, became for a time, as we learn, a Brother of the Charter House. He lived to a very venerable age; and he, too, from the circumstances of his family, was able to leave some property at his decease.

The majority of caricatures published by Rowlandson in 1809 relate, as we have already said, to the Clarke Scandal. The exposures which attended this connection, and the action taken by the members of the Opposition in consequence of the disclosures of abuses of influence which came out in course of the investigation, occasioned the Duke of York to resign his office as head of the army, a temporary concession rendered unavoidable, it appeared, under the circumstances. The satirical prints put forth to hold up to ridicule the various compromising revelations which marked the progress of the Parliamentary examination of witnesses formed a series by themselves. Thomas Tegg who issued the greater part of these plates, thought proper to bring out a frontispiece or title-page to the collection, which our artist etched, for the purpose, on March 27, 1809. The design of this introductory print is arranged as a screen, on which is the lettering: '*Tegg's complete Collection of Caricatures relative to Mrs. Clarke, and the circumstances arising from the Investigation of the Conduct of His Royal Highness the Duke of York before the House of Commons*, 1809—

> Out of Evil cometh good—
> Learn to be wise from others' harm,
> And thou shalt do full well.

On the ground is a book open at the Commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' and beside lie the Duke's letters to his lady-love, beginning, 'My darling, dearest dear,' &c. Mrs. Clarke and Colonel Wardle, the pair made most conspicuous during the enquiry, are standing on pedestals, placed at either extremity, and drawing back the curtains. The mitre and crozier of the Duke, as Prince Bishop of Osnaburgh, crossed by his long sword and the military cocked-hat appertaining to his official position, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, form an appropriate trophy, arranged above the proscenium.

February 15, 1809. *Dissolution of Partnership, or the Industrious Mrs. Clarke Winding up her Accounts.* Published by T. Tegg, Cheapside.—Above the heads of the principal performers in this scene is engraved the well-known quotation from Gay's 'Beggar's Opera':—

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind ;
By her we first are taught the wheedling arts ;
Her very eyes can cheat when most she's kind.
She tricks us of our money with our hearts :
For her, like wolves, by night we rove for prey,
And practise every fraud to bribe her charms ;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

Mrs. Clarke is seated on a 'rickety chair,' with a 'Morocco bottom ;' at her feet are the tender epistles of her admirer : 'My love, my life, I cannot exist without you ;' 'My admirable angel ;' 'My dear pretty little darling,' &c. ; the lady is holding her lap for a bag of gold (800*l.*) which a stout old party is handing her in exchange for her good offices, relative to the promotion of a scarecrow in military uniform, probably his son, seated in an 'easy chair,' with a paper at his feet inscribed likewise from Gay's 'Newgate Pastoral' :—

'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries, 'That was levelled at me!'

Mrs. Clarke's boudoir is indicated behind ; the portrait of 'Frederick' is hanging therein, and below it is pinned a 'list of candidates for promotion. Sums offered. Clavering 2,000*l.* ; Dowling, 800*l.* ; O'Meara, 300*l.*' &c. Everything is apparently conducted on a business-like footing. 'Mrs. Clarke's Ledger' is placed ready to hand, and upon it is a long file of receipts, 'commissions paid for.'

February 20, 1809. *Mrs. Clarke's Levee.* A pair of subjects on one plate. Published by T. Tegg, Cheapside.—The interest of this frail dispenser of patronage was not confined to the army, it was extended to the Church. In the course of the disclosures it was shown that a certain Doctor O'Meara had secured, through her offices, and for a consideration, the privilege of preaching before Royalty—an equivocal road to preferment, on the nature of which the caricaturists were especially playful, as succeeding prints will elucidate. Mrs. Clarke is seen, standing in semi-royal state, under a canopy, and holding a levee of interested applicants : military officers, of various grades, are bowing before the fair patroness ; a Church dignitary, openly provided with the needful (800*l.* in a money-bag), and 'cits' who are willing to treat for the advantage of having their sons converted into officers and gentlemen. Mrs. Clarke is candidly rehearsing the terms on which business may be transacted at her establishment ; the conditions are sufficiently plausible :—

Ye Captains and ye Colonels—ye Parsons wanting place,
Advice I'll give you gratis, and think upon your case.
If there is possibility for you I'll raise the dust ;
But then you must excuse me—if I serve myself the first.

February 20, 1809. *The Ambassador of Morocco on a Special Embassy.*—In

such delicate transactions as Mrs. Clarke carried on at Gloucester Place, where the Duke had set up an elegant establishment for her use, the intermediary of third parties was essential. Among the accommodating persons whose names were brought to light in the course of the proceedings, as acting in the capacity of 'go-betweens,' was a certain 'Emperor of Morocco,' as he was styled in the correspondence, but who, in sober reality, was a ladies' shoemaker, one Taylor, of Bond Street.

The print represents this mysterious plenipotentiary, with private correspondence in his hand, hurrying up to Mrs. Clarke's handsomely furnished mansion; the lady, who is at the open window on the look-out for her envoy, is crying, 'Open the door, John; here comes the Ambassador. Now for the dear delightful answer.' John Bull, with his dog by his side, who has apparently formed a suspicion of the Emperor's errand, is enquiring, 'I say, Master Shoemaker, where be you going in such a woundy hurry?' To which the bustling confidential agent replies, 'Don't speak to me, fellow; you should never pry into State affairs.'

February 24, 1809. *Days of Prosperity in Gloucester Place, or a Kept Mistress in High Feather.* Published by T. Tegg.—'Money was expended upon her footmen, chariots, musicians, singers, players, dancers, parasites, pimps, and bawds. But in the end the money of the people.'—*Vide* Cobbett, *Annual Register.* A scene of coarse and indiscriminate revelry is represented proceeding in Mrs. Clarke's drawing-room; a round table is covered with wines, spirits, punchbowls, and, among the rich dessert dishes, is a gigantic golden bowl, the thankoffering of a Bishop. The diversions of the company assembled have passed the bounds of innocent recreation; fiddlers and singers are rolling on the floor, wine and punch are recklessly thrown about the place, and altogether the spectacle is not of an improving character. A troop of flunkeys, in expensive liveries, are helping themselves from the decanters and laughing at the tipsy antics of the company.

February 26, 1809. *All for Love. A Scene at Weymouth.*—The Duke's most affectionate epistles were dated from Weymouth, and the caricaturist has drawn the stout commander seated at table there, pen in hand, filled with rapture at the prospect of returning to his Delilah: 'To-morrow I inspect my regiment, and then for my dearest, dearest, dearest love!' Unfinished love-letters are scattered around: 'Oh, love is the cause of my folly!' 'My amiable girl!' 'My dearest dear, I hope to be in your arms,' &c. The Duke's black footboy, who is standing staring in amazement at the rhapsodising hero his master, is inclined to moralise over the Duke's follies: 'Bless my massa! what be the matter with him? Him in love, I fear. Sambo once be in love with bad woman, but him repent!' On the same plate is a second subject, entitled—

February 26, 1809. *An Unexpected Meeting.*—An elderly officer is amazed at running across the figure of Mrs. Clarke's footboy, strutting in his uniform as bold as the best. 'Can I believe my eyes? Why, this is the little footboy who waited on us at the house of a lady of a certain description!' The promoted favourite is highly indignant at this allusion to the past: 'I beg, sir, you will not come for to go to affront a gemman!'

February 26, 1809. *The Bishop and his Clarke.* Published by T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.—The reverend Bishop of Osnabrück has laid aside his crozier and mitre and assumed the nightcap of domestic retirement. By his side is the notorious Clarke, who is reminding her companion of certain promises: 'Only remember the promotions I mentioned; I have pinned up the *list* at the head of the bed.' To which the Duke of York is tenderly responding, 'Ask anything in reason, and you shall have it, my dearest love!' The list of promotions includes 'A Bishopric for Dr. O'Leary,' 'A Commissariat for Dicky Dowlas,' and other items, down to a post for the lady's footboy. It was stated by Mrs. Clarke, during the proceedings, that the Duke had assured her 'that as his favourite she had far more influence than the Queen.'

February 27, 1809. *A Pilgrimage from Surrey to Gloucester Place, or the Bishop in an Ecstasy.* Published by T. Tegg.—The Duke of York, arrayed in his canonicals as Prince Bishop of Osnabrück, has turned his back on his mansion and on his wife; he has travelled a long stride upon the 'road to destruction' and passed the 'stumbling-block' on his path. He is trampling under foot 'Thoughts on Connubial Happiness' and the Commandments, and is just turning the corner of Gloucester Place, saying, 'Now for a meeting with my dearest dear.' Mrs. Clarke and a female friend are looking out of window, and signalling the Duke's arrival. Various placards are pasted on the house of his mistress: 'To all.—Journeymen Taylors wanted,' 'Man traps are placed every night on these premises,' 'Diamonds by Mrs. Clarke, Lapidary to His Highness;' 'Agency Office; business transacted on moderate terms;' 'This evening will be performed "Duke and no Duke," by His Majesty's servants,' &c.

February 29, 1809. *The York*[1] *Magician Transforming a Footboy into a Captain.* Published by T. Tegg.—The Commander-in-Chief has assumed the white beard, fur cap, and robes of a magician; he is waving a magic wand, 'Petticoat Influence,' over Mrs. Clarke's late footboy, who is rising transformed into a captain, and filled with astonishment at the rapidity of the performance. The Duke is made to say, 'By the mystery of my art, no more be a footboy, but rise a captain!'

March 2, 1809. *A Parliamentary Toast.* Published by T. Tegg.—A

[1] Sometimes the word 'York' is erased from the plate 'Transforming a Footboy into a Captain.'

company, consisting principally of army officers, have been dining; the wine is on the table. 'Come, Jack, favour with a toast.' The chairman is standing on his legs to do honour to his toast: 'Here is the lady that can raise five hundred!' Another gallant gentleman is anxiously enquiring of his neighbour, 'How much did you give to be gazetted?' The answer, given with a disconsolate air, is, 'Five hundred hard cash!' A listener is remarking, 'I did not think it would have been done up so soon. I had promised at least a dozen promotions!'

March 4, 1809. *Chelsea Parade, or a Croaking Member Surveying the Inside, Outside, and Backside of Mrs. Clarke's Premises.* Published by T. Tegg.—The front door of Mrs. Clarke's establishment, 'Warren Street.' The door is inscribed, 'Knock, and you shall enter.' A notice-board, hung out sign-fashion, bears the quotation: 'All the world's a stage, and men and women merely players. Some play the upper, some the under part, but chief play that most foreign to their heart.' Colonel Wardle, wrapped in his military cloak, and indicating discretion, with his finger on his lips, is handing a bag of money to a waiting-maid and saying, 'You understand me,' to which the favourite is replying with an assurance 'that the Colonel's business shall be attended to.' Mrs. Clarke, leaning out of window, is overlooking her visitor and crying, 'Though not in love, enter quick, my guardian angel, my sweet Widdle-Waddle.' Mr. Croker, ensconced in 'Prospect Place,' opposite, as the 'croaking member,' spyglass in hand, is surveying the position of affairs from an attic marked, 'Peeping Tom's Observatory;' he is exclaiming, 'Oh, the devil choke her! he's Waddling in, as I'm a prying Croaker.' A discomfited group of ex-favourites are hurrying off as quickly as possible. The Duke of York, with mitre and crozier, a cope worn over his uniform, and bearing a label on his stole: 'Men have their entrances and their exits,' cries, 'To part with my dear, and not allow four hundred a year.' His lawyer, Adam, by his side, cries, 'Alas, alas! all flesh is grass—so said Adam, my forefather;' and Doctor O'Meara, bringing up the rear, in great tribulation, is moaning, 'O me, Leary! O me, Leary! who once made Royalty melt into tears—am now become a sniveller.'

March 5, 1809. *The Road to Preferment—through Clarke's Passage.* Published by T. Tegg.—Mrs. Clarke, wearing a general's uniform above her skirts, is standing at the entrance to a wide thoroughfare, marked 'Clarke's Passage.' There is a stampede to gain admission—officers, dandies, old fogeys, parsons with money-bags, fathers and sons—the halt and the lame, the gouty and disabled, are all flocking in crowds, ready to pay for the accommodation,—but in vain. The arbitress of promotions and easy advancements is declaring, 'Gentlemen, it is no use to rush on in this manner; the principal places have been disposed of these three weeks; and I assure you at present there is not even standing room.'

March 5, 1809. *The York March.* Published by T. Tegg.—The stout

Duke of York has turned his sturdy back on his fair enslaver, declaring, 'If I must march, I must; however, I shall leave my Baggage behind me!' The principal cause of the exposure may be laid to the Duke's account. He declined, as has been mentioned, to keep his word in respect to an allowance of four hundred a year, which, there appears no doubt, he had promised to make the lady, if her conduct, after his desertion, was such as to merit his approval. Mrs. Clarke, who is dressed precisely as she appeared at the bar of the House of Commons,[1] is thus reproaching the York deserter: 'O you gay deceiver, to leave a poor woman without *protection!*' The storm which was raised during the enquiry into the abuses of privilege in the administration of the army and

If I must March, I must
however I shall leave
my Baggage behind me!!
O You gay deceiver—to
leave a poor Woman
without Protection

THE YORK MARCH.

Half-Pay Fund, and threatened to deprive the Duke of his office as Commander-in-Chief, only hardened his resolution to do nothing for this Ariadne, who, however, to do her justice, showed herself well able to defend her own interests, and to pay back her defamers in their own coin.

[1] During the Parliamentary enquiry Mrs. Clarke appeared at the Bar of the House dressed in a pelisse and skirt of light blue silk, trimmed with white fur, with a white muff, and wearing a hat and veil of white, the latter turned up to show her face. Her features are described as more pleasing than handsome, according to recognised standards of regular types of countenance. Her complexion was remarkably clear and animated; and her eyes, which were blue, were large and full of light and vivacity. She was somewhat small in stature, her figure was well turned; and as her arms were much admired for their shapely form, she was partial to attitudes which showed them off to advantage.

March 7, 1809. *The Triumvirate of Gloucester Place, or the Clarke, the Soldier, and the Taylor.* Published by T. Tegg.

John Gilpin said, 'Of womankind
I only love but one,
And thou art she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.'—*Vide* 'John Gilpin.'

—The Duke of York is seated at table, on which is wine and dessert, placed between Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke and her friend and *confidante*, Miss Taylor. The Duke's favourite is holding out her 'List of Promotions,' entered upon a tremendous roll of papers, which seems to be endless. 'I have a small list of promotions which I wish to be filled up immediately, my dearest!' To which modest request this weak-minded Samson is readily giving his assent: 'It shall be done, my darling!'

March 8, 1809. *A Scene from the Tragedy of 'Cato.'* Published by T. Tegg.—Two Britons are meeting, wearing the most solemn aspect, indicating occurrences of portentous gravity. One of the pair is a cobbler, above whose stall is the figure of an anchor and the words, 'Hope—Insurance Office.' His friend is reciting with terrific intensity these lines:—

The dawn is overcast—the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings in the day—
Big with the fate of York and Mrs. Clarke.

March 8, 1809. *Yorkshire Hieroglyphics.* Plate 1. Published by T. Tegg. —The hieroglyphics are not very difficult to decipher, and when transcribed prove nothing more than a compromising letter, which was produced in the House of Commons, incautiously sent by the amorous Commander-in-Chief to his lady-love five years previously:—

The Duke of York's first letter to Mrs. Clarke.

'Weymouth, August 4, 1804.

'My dear little Angel,—How can I sufficiently express to my sweetest, my darling love, the delight which her dear, her pretty letter gave me, or how do justice to the emotion it excited? Millions and millions of thanks for it, my angel, and be assured that my heart is wholly sensible of your affection, and that upon it alone its whole happiness depends.

'I am, however, quite hurt that my love did not go to the Lewes Races; how kind of her to think of me on that occasion! but I trust she knows me too well not to be convinced that I cannot bear the idea of adding to those sacrifices which I am but too sensible that she has made to me.

'News my angel cannot expect from me from hence; though the life led here,

at least in the family I am in, is very hurrying, there is a sameness in it which affords little subject for a letter; except Lord Chesterfield's family, there is not a single person besides ourselves I know. Last night we were at the play, which went off better than the first night.

'Dr. O'Meara called upon me yesterday morning, and delivered me your letter; he wishes much to preach before Royalty, and if I can put him in the way of it I will.

'What a time it appears to me already, my darling, since we parted; how impatiently I look forward to next Wednesday se'night!

'God bless you, my own dear, dear love! I shall miss the post if I add more! Oh, believe me ever, to my last hour, yours and yours alone.'

[Addressed 'Mrs. Clarke, to be left at the Post Office, Worthing.' Endorsed 'Dr. O'Meara.']

March 9, 1809. *The Burning Shame.*—The residence of Mrs. Clarke, at the corner of Gloucester Place, is made conspicuous to the public by a notification at one time practised in respect to disreputable vicinities. A man is planted before the door holding a notice-board, warning the passers-by to 'beware of bad houses and naughty women;' a couple of watchmen, with their lanterns slung on the ends of long poles, are throwing a good light on the nature of the case. A clergyman and an officer, who were evidently coming direct to the establishment on private ends, are, by this publicity, warned out of danger before their intention is disclosed to the public.

March 11, 1809. *Yorkshire Hieroglyphics.* Plate 2. Published by T. Tegg.

'Sandgate, August 24, 1804.

'How can I sufficiently express to my darling love my thanks for her dear, dear letter, or the delight which the assurances of her love give me!

'Oh! my angel! do me justice, and be convinced that there never was a woman adored as you are. Every day, every hour convinces me, more and more, that my whole happiness depends upon you alone. What a time it appears to be since we parted, and with what impatience do I look forward to the day after to-morrow; there are still, however, two whole nights before I clasp my darling in my arms.

'How happy am I to learn that you are better; I still, however, will not give up my hopes of the cause of your feeling uncomfortable.

'Clavering is mistaken, my angel, in thinking that any new regiments are to be raised; it is not intended, only second battalions to the existing corps; you had better, therefore, tell him so, and that you were sure that there would be no use in applying for him.

'Ten thousand thanks, my love, for the handkerchiefs, which are delightful;

and I need not, I trust, assure you of the pleasure I feel in wearing them, and thinking of the dear hands which made them for me.

'Nothing could be more satisfactory than the tour I have made, and the state in which I have found everything. The whole of the day before yesterday was employed in visiting the works at Dover, reviewing the troops there, and examining the coast as far as this place. From Folkestone I had a very good view of those of the French Camp.

'Yesterday I first reviewed the Camp here, and afterwards the 14th Light Dragoons, who are certainly in very fine order; and from thence proceeded to Brabourne Lees, to see four regiments of Militia; which altogether took me up near thirteen hours.

'I am now setting off immediately to ride along the coast to Hastings, reviewing the different corps as I pass, which will take me at least as long.

'Adieu, therefore, my sweetest and dearest love, till the day after to-morrow, and be assured that to my last hour I shall ever remain your's and your's alone.'

[Addressed 'George Farquhar, Esq., 18 Gloucester Place, Portman Square.' Folkestone, endorsed 'Gen. Clavering,' &c.]

March 12, 1809. *The Statue to be Disposed of.* Published by T. Tegg, Cheapside.—Mrs. Clarke's house at the corner of Gloucester Place is again the subject of caricature. The figure of the Duke of York, in his uniform, with his back to the spectator, and his face to the wall, is placed on a pedestal for disposal. A placard, posted on the house, announces: 'The statue on the outside having been thoroughly repaired and whitewashed, is to be sold by private contract. For further particulars enquire within.' A bill-poster is sticking up the following notice on behalf of the publisher: 'Caricature Warehouse, 111 Cheapside. A new caricature on Mrs. Clarke every day.'

March 13, 1809. *A General Discharge, or the Darling Angel's Finishing Stroke.* Published by T. Tegg.—Mrs. Clarke has been making pretty havoc among the branches of the service. She has drummed out a number of officers to the tune of the 'Rogue's March;' discomfited generals and prelates, who, since their intrigues are unmasked, are doing their best to get out of range. As to the 'Darling Angel's' redoubtable opponent, the Commander-in-Chief, he has laid down his cocked-hat and sword, and, on his knees, is trying to mitigate the excess of mischief which his discarded lady-love is in a position to wreak; he is crying in despair: 'Alas, alas! for ever ruined and undone; see, see, she has spiked my Great Gun!' Mrs. Clarke, who is putting the finishing stroke to this destructive operation, is offering a parting word of gratuitous advice to the now repentant Commander: 'A wise general should make good his retreat.'

March 15, 1809. *The Champion of Oakhampton Attacking the Hydra of Gloucester Place.* '*Bellua Multorum es Capitum.*' Vide *Horace.* The Champion

is clad in a complete suit of mail, and he is valorously rushing up to the mouth of the cavern, whence the Hydra is breaking forth; it must be confessed that the Champion seems a little staggered at the front displayed by the many-headed monster; the foremost and most overgrown head is that of the Commander-in-Chief, begirt with the *Collar of Corruption*. The other heads are described by their collars: Dowler, Sandon, Dr. O'Meara, Dr. Donovan, Mrs. Clarke, and Master Carter.

March 17, 1809. *The Parson and the Clarke.* Published by T. Tegg.—Dr. O'Meara is favoured with a private interview, of a strictly business-like character, by Mrs. Clarke. The ambitious divine is throwing up his head in such raptures that he has jerked off his learned wig: 'Oh how I should like to preach before Royalty!' The fair dispenser of patronage, with a long roll of 'Army preferments' and a shorter list of 'Church preferments' before her, is putting the case in a matter-of-fact way: 'Only pay the Clarke's fees, and the business is done.'

So great on the Church were O'Meara's designs
That he prov'd too ambitious a spark;
But where is the wonder, ye learned divines,
That the *parson* should follow the *Clarke*?

March 19, 1809. *Samson Asleep on the Lap of Delilah.* Published by T. Tegg.—The Duke of York is following the example of the famous slayer of Philistines. He is sunk in slumber, with his head on the lap of his treacherous Delilah; a pile of love-letters, addressed to his 'dearest dear,' are sufficiently indicative of his infatuation. Mrs. Clarke, who is represented in the print as a by no means repulsive-looking temptress, has taken advantage of the hero's unconsciousness to chop off his full pigtail, and she is holding up the severed caudal appendage, as an encouragement to the enemies of the helpless Commander-in-Chief to take advantage of their opportunity: 'Gentlemen, you may now take him with safety, his strength is gone; I have cut off his regulation tail, and there is no danger!'

March 24, 1809. *The Resignation, or John Bull overwhelmed with Grief.* Published by T. Tegg.—The departing Commander-in-Chief, in his regimentals, as he is invariably represented, is trying to harrow John Bull's sympathies before he deprives him of his valuable services: 'Good bye, Johnny; I am going to resign; but don't take it so much to heart; perhaps I may very soon come back again!'[1]

The good-natured national prototype is keeping up a show of affliction under the approaching bereavement; but, although he is concealing his face with his

[1] The Duke of York was reinstated in the office of Commander-in-Chief, May 26, 1811.

handkerchief, a smile lurks round the corner of his mouth as he sobs out somewhat equivocally in reply: 'O dunna, dunna go! it will break my heart to part with you—you be such a desperate moral character!'

March 24, 1809. *The Prodigal Son's Resignation.*—The stout sinner is humbling himself before the throne. A portion of the King's figure is concealed; the Duke of York has laid his *Resignation*, together with his coat, sword, and cocked-hat, at the paternal feet, and, kneeling in his denuded state, he is quoting the words of the parable of the Prodigal Son: 'Father, I have sinned before thee, and I am no longer worthy to be called thy son.' The monarch, who seems deeply affected by the spectacle of his favourite son's abasement, is returning: 'Very naughty boy! very naughty boy indeed! However, I forgive you; but don't do so any more.'

March 29, 1809. *Mrs. Clarke's Last Effort.* Published by T. Tegg.—The delicate investigation being concluded, the fair mover, Mrs. Clarke, was, as the satirists suggested, left without occupation; and Rowlandson has accordingly represented that she might employ her talents to advantage in opening an inn a little way out of town; she is pictured as the landlady of *Clarke & Co's Original Tavern, from the York Hotel, London.* Members of the Army, the Church, a Quaker, and others are hurrying up to extend their patronage to the new establishment. Mrs. Clarke, bent on hospitable intents, is encouraging her old friends to return and rally round: 'Come forward, gentlemen; you'll all be welcome. Every little helps':—

Your rhino rattle—come—
Men and cattle—come—
All to Mrs. Clarke O
Of trouble and monies
I'll ease you, my Honies,
And leave you in the dark O.

March 30, 1809. *The York Dilly, or the Triumph of Innocence.* Published by T. Tegg.—A coach full of learned gentlemen, driven by a Counsel in his robes, is passing through an enthusiastic crowd; the charioteer is declaring: 'I thought we should bring him through.' The Duke of York is in the boot, apparently, 'blowing his own trumpet;' a placard, wreathed in laurel, is on the roof of the carriage, announcing, *Acquitted. Glorious majority of* 82.

The people are uproariously demonstrative; they are shouting: 'Huzza! glorious news for Old England!' females are encouraging their husbands to cheer; the figure of Mrs. Clarke is represented bursting through the multitude and shaking her fists at her late 'protector,' while a stout Churchman by her side is loyally protesting, 'I always said he was innocent!'

April 1, 1809. *Doctor O'Meara's Return to his Family, after Preaching*

before Royalty. Published by T. Tegg.—The reverend divine has returned home to his comely spouse and family in such an elated frame of mind—skipping about, to the derangement of his ecclesiastic dignity, and losing his wig and hat—that his wife is enquiring: 'Why, my dear, you are quite frantic; what is the matter with you?' The Doctor is replying, in ecstasy, jumping higher than ever: 'Frantic?—I believe I am—I have been preaching before Royalty—our fortunes are made—such a sermon—neat text—quarter of an hour's discourse—appropriate prayer at the conclusion—Oh! to see them cry it would have melted a heart of stone—Oh bless that Mrs. Clarke; I shall never forget her!'

April 1, 1809. *Mrs. Clarke's Farewell to her Audience. Tailpiece.* Published by T. Tegg—All the principal performers—generals, colonels, captains, reverend doctors, Master Carter, &c.—who have figured in the 'Clarke Scandal,' and throughout the series of satirical prints which Rowlandson designed on the *Delicate Enquiry*, are drawn up on the stage, in proper theatrical fashion, to acknowledge the gratifying reception accorded their exertions at the hands of an appreciative public. The national prototype, as the paying patron of the performance, is in the stage box, clapping his hands with enthusiasm, and shouting, 'Bravo, bravo!' Mrs. Clarke, as the leading actress, is standing in front of the line of players, dressed in semi-martial fashion, with a military hat on her head, epaulettes, a gorget, a laced coat, and a crimson sash. She is speaking the farewell address, which is as follows:—'Ladies and Gentlemen,—Having done our duty as far as we were called upon, we most humbly take our leave of a generous audience; not, like the generality of actors, wishing for a repetition of the performance, but, on the contrary, that it may never again be repeated. As to our friend Mr. Tegg, we hope that the graphic illustrations of this drama, which he and his performers have brought forward, may meet with that encouragement which is never denied to the effusions of whim and humour by a loyal and liberal British public; but I particularly request that, while you acquit the Bishop, you will be merciful to his Clarke.'

April 4, 1809. *Original Plan for a Popular Monument, to be erected in Gloucester Place.* Published by T. Tegg.—The contributaries to this monument of turpitude are grouped together to form a memorial suited to the occasion. The foundation-stone is a huge block, labelled 'York Folly,' supported on one side by the Episcopal mitre and crozier of the Right Rev. Bishop of Osnabrück, with a scroll of 'The New Morality.' The accessories on the other side are the cocked-hat, sword, and tender love-letters of the ex-Commander-in-Chief. A block of 'Cracked Portland Stone,' and a third slab of 'Folkestone of the first quality,' refer to the agitations raised by the Duke of Portland and Lord Folkestone; the more spirited elements are ranged above this foundation, in the form of a barrel of 'Whitbread's Entire,' 'Burdett's Stingo,' and 'Wardle's British

Spirit,' these gentlemen having been the most active in enforcing the Duke's resignation. 'Romilly Freestone' supports a pair of medallions representing the two officers consigned to Newgate for prevarication—'Sandon' and 'Clavering's Dumps.' *Mrs. Clarke's Pyramid,* a golden cone, caps the edifice reared on corruption.

April 5, 1809. *A York Address to the Whale Caught lately off Gravesend.* Published by T. Tegg.—The Duke of York, in his regimentals, has gone down on his knees to the latest wonder of the hour, and is beseeching the popular arrival to divert the minds of an excitement-loving public from his own particular case: 'O mighty monster of the deep, continue to attract the attention of John Bull, bend his mind solely towards thee, for in that is my only hope; fascinated by thy powerful attractions, he may perhaps forget the honour of a Prince.'

April 10, 1809. *The Flower of the City.*—The figure of Alderman Flower is represented in the centre of a huge sunflower blowing on a stem, 'Weak Stock,' planted in a pot of 'Rank Butter,' and elevated on two cheeses, marked 'Mouldy and Rotten.' A sinister blast from a diabolical agent is withering the plant, and the leaves are falling; they are labelled with various uncomplimentary sentences, suggesting all kinds of vices, belonging to the parent shoot. Below this unflattering tribute to the Alderman is inscribed the following parody of verses:—

> The Flow'r of the City, so gaudy and fine,
> 'Midst proud ones the proudest, was erst known to shine.
> It spread its gay leaves and it show'd its rich clothes,
> And to all (less in consequence) turn'd up its nose!
> Till a blight, a sad blight, from a Democrat wind
> Struck the sensitive plant, both before and behind.
> It felt the keen blast! All its arrogance fled,
> And the Flow'r of the City hung, hung down its head.
>
> The Flow'r of the City, thus doom'd to despair,
> Droops, pines, and with wailing impregnates the air!
> Tells its pride and its folly (the cause of its grief),
> While the tears of repentance encumber each leaf!
> But vain are its tears, or the fate it bemoans,
> The world, the base world, gives but hisses and groans!
> For ever! for ever! its proud hopes are fled,
> And the Flow'r of the City hangs, hangs down its head.

April 10, 1809. *The Modern Babel, or Giants Crushed by a Weight of Evidence.* Published by T. Tegg.—The unfortunate Duke of York, with his Counsel and learned supporters, are crushed down under the weight of a compound structure which has been imposed upon their heads and shoulders. The bulkiest mass is the *Evidence of Mrs. Clarke; Miss Taylor's Evidence* is next in consequence, and the pyramidal slabs decrease upwards: *Sly hits from Sandon*

and Clavering; Home Strokes from Dowling; Mrs. Hovendon's Evidence; Mrs. Tavery, Doctor O'Meara, Master Carter, &c. The person of Mrs. Clarke, posed in a triumphant attitude, is the figure which completes this superstructure of folly.

April 18, 1809. *The Sick Lion and the Asses.* Published by T. Tegg.—The Duke of York's head is placed on the shoulders of the disabled forest king, a pair of asses are showing their heels to the royal beast. 'What a *Cur it is!*' and 'Every man has his *Price*,' written on their collars, proclaim the identity of these animals. Another ass, of deeper cunning, forbears to take advantage of the prostrate lion, from far-seeing motives: 'Pshaw, pshaw! don't be afraid, I shall not kick, you may depend upon me—you may be of service to me hereafter!'

The apologue is said to be 'taken from Mr. Waithman's speech at the Common Hall:' 'When the royal beast was sick to death, and unable to defend himself, the minor beasts he had injured came to revile him with their wrongs; but when the dull asses came to fling their heels at him the royal animal exclaimed: "Injuries from others I can bear with resignation, but to bear insult from such vile animals as asses is to die a hundred deaths!"'

April 21, 1809. *Burning the Books.* Published by T. Tegg.—As we have traced in the summary of the diversified proceedings in the Clarke Scandal, the friends of the Duke of York were glad, as a last resource, to make terms with the enemy; and the conditions under which Mrs. Clarke's silence was purchased being published abroad (considering the publicity of the circumstances attending the *Investigation*, the terms of surrender could not be disguised), the satirists made merry over this fresh instance of tergiversation.

The edition of Mrs. Clarke's memoirs, the bombshell which threatened the aristocratic peace of mind, was purchased for a certain sum. In the print of 'Burning the Books' the heroine of the scandal is holding up the terms of surrender: '10,000*l.*, debts paid, 600*l.* per annum, &c. &c.' The heroine of the memoirs is directing the destruction of her eagerly-expected volumes, containing hundreds of letters from persons of quality, including the correspondence (supposed to have been destroyed) of the Duke of York. The lady is zealous enough in the interests of her profitable clients: 'Burn away! I would burn half the universe for the money. You may preserve a copy or two for Doctor O'Meara and a few private friends. Now for my Brimstone carriage!' The printer's men are carrying piles of the offending work, and committing the edition to the flames. An acknowledgment from the publisher is on the writing-table: 'Received for paper and printing, and also for destroying this,' &c. The figure of the Duke of York is shown, slily peeping from behind a curtain; the Commander, lately resigned, is evidently delighted at the course things are taking, and is crying, 'This will do!' Many of the letters, as Mrs. Clarke de-

cleared, reflected in disrespectful terms on the heir to the throne and others of his royal brothers.

April 22, 1809. *A Piece-Offering.* Published by T. Tegg.—Mrs. Clarke, in all her extensive finery, is sacrificing her memoirs, *Life of Mrs. Clarke*, the Duke's ardent love-letters, and all the disagreeable evidences supposed to have remained in her possession, at the *Altar of Repentance.* The figure of the Commander is rising in effigy above the flames, in the centre of a brilliant sun; his face is turned to the authoress of the pyre with a satisfied smile. The high-priestess of the sacrifice is gratefully addressing the mollified divinity: 'Thus perish all that gives my darling pain!'

May 24, 1809. *The Quaker and the Clarke.* Published by T. Tegg.—A sedate Quaker, in a suit of modest brown, has turned his back on the beguiling enchantress, fair authoress of so much mischief, and is hurrying away from her entreaties 'to tarry a while,' declaring: 'Woman, avaunt! I am not to be tempted; and be it known also I am a married man,' &c.

May 28, 1809. *John Bull and the Genius of Corruption.* Published by T. Tegg (94).—The national prototype has been haranguing on the extinction of abuses with a compound symbolical monster, who is standing in the way of progress and healthy legislation. Mr. Bull's corrupt opponent is making the Jesuitical concession: 'What you say about Reform, Johnny, is very true, but this is not the time for it!' John Bull, who has no opinion of the obstructive party, is retorting, 'No, nor it never will be while such a monster as you remains in existence!'

The monster, who is evidently a difficult customer to deal with, wears a defensive cap of *Professions and Promises*; he has 'an eye to *Interest*,' a *Mouth of Guile*, and a nose to *Scent for Interest*; he wears the *Collar of Corruption*, has *Wings of Speculation*, *Arms of Power*, and *Hands of Extortion*, and is further provided with bags of gold for the purpose of bribery, *Deep Pockets of Perquisites*, *Legs of Luxury*, and he is propped on *Feet of Connivance.*

June 12, 1809. *Boney's Broken Bridge.*—The Austrian army is drawn up in security on one side of the river Danube; Buonaparte, in a fine rage with his discomfited generals, and his disappointed legions, are arrayed on the other bank, powerless to disturb their exulting adversaries. The Emperor is pointing to the remains of his famous bridge, and furiously demanding, in reply to the Austrian taunts: 'Ah, who is it that dares contradict me? I say it was some floating timber and the high swell of the river that caused the shocking accident!' An impolitic old general, bowing low, and in consternation at the news he is obliged to impart, is replying: 'With all due deference to your little Majesty, it was the Austrian fire-boats that destroyed the bridge.' The Archduke's troops are chanting a new edition of an old nursery rhyme:—

Boney's bridge is broken down,
Dance over the Lady Lee ;
Boney's bridge is broken down
By an Archduke—ee.

July 9, 1809. *Hell Broke Loose, or the Devil to Pay among the 'Darling Angels.'* Published by T. Tegg.—The dark fiend is standing at the gates of the infernal regions, scourge in hand ; he is dressed in the wig and robes of a judge, and poised on a slab, setting forth the well-recognised axiom : *Two of a trade can never agree.* The diabolical personage is holding the balance between the two principal actors in the late proceedings. It will be remembered that a misunderstanding occurred between the chief conspirators. Soon after the conclusion of the investigation in the House of Commons, Colonel Wardle and Mrs. Clarke began to exchange mutual recriminations, and the public were gratified with fresh scandalous revelations ; the champion of impartial justice began to lose his strangely-earned popularity. Colonel Wardle is plunged into the scale of *Patriotism,* with an infernal imp to weigh him down ; the gold box, in which the freedoms of more than one town were offered to the enemy of corruption, and the York *impeachment papers* are thrown into the scale to make weight. Mrs. Clarke is balanced against her late coadjutor in the scale of *Virtue.* 'Love-letters, Mr. Wright's bill, Doctor Donovan's bill,' &c., are added to weigh against the Colonel's testimonials.

July, 1809. *The Tables are Turned. How are the Mighty Fallen !*—The public were treated with the spectacle of the patriotic champion sued in a law court for the furniture of Mrs. Clarke's house at Westbourne Place, which had been taken on his guarantee and recommendation. The Court gave judgment against the crestfallen Colonel, who had denied his liability, and he was adjudged to pay the heavy expenses incurred in the new establishment and the incidental costs of the process. In Rowlandson's view of the situation Mrs. Clarke is seen mounted on her asinine ex-supporter ; the head of the steed bears a face suggestively resembling the countenance of the patriot ; a 'Turkey carpet' furnishes a saddle; the motto *England expects every man to do his duty* is written on the bridle ; 'Wright, the upholsterer's bill' is tied to the animal's tail ; the lady is whipping up her reluctant supporter with a birch labelled 'Private promises.' The ass is scattering the chairs, tables, mirrors, fenders, and other objects particularised on 'the bill' which gave the Colonel so much irritation ; the flattering presentations, addresses, gold boxes, 'Thanks to my ass,' 'Lies against the Duke of York,' 'Thanks to a Welch Billy Goat,' 'From the City of London,' 'Thanks and freedom in a gold box,' and other complimentary testimonials, are scattered on the ground. The dashing rider is making an exhibition of her skilful management of the donkey tribe :—

I've a fine stud of Asses as ever was seen ;
This is one of the number from Westbourne Green.
Gee up, Neddy, come up, Neddy, &c.,
What do you think of my Neddy and me ?

July 14, 1809. *More of the Clarke, or Fresh Accusations.* Published by T. Tegg.—Colonel Wardle is exposed to the public in a humiliating position ; his former mob-popularity is reversed, and their admiration is changed to ridicule. The scene is supposed to take place in front of the mansion in Westbourne Place, before which is assembled a crowd of jeering spectators. Mrs. Clarke, unabashed, as in the previous disclosures, is frankly denouncing her ex-colleague, and pointing to the luxurious fittings of her bedroom. She is unmasking the scandalised champion to his late friends the mob : 'And Clarke said unto Felix, Thou art the man ;—behold the furniture ! and Felix trembled.' The Colonel, whose reputation did not improve as the innuendoes of his new opponents became more daring, with clasped hands and his knees knocking together, is servilely trying to reinstate his lost reputation : 'Good people of the United Kingdom, suspend your judgment for the present, till I get this woman placed in the pillory. I never did anything naughty no more than the child unborn. It was all for the good of my country, I assure you. I am as firm a patriot as ever purchased a convex mirror or a red Turkey carpet.'

July 16, 1809. *The Plot Thickens, or Diamond Cut Diamond.* Published by T. Tegg.—Mrs. Clarke is still in the thick of her complications. She is standing, unmoved, in the centre of the picture. Colonel Wardle, who soon fell out with his ally when pushed to fulfil her conditions, is declaring for vengeance : 'I intend to commence an action against her for obtaining money under false pretences in the case of French's levy. I'll teach her to send gentlemen to Newgate.' Another individual, dressed as a civilian, recommends : 'Leave her to me ; I'll touch her up in the furniture business !' Mrs. Clarke, with her hands on her lips, is replying : 'I don't care a fig for any of you ; and as to you, Mr. Furnituremonger, I'll be beforehand with you.' A stout gentleman behind the fair *intriguante* cries, 'That's a good girl, follow him up ; I'll back you ; I'll let him know whose *Wright* and whose *Wrong*. If I don't enter an action against him I'm no upholsterer.' A young barrister, holding a voluminous brief, is smiling with satisfaction at the prospect of litigation, and encouraging both sides : 'That's right, my good friends ; it's all for the *Best !*'

July 18, 1809. *Amusement for the Recess, or the Devil to Pay amongst the Furniture.* Published by T. Tegg.—Colonel Wardle is represented, in an infuriated state, wreaking vengeance on the offensive furniture, which had caused the destruction of his popularity and his reputation ; the lately immaculate champion is armed with a bludgeon ; he is trampling under foot 'An Essay on Keeping Bad

Company,' and breaking up the elegant belongings of the establishment, for the privilege of supplying which he had been compelled to pay a sufficiently heavy penalty; he is made to exclaim: 'D—— the furniture, d—— the convex mirrors and red Turkey carpets; d—— Westbourne Place and everything that belongs to it.' Mrs. Clarke is rather entertained than dismayed at this spirit of wanton destructiveness: 'Deary, those little gusts of Welsh passion become you extremely; the exercise will do you good; besides, it will increase your popularity!'

July 30, 1809. *The Bill of Wright's, or the Patriot Alarmed.* Published by T. Tegg.—The upholsterer has waited on Colonel Wardle and unrolled his long bill: 'Gullem Waddle, Esq., to Wright. Red Turkey carpet, convex mirror, chandeliers, sideboards, bed furniture, chairs and tables, vases and cellarets, Egyptian furniture, *sofa à la Clarke*,' and other weighty items. 'Mr. Gullem Waddle, I have brought you in a small bill for goods delivered for the Cleopatra of Westbourne Place; and, as you are a true patriot, you can have no possible objection to the Bill of Wright's.' The dismayed Colonel, keeping his hands in his pockets, is making a counter-proposal: 'What do you talk about patriotism? I tell you I have left off practice. D—— the Bill of Wright's! It is all a mistake about Westbourne Place; you should have taken it to Gloucester Place —there you would be sure to have had your money!'

August 1, 1809. *The Mistake.* Published by T. Tegg.

August 1, 1809. *Wonders, Wonders, Wonders.* Published by T. Tegg. (101).—Ten figures of 'Natural Curiosities,' designed and etched by Rowlandson. A certain amount of care is bestowed on the execution of this plate. The marvels of the age in which the caricature was published have not, in most cases, become monotonously plentiful in our own day. As set down by the satirist the ten wonders were the discoveries of 'A modest woman of quality; a primitive Bishop; a real maid of five-and-thirty; an exciseman with a conscience; an author with a second suit of clothes (this fictitious person has been represented in a most jubilant fashion); a great man of common sense; a woman who has continued three months a widow; a theatrical hero of modesty and economy; a complete honest attorney;' and, lastly, 'a man of talents, wit, and learning possessed of a thousand a year.'

On the close of the Clarke Scandal, which had fitly served the purpose of the satirist, our caricaturist resumed his series of attacks upon the more memorable 'disturber of the peace of Europe.'

August 28, 1809. *The Rising Sun, or a View of the Continent.* Published by R. Ackermann.—Buonaparte is surrounded by the Continental Powers; his present occupation is to lull and rock to slumber, in a cradle, the Russian Bear, muzzled with French promises, and tempted with 'Turkey wheat.' The Corsican is figuratively and literally sitting on thorns; the sun of Spain and Portugal is

arising on the meridian with threatening import. Sweden has taken the part of watchguard of Freedom, and is raising the cap of liberty ; a Swedish huzzar is making a desperate sabre-cut at the too successful general, and sounding a warning note to the betrayed Muscovite : 'Awake, thou sluggard, ere the fatal blow is struck, and thou and thine execrable ally sunk to eternal oblivion.' The Emperor is disturbed by the new light : 'This rising sun has set me upon thorns.' The Dutchman, with a broken sceptre, is sunk in a besotted sleep on a cask of 'genuine hollands,' and leaning the weight of his fat person on his ally, who finds the weight a trifle crushing. Poland is represented as a shadow; the Prussian eagle is trussed; and the King, with straw in his hair, and confined in a strait-waistcoat, is singing mad ditties. Denmark is snuffed out under an extinguisher ; but the Austrian Emperor is once more taking heart and advancing to the attack, sabre in hand, with dangerous intentions : 'Tyrant, I defy thee and thy cursed crew!'

September 3, 1809. *The Pope's Excommunication of Buonaparte, or Napoleon brought to his last stool.* Published by T. Tegg.—The Pope and his legates have called on the Emperor, with candle and bell, to produce an effect. The head of the Church is propped up on 'French crutches,' and his triple crown is split asunder ; he is declaring : 'He has cracked my crown, overturned my temporal dignities; but I am so trammelled in these crutches that I cannot follow him as I would wish ; however, my good Lord Cardinals, read him the excommunication—it will make him tremble on his throne.' The Cardinals proceed to rehearse the contents of the comminatory scroll ; the Emperor, who is holding an 'Essay on the Church of Rome,' amongst other waste papers, is returning, unmoved : 'Mercy on me! I never heard anything half so dreadful. When you have done with that paper, gentlemen, I will thank you for it!'

September 4, 1809. *Song by Commodore Curtis. Tune, 'Cease, rude Boreas.'* Published by T. Tegg.—The artist has furnished the heading for a parody setting forth the adventures of the gallant Curtis, Alderman and Commodore, with the expedition which was sent to assist our allies the Dutch against the French. Curtis is seated in his armchair in the cabin of his yacht, a great gold challenge cup, *Speedy and Soon*, in his grasp, with a turtle laid on its back by his side. A party of English officers belonging to the expedition have come on board, and they are making free with his good things; wine and punch are flowing lavishly. According to the song-writer's version these gallant warriors, having boarded the Commodore's yacht and made sad havoc with all his provisions, succeeded, after a three days' devastation, in eating and drinking all the plentiful supplies laid in by poor Curtis, until at last he began to dread that they might take it into their heads to eat him too. Although the worthy cit set out enthusiastically and filled with valour, his return was somewhat less heroic :—

From Ramsgate we set sail for Flushing,
To aid our friends the Mynheers ;
And for the Scheld our fleet was pushing,
Resolved to trounce the d——d Monsieurs !

Slightly discomfited, the Commodore sounds a retreat :—

Now farewell all my hopes of glory,
Scheld's muddy flood and isles adieu ;
I'll lead the van with the first story,
And tell the Cockneys something new.
I'll talk of batteries, bloody sieges,
Of fizzing bombshells, towns on fire,
Till my tale the whole town obliges
My deeds and courage to admire.

September 14, 1809. *A Design for a Monument to be erected in commemoration of the glorious and never-to-be-forgotten Grand Expedition, so ably planned and executed in the year* 1809. Published by T. Tegg (107).—The bust of General Chatham, crowned with bulrushes, is at the head of this satirical memorial ; monkeys and frogs are grouped on either side, 'French monkeys in attitudes of derision,' and 'Dutch frogs smoking their pipes in safety.' The shield represents 'the immortal William Pitt, Earl of Chatham,' obscured in the clouds. The supporters of the escutcheon are a 'British seaman in the dumps,' and 'John Bull, somewhat gloomy—but for what it is difficult to guess, after so glorious an achievement.'

The Motto.

Great Chatham, with one hundred thousand men,
To Flushing sailed, and then sailed back again.

The fleet is represented sailing homeward under the 'Sun of Glory.' 'A flying view of the return of the expedition. *O tempora ! O mores !*'

September 24, 1809. *General Cheathem's marvellous Return from his Exhibition of Fireworks.* Published by T. Tegg (108).—The General is returning from the abortive Walcheren Expedition, mounted on a flying wooden horse, which, like Don Quixote's and other enchanted steeds, is performing wonders in the way of discharging rockets; on one side of the General swings a fleet of ships, 'Wooden castles in the air,' balanced by such empty bladders as the 'Walcheren Expedition,' 'Bereland, plan and fortifications of Flushing,' &c. The glorious General has taken a pair of Dutch dolls captive, and these are the chief trophies of his adventure. 'Here I am, my dear Johnny, escaped from fire, water, plague, pestilence, and famine ; my fireworks have given general satisfaction abroad. I must now couch on a "bed of roses," and hope when I awake to be rewarded with a pension and dukedom for brilliant services.' Mr. Bull and his lady are standing on their own shores, deeply impressed with the General's manœuvres.

Cries Mrs. Bull, 'Lord, what a man of mettle he is!' John Bull is grasping his thick stick in a way that looks menacing: 'General Cheathem flying back, as I foretold, garnished out with drops and Dutch metal. Where is the ten million of British bullion, you scarecrow? The Sinking Fund suits your talents better than sinking of ships.' Commodore Curtis, in his yacht, is sailing away from the 'mortality at Flushing,' and shouting in great glee: 'A new contract for mouldy biscuits. Expeditions for ever. Huzza!'

1809. *A Plan for a General Reform.* Published by T. Tegg.

September 27, 1809. *This is the House that Jack Built.* (*Old Price Row at Drury Lane.*) Published by T. Tegg.—This cartoon, in six compartments, is aimed at Kemble's new house, which, from certain arrangements of the boxes, and other innovations, became the cause of considerable turbulence—

These are the Boxes let to the great
That visit the House that Jack built.

The curtain of the theatre bears the advertisement: 'Grand theatrical Bagnio, fitted up in the Italian style;' 'Lodgings to let for the season, or a single night;' 'Roomy pit for parsons, poets, Presbyterians, Quakers, grumblers,' &c.; 'Boxes for the Cyprian corps, with snug lobby to ditto;' 'Private accommodations for the Members of both Houses of Parliament;' '*Boudoirs pour la Noblesse;*' 'Rabbit hutches, seven shillings each;' 'Humbug gallery, *two shillings*;' and, chief cause of dissatisfaction, 'Pigeon-holes for the swinish multitude':—

These are the pigeon-holes over the Boxes,
Let to the great that visit the House that Jack built.
This is the Cat engaged to squall to the poor in the
pidgeon-holes over the Boxes, let to the great
that visit the House that Jack built.

Madame Catalini is endeavouring to sing; but the audience, armed with rattles, post-horns, and other noisy instruments, are raising a regular uproar:—

This is John Bull with a bugle-horn,
That hissed the Cat engaged to squall to the poor, &c.
This is the Thief-taker,[1] shaven and shorn,
That took up John Bull, with his bugle-horn, &c.—

The rioters are having a regular stand-up fight outside the theatre, as well as within. The last verse—

This is the Manager, full of scorn,
Who rais'd the price to the people forlorn, &c.,
And directed the Thief-taker, shaven and shorn, &c.—

introduces the great John Kemble at the foot-lights, haranguing his unruly

[1] Townshend, the Bow Street Runner.

audience; the house is represented much as it actually appeared; the rioters, provided with squirts, bellows, marrow-bones, cleavers, rattles, cow-horns, and all sorts of rough music, in short, every instrument of noise that ingenuity could suggest, with huge streamers, banners, and placards, held out on long poles, &c., containing such announcements as 'No theatrical taxation,' 'No intriguing shop,' 'No annual boxes,' 'No Italian singers,' 'None of your Jesuitical tricks, you black monk,' 'Be silent, Mr. Kemble's head *aitches*,' 'Kemble, remember the Dublin tin-man,' 'Dickons for ever, no Catalini.'

September 30, 1809. *A Lump of Impertinence.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Published by T. Tegg.—'Who the devil do you stare at? Get along about your business.'

1809 (?). *A Lump of Innocence.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sc.—A florid beauty, of the fat, fair, forty, and full-blown type, is 'affecting a modesty, though she has it not;' her eyes are downcast, and a blush suffuses all over, her cheeks being about the colour of a bumper of rubicund cognac brandy which she is imbibing, probably with a view to hide her sensibility: 'Really, gentlemen, if you gaze at me in this manner you will put me quite to the blush!'

October 9, 1809. *Miseries of Human Life.* Published by T. Tegg (257).

1809. *Business and Pleasure.* Published by T. Tegg (292).

October 24, 1809. *Preparations for the Jubilee, or Theatricals Extraordinary.* Published by T. Tegg.—A range of booths occupies the background of the view; a pole is erected before each of the tents, displaying a flag and an advertising poster, indicating the nature of the show provided within. The preparations are being completed, the workmen are putting the finishing strokes in readiness for opening. Under the union-jack is *Perceval, Eldon & Co.'s Pic Nic Entertainments; any port in a storm.* Under 'false colours' is Don John's booth, announcing, *Set a beggar on horseback, he'll ride to the devil,* with the *Row, or a fig for John Bull.* Mr. Canning's Booth advertises *The Double Dealer,* with *The Duellist.* Lord Mulgrave offers *A Chapter of Accidents,* with *'Tis well 'tis no Worse.* Lord Castlereagh promises *The Revenge,* with *Who would have thought it?* Lord Wellington's booth has *The Wild Goose Chase,* with *The Wanderer.* Under a huge cocked-hat, as a sign, is General Chatham's booth, 'Just arrived from Flushing.' A comedy called *Delays and Blunders,* to which will be added *He will be a Soldier,* is the bill offered from Holland. Mrs. Clarke's booth presents *A new melodrama,* called *More Secrets than One,* with *Various Deceptions*; and her neighbour, Colonel Wardle, promises *Plot and Counter Plot,* with the farce of the *Upholsterer.*

October 25, 1809. *A Bill of Fare for Bond Street Epicures.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Published by T. Tegg (188).—Six subjects, representing fair and fashionably-dressed female loungers of the period, parodied under the

several descriptions of *À la Mode Beef, Rump of Beef, Breast of Veal, Veal Cutlets, Baron of Beef,* and *Pork Sausage.* The figures of these various personages are marked with spirit, and the respective attributes are conveyed with a certain humorous appropriateness.

1809. *A Bill of Fare for Bond Street Epicures.* Published by T. Tegg.—A variation of the subjects published under a similar title, in which the charms of numerous females are set forth under figurative titles ; the persons of six ladies are displayed in this print, their personal attractions being grotesquely set off as *Pig's Pettitoes, Scrag of Mutton, Leg of Lamb, Polony, Cod's Head and Shoulders,* and *Lamb Chop, with Mint Sauce.* (Republished from 1808. Companion to No. 188. Published October 25, 1809.)

December 1, 1809. *Cattle not Insurable.*

Hopes of the Family, or Miss Marrowfat Home for the Holidays. Published by T. Tegg (No. 293).

December 12, 1809. *The Boxes.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi :—

> O woe is me, 't have seen what I have seen ;
> Seeing what I see !—SHAKSPEARE.

The artist has given a view of the 'pigeon-holes' at Drury Lane, as the new gallery in 'the house that Jack built' was derisively christened ; the present plate offers a burlesque representation of the refined parts of the house, taken possession of by a company more miscellaneous than select. The 'rabbit-hutches,' at seven shillings, are given up to owls and deaf people ; a narrow row below, in which the space is so confined that it is impossible for the spectators to stand upright, is held by Irish cabmen, roughs smoking long clay pipes, &c. ; below these, in the *boudoirs pour la noblesse,* we find the servants of the great, dram-drinking, hobanobbing, and flirting. The occupants of the rest of the private boxes are of a ruffianly type ; big sticks and publican's pewter measures are noticeable, besides gentlemen with damaged optics, and without coats ; a great dog, ladies from St. Giles's, and similarly distinguished members of society. A scene of quarrelling, practical joking, and general uproar is proceeding below.

December 23, 1809. *A Peep at the Gas Lights in Pall Mall.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sc.—The sketch represents a view of the first thoroughfare where gas was employed to illuminate the streets. Mr. Ackermann, the publisher, was one of the earliest to light his Repository with gas, which he manufactured for the purpose, and was at considerable expense in providing apparatus and making experiments in improving the process. The sightseers are lost in wonder and admiration at the novelty of finding gas burning in the streets ; the lamps are arranged in branches of three. A gentleman of fashion is endeavouring to explain the science of gas-making to an elegant creature on his arm : 'The

coals being steamed, produce tar or paint for the outside of houses; the smoke passing through water is deprived of substance, and burns as you see.' An Irish visitor, who has, uninvited, been attending to this lucid explanation, is bursting out with 'Arrah, honey, if this man brings fire through water we shall soon have the Thames and the Liffey burnt down, and all the pretty little herrings and whales burnt to cinders!' Amongst other wondergazers is a country farmer, who is exclaiming, 'Wauns, what a main pretty light it be! we have nothing like it in our country.' A Quaker, his companion, is responding, 'Ay, friend, but it is all vanity; what is this to the inward light?' The more disreputable members of the community are reflecting that the new light will expose their depravities and put a stop to their commerce.

December, 1809. *Joint Stock Street.* Woodward del., Rowlandson fecit. Published by T. Tegg (174).—From this satire it seems that a company-mania must have raged in 1809, suggestive, in its extravagance, of the days of the South Sea Bubble. In front of the *Hospital for Incurables* is a blank wall, covered with advertisements of various joint-stock enterprises, which are attracting the attention of the speculative. There is a *Doctors' Company*, offering incalculable advantages: 'No charge for emetics, &c.; patent coffins provided on the shortest notice; no surgeons admitted.' '*A Company of Menders*, open to both sexes; wives to mend their husbands, husbands to mend their wives, and most particularly, everybody to mend themselves.' *Company of White-washers. N.B. No lawyers admitted. More advantages; a new Cabbage and Potatoe Company, warranted genuine; no cooking required, saves time and trouble.* At the corner of Bubble Alley is the following tempting notice: *Peter Puff, manufacturer of deal boards without knots, from genuine sawdust, &c.* And outside a miserable hovel is the advertisement of *Tim Slashem, barber, and perriwig maker, who has a company in formation of mowers of beards by a new machine, to shave sixty men in a minute, to comb, oil, and powder their wigs in the bargain.*

December 24, 1809. *The Bull and Mouth.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Published by T. Tegg (290).—A corpulent gentleman, wearing a dressing-gown and nightcap, is yawning and stretching in his armchair. His huge head and gaping jaws would furnish forth excellently well a sign for the *Bull and Mouth.* By his side stands a handsome and highly developed lady, who is taking advantage of the sleepiness of her rude monster to slip a *billet-doux* into the hand of a military officer, who is waiting in the rear.

1809. *A Glee. How shall we Mortals Spend our Hours? In Love! in War! in Drinking!* Published by T. Tegg.—Three figures, represented as seated at table, with all the appointments and accessories incidental to the brewing of punch, carry out the spirit of the quotation. The lover, a smart young buck, in top-boots, is rapturously clasping his hands, after a toast, in

inward contemplation of the perfections of his mistress. An old Commodore illustrates the idea of a life spent in warfare—although minus an eye and a leg, he is tough and hearty, and is seemingly content with his pipe and bowl. The brutalising results of hours devoted to mere bestial intoxication are realised in the person of a slovenly and imbecile sot.

1809. *Rowlandson's Sketches from Nature.* Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stadler, aquatinta. Published by T. Tegg.

A View in Camelford, Cornwall . .	Sept. 1, 1809.
The Seat of M. Mitchell, Esq., Hengar, Cornwall	Sept. 1 ,,
A Cottage in the Duchy of Cornwall . .	Sept. 1 ,,
Village of St. Udy, Cornwall . . .	Sept. 1 ,,
Fowey, Cornwall	Sept. 30 ,,
A View near Richmond	Oct. 4 ,,
A View in Devonshire	Oct. 4 ,,
Taunton Vale, Somersetshire . . .	Nov. 25 ,,
View near Newport, Isle of Wight . .	Nov. 25 ,,
Temple at Strawberry Hill . . .	Nov. 25 ,,
White Lion Inn, Ponder's End, Middlesex	Nov. 25 ,,

STERNE'S 'SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.'

CALAIS.

The Coach-yard of Monsieur Dessein's Inn.—'This certainly, fair lady,' said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, 'must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings: to take two utter strangers by their hands—of different sexes, and perhaps from different corners of the globe—and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation as Friendship herself could scarce have achieved for them, had she projected it for a month.'

'And your reflection upon it shews how much, monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure.' In saying this she disengaged her hand with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply.

. . . . . .

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own—not as if she was going to withdraw hers, but as if she thought about it—and I

had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct more than reason directed me to the last resource in these dangers—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it of myself; so she let it continue, till Monsieur Dessein returned with the key; and in the meantime I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

The Snuffbox.—The good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of them crossed my mind, and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-

YORICK AND FATHER LORENZO.

box in his hand, he presented it, open, to me. 'You shall taste mine,' said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoiseshell one), and putting it into his hand. ''Tis most excellent,' said the monk. 'Then do me the favour,' I replied, 'to accept of the box and all; and, when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.'

The poor monk blushed as red as scarlet. '*Mon Dieu!*' said he, pressing his hands together, 'you never used me unkindly.' 'I should think,' said the lady, 'he is not likely.' I blushed in my turn, but from what movements I leave to the few who feel to analyse. 'Excuse me, madame,' replied I, 'I treated him most unkindly, and from no provocations.' ''Tis impossible,' said the lady. 'My God!' cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which

seemed not to belong to him, 'the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal.' The lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained silent, without any sensations of that foolish pain which takes place when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction, he made a low bow and said 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest; but be it as it would, he begged we might exchange boxes. In saying this he presented his to me with one hand as he took mine from me in the other, and having kissed it, with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the jostlings of the world: they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon enquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears. But I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

MONTRIUL.

The Bidet.—When all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise; and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, 'Let them go to the devil'—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enow without it. I always find it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle

traveller to do so likewise: he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be registered elsewhere.

. . . . . .

Having settled all these small matters, I got into my postchaise with more ease than ever I got into a postchaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet* (post-horse), and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs), he cantered away before me, as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.

But what is happiness! What is grandeur in this painted scene of life! A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a stop to La Fleur's career—his *bidet* would not pass it; a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kicked out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Christian, saying neither more or less upon it than *Diable!* so presently got up and came to the charge again—then this way—then that way: and, in short, every way but by the dead ass. La Fleur insisted upon the thing—and the *bidet* threw him.

'What's the matter, La Fleur,' said I, 'with this *bidet* of thine?' '*Monsieur*,' said he, '*c'est un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde.*' 'Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way,' replied I. So La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the *bidet* took me at my word, and away he scampered back to Montriul. '*Peste!*' said La Fleur.

. . . . . .

Le Diable! which is the first and positive degree, is generally used for ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectation, such as—the throwing one's doublets—La Fleur's being kicked off his horse, and so forth—cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always—*Le Diable!*

But in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the *bidet's* running away after—and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots—'tis the second degree. 'Tis then *Peste!*

As there was no hunting down a frightened horse in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaise or into it.

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the post-house at Namport.

NAMPORT.

The Dead Ass.—'And this,' said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet, 'and this should have been thy portion,' said he, 'had'st thou been alive to have shared it with me.' I thought by the accent it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia, and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died.

LA FLEUR AND THE DEAD ASS.

Everyone seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in Germany; but having, in one week, lost two of them by the smallpox, and the youngest falling ill of the distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Jago, in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story he stopped to pay Nature her tribute, and wept bitterly.

'He said heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey

—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way and was unto him as a friend. Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured loved him—and upon this told them a long story of mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days: during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

'Thou hast one comfort, friend,' said I, 'at least in the loss of thy poor beast: I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.' 'Alas!' said the mourner, 'I thought so when he was alive, but now he is dead I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.' 'Shame on the world!' said I to myself, 'did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass, 'twould be something.'

1809. *Butler's Hudibras*, in three parts, written in the time of the late wars, corrected and amended, with large annotations and preface, by Zachary Grey, LL.D. Embellished with engravings by T. Rowlandson, Esq. London: Printed for T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside. W. Hogarth, inv.; Rowlandson, sc.

1. Frontispiece. Hudibras and Ralpho in the Stocks.
2. Setting out.

> Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
> And out he rode a-colonelling.

3. The Battle.

> The scatter'd rout return and rally,
> Surround the place; the Knight does sally,
> And is made pris'ner.

4. The Knight and Ralpho consult the Gymnosophist.

> The Knight with various doubt posses't
> To win the lady goes in quest
> Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-Crucian,
> To know the Dest'nies' resolution;
> With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic
> About the science astrologic;
> 'Till falling from dispute to fight,
> The conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

5. Sidrophel and Whacum consulting the firmament.

> This said, he to his engine flew,
> Plac'd near at hand in open view,
> And rais'd it 'till it levell'd right
> Against the glowworm tail of Kite,

Then peeping thro', Bless us (quoth he)
It is a planet, now I see,
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco stopper,
It should be Saturn.

1809. *Surprising Adventures of the Renowned Baron Munchausen.* Containing singular travels, campaigns, voyages, and adventures. Embellished with numerous engravings by T. Rowlandson. London: Printed for T. Tegg, 111 Cheapside.

Frontispiece.—Baron Munchausen's extraordinary flight on the back of an eagle, and supported by a second eagle, from Margate over the continents of Europe, South and North America, the Polar regions, and back to Margate, within thirty-six hours.

The Baron arrives at Ceylon, combats and conquers two extraordinary opponents (a lion and a crocodile).

The snow having melted, the Baron discovers his horse in the air, secured by the bridle to the church steeple; the Baron proves himself a good shot, cuts the bridle in two, and resumes his journey.

Is presented with a famous horse by Count Przolossky, with which he performs many extraordinary feats; the horse is cut in two by the portcullis of Oczakow, which the Baron only discovers when he leads his spirited steed to drink at the fountain, and the water flows out at the rear of the severed half.

Bathes in the Mediterranean, is swallowed by a fish, from which he is extricated by dancing a hornpipe.

The Baron jumps into the sea with a Turkish piece of ordnance on his shoulders (which fires a marble ball of three hundred pounds weight) and swims across the Simois.

The ship, driven by a whirlwind, a thousand leagues above the surface of the waters; the Baron discovers the inhabitants of the moon, with some traders from the Dog Star.

Travelling in the South Sea they lose their compass; their ship slips between the teeth of a fish unknown in this part of the world.

The Baron crosses the Thames without the assistance of a bridge, ship, boat, balloon, or even his own will; being blown out of one of the Tower guns in which he had fallen asleep, and the cannon is unexpectedly fired to celebrate an anniversary.

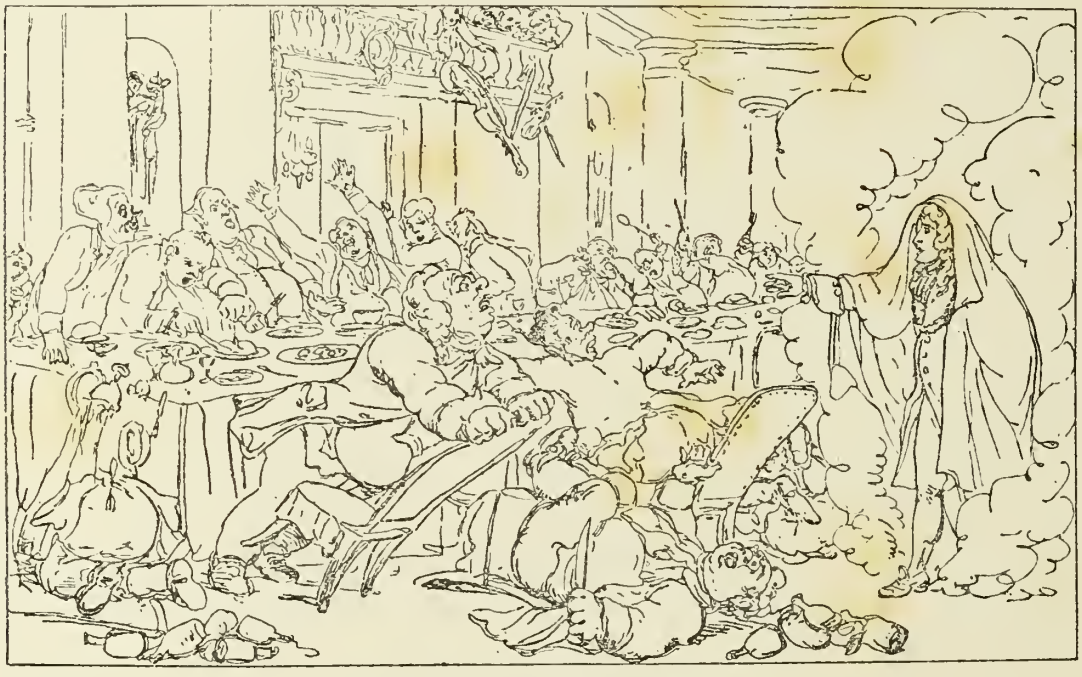
1809. *The Beauties of Sterne*; comprising his humorous and descriptive *Tales, Letters, &c.* Embellished by caricatures by Rowlandson, from original drawings by Newton. Published by T. Tegg, Cheapside.

Frontispiece. The Dance at Amiens, &c.

1809. *Poetical Magazine.* Dedicated to the lovers of the Muse by the Agent

of the goddess, R. Ackermann. Published November 1, 1809, at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts, 101 Strand.

Introduction to *The Schoolmaster's Tour.* Vol. I.—'In the Tour, with the first part of which we here present our readers, the author carries his hero through a great variety of whimsical adventures, to the Lakes and back again. As tours are a fashionable article in the literature of the present day, we trust that the poetical peregrinations of Doctor Syntax will come in for some share, at least, of the public applause, to which we conceive it to be entitled. The lovers of humour will not be displeased to be informed that it will be accompanied with a considerable number of illustrative engravings.'



THE MANSION HOUSE MONITOR.

CARICATURES SUPPLIED BY ROWLANDSON TO THE *POETICAL MAGAZINE.*

Volume I.

1. Doctor Syntax setting out on his Tour to the Lakes . . May 1, 1809.
2. The Mansion House Monitor . . . . . June 1 „
3. Doctor Syntax losing his way . . . . . June 1 „
4. Doctor Syntax stopped by Highwaymen . . . . June 1 „
6. Doctor Syntax bound to a Tree by Highwaymen . . July 1 „
8. Doctor Syntax disputing his Bill with the Landlady . . Aug. 1 „

The Last Drop. A Woodcut. (Death striking the Drinker).
(See *April* 5, 1811) . . . . . Aug. 1 „

10. Doctor Syntax copying the wit on the Window . . . Sept. 1, 1809.
12. Doctor Syntax entertained at College . . . . Oct. 1 ,,
13. Doctor Syntax pursued by a Bull . . . . . Oct. 1 ,,

Volume II.

2. Doctor Syntax mistakes a gentleman's house for an Inn . Nov. 1 ,,
4. Doctor Syntax meditating on the Tombstone . . . Dec. 1 ,,
5. An illustration to 'Edwin and Matilda, or the Beach King.'
   A legendary tale, in four cantos . . . . . Dec. 1 ,,
   The Baron addressing the Harpists at the banquet to Earl Edwin :—

> 'Cease, caitiffs! nor further insult with your noise
> The ears of our noble young guest.
> Hence, away! and bear with you those coarse thrumming toys!'
> The minstrels departed,—when, raising his voice,
> The Baron Earl Edwin address'd.

6. Doctor Syntax tumbling into the Water . . . . Jan. 1, 1810.
7. Illustration to 'Edwin and Matilda' . . . . . Jan. 1 ,,
   The Beach King discovering himself to Matilda :—

> A truncheon of coral he grasp'd in his hand,
> Which, tho' pond'rous, with ease he could swing:
> Thus array'd was the monster so fear'd thro' the land;
> Thus horribly form'd, by Matilda did stand
> The mighty, enormous Beach King.

8. Doctor Syntax losing his money on the Raceground at
   York . . . . . Feb. 1, 1810.
10. Doctor Syntax at a Review . . . . . March 1 ,,
12. Doctor Syntax with my Lord . . . . . April 1 ,,
13. Doctor Syntax made free of the Cellar . . . . April 1 ,,

Volume III.

1. Doctor Syntax sketching the Lake . . . . . May 1 ,,
3. Doctor Syntax sketching after Nature . . . . June 1 ,,
5. Doctor Syntax robbed of his Property . . . . July 1 ,,
7. Doctor Syntax sells Grizzle . . . . . Aug. 1 ,,
9. Doctor Syntax and Rural Sports . . . . . Sept. 1 ,,
11. Doctor Syntax and the Dairymaid . . . . . Oct. 1 ,,

Volume IV.

1. Doctor Syntax at Liverpool . . . . . Nov. 1 ,,
3. Doctor Syntax reading his Tour . . . . . Dec. 1 ,,

5. Doctor Syntax Preaching	Jan. 1	1811.
7. Doctor Syntax and the Bookseller	Feb. 1	,,
9. Doctor Syntax at Covent Garden	March 1	,,
11. Doctor Syntax returned from his Tour	April 1	,,
13. Doctor Syntax taking possession of his Living . . .	May 1	,,

The intermediate plates are landscapes, after anonymous artists, engraved in aquatint by Hassell and others.

1809. Beresford (James). *An Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life.* 8vo.

1809. *Rowlandson's Sketches from Nature.* Twelve views, drawn and etched by T. Rowlandson. Aquatinted by Stadler.

1809. *The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting.* Republished by Tegg. Plates by Woodward. 12mo.

1809. *Annals of Sporting.* By Caleb Quizem, Esq., and his various Correspondents. Published by T. Tegg.

The Courtier is thrown in pursuit of his game,
The Poet's too often laid low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, rides after Fame,
With 'Hark forward! Huzza! Tally-ho!'

1809. *The Trial of the Duke of York.* In 2 volumes. Published by T. Tegg.

1809. *Annals of Sporting.* By Caleb Quizem. Republished by Tegg. Plates by Woodward. 12mo.

Frontispiece. *The Bucephalus Riding Academy for Grown Gentlemen.* H. Bunbury del., Rowlandson sc.

Titlepage. Vignette; the Author thrown from his Pegasus. Designed and etched by T. Rowlandson.

Introduction. *Caleb Quizem, Esq.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sc.

The Maid of Mim.

Hounds.—1. Rugged and Tough. The Lion Hound. 2. The Black Straddler. The Short-legg'd Stag Hound. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc.

Game Wigs.—1. A Long Bob. A Short Bob. A Black Scratch. A Physical Tie. A Sir Cloudesley Shovel. A Three Tier. 2. A Cauliflower. A Full Bottom. A Short Queue. A Long Queue. A Rose Bag. A Full Bag.

Costume of Hog's Norton.—1. A back-front view of Miss Dickinson's New Dress. 2. The Morning Dress of a Lady and Gentleman of Hog's Norton.

Fashionable Furniture at Hog's Norton.—1. Chimney Ornaments.

Improved Trencher. Hog's Norton Recess. Fashionable Looking-glass. Fashionable Clock. 2. The Stocking Sweep. Colonnade of Streets. Fashionable Table. Cobweb Frieze. Sarcophagus, Cellaret, Coal-scuttle. Fashionable Chair.

How a Man may Shoot his own Wig.

The Bailiff's Hunt :—

1. Going out in the Morning.
2. In Full Scent.
3. Breaking Cover.
4. The Pursuit.
5. At Fault.
6. The Second Escape.
7. Double and Squat.
8. The Seizure.

The True Method of Sitting a Horse, Mathematically Delineated.

1. Mathematical Horsemanship.—Mr. Ralph Marrowbone, forming an obtuse angle. 2. Tom Timorous, forming an acute angle. 3. Dickey Diaper, forming a right angle. 4. Mr. Robert Rasp, letting fall a perpendicular from his saddle. 5. Mr. Benjamin Buckskin and his horse performing their evolutions within the circumference of a circle.

How to Vault from the Saddle.

1809. *Advice to Sportsmen*, selected from the notes of Marmaduke Markwell. Republished by Tegg. Plates by Woodward. 12mo.

1809. *Advice to Sportsmen*, rural or metropolitan, noviciates or grown persons; with anecdotes of the most renowned shots of the day, exemplified from life, including recommendatory hints on the choice of guns, dogs, and sporting paraphernalia. Also characters, costume, and correspondence. Selected from the original notes of Marmaduke Markwell, Esq., with sixteen illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson :—

> But a bold pheasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

'*Dedication.*—To the most enlightened Sportsman in the metropolis of the British Empire; equally keen in pursuit of the hare, the haunch, the partridge, pheasant, woodcock, wild fowl, black or red game; devourer of the amphibious turtle, and terror of the Dutch; dead shot at a patriot; a marksman whose brilliant and sporting elocution can start a *Jubilee* in the worst of times, whose merry jokes can create sport, and are the cause of sport to others: To Sir William Curtis, Bart., M.P. &c., &c., &c., these effusions of a City Sportsman are with all respect inscribed by his most devoted and obedient servant,

'Marmaduke Markwell.

'Turn-again Lane, September 1, 1809.'

Frontispiece. The Cockney's first attempt at shooting flying.
Illustrations. Rat-hunting.
How to twist your neck.
Night.
Noon.
Morning.
The dangerous consequences of sporting.
Miss Spitfire's encounter.
Advantage of coupling sporting dogs.
Finishing a gamekeeper.
How to come in at the death.
How to cool your courage.
A duck hunt in Bartholomew Lane.
Neck or nothing.
A shooting parson or pot-hunter.
Evening.

1809. *The Pleasures of Human Life.* By Hilari Benevolus & Co., with five plates by Rowlandson, &c. Published by Longmans.

1809. *The Pleasures of Human Life.* Investigated cheerfully, elucidated satirically, promulgated explicitly, and discussed philosophically, in a dozen dissertations on male, female, and neuter pleasures. Interspersed with various anecdotes and expounded by numerous annotations by Hilari Benevolus & Co. (Fellow of the London Literary Society of Lusorits). (Mottoes from Milton, Dibdin, and Peter Pindar.) Embellished with five illustrations and two head-pieces. London: Longmans & Co. Crown 8vo.

Front engraved by W. Bond, after W. Satchwell. Physiognomical vignette on title-page engraved by W. Bond, from *Bell's Anatomy of Expression.*

Of Rowlandson's illustrations the author observes, in his preface: 'The five illustrative commendatory etchings do not require any verbal explanation.'

Five prints by Rowlandson:—

1. Christopher Crabtree in the Suds.
2. Mr. Ego's marvellous Story.
3. Connoisseurs, or Portrait Collectors!

(The 'collector' in question is slily pocketing a print while the shopman's attention is diverted.)

4. A Brace of Full-grown Puppies, or my Dog and me.
5. Pleasures of Bond Street, or Fashionable Driving.

1809. T. Smollett: *Miscellaneous Works.* Twenty-six illustrations by Rowlandson. 5 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

1809. *Gambado. An Academy for Grown Horsemen, &c.* 8vo. Published by T. Tegg. (See 1808.)

1809. *Beauties of Tom Brown.* Frontispiece and illustrations by T. Rowlandson. Published by T. Tegg. 12mo.

1809. *Views in Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Isle of Wight, &c.*

1809. *Scandal: Investigation of the Charges brought against H.R.H. the Duke of York by G. L. Wardle, Esq., M.P. for Devon, with the Evidence and Remarks of the Members.* Containing fourteen scarce portraits by Rowlandson, amongst which are Mrs. M. A. Clarke, Sir F. Burdett, Duke of York, Colonel Wardle, &c. 2 vols., 12mo.

1810.

March 30, 1810. *The Winding up of the Medical Report of the Walcheren Expedition.*—The members of the Medical Board are standing in the stocks; on the green, in front of the sign of *The Goose*, which is surrounded with stores for the Walcheren Expedition, are laid the bodies of various sufferers, 'sent home for inspection.' The nature of the stores is somewhat exceptional. A case of champagne, marked 'Chelsea Hospital,' innumerable barrels of port and claret, marked 'T.K., for the hospital and for home consumption.' Barrels of porter, bales of cobwebs, and oak bark, 'charms for the cure of agues,' tincture of arsenic, and bottles of gin.

April 12, 1810. *Libel Hunters on the Look-out, or Daily Examiners of the Liberty of the Press.* Published by T. Tegg (4).—A committee of the *Rotten Borough Society, established in* 1810 (Gibery Vixe, president; Leatherbreech, vice), is met to consider the licence of the press, to bring all their faculties to bear for the detection of any lurking evidences of libel or treason. The President is reading aloud, with the assistance of a magnifying glass to enlarge any suspicious paragraphs; the members of the committee are all on the *qui vive* to note any libellous allusions. Cobbett's *Register* is under examination, *Magna Charta* is trodden under foot, and the *Bill of Rights* is thrown on one side. From the papers pasted as memoranda on the wall we are informed that 'Sir Francis Burdett is committed to the Tower;' that '*The Morning Chronicle* knows no bounds and must be checked;' that 'Enquiries into the expedition to Walcheren be voted treasonable;' 'That the *Statesman* must beware,' and 'A watchful eye be kept on the *Examiner*;' A 'Black list of those who vote in the minority,' &c.; 'A view of the Tower,' and 'Instructions to the Keeper of Newgate,' are among the notices put up for attention.

April 20, 1810. *A New Tap Wanted.* Published by T. Tegg.

April 26, 1810. *The Boroughmongers Strangled in the Tower.* Tegg's caricatures (8).—Sir Francis Burdett, while confined within the Tower, is signalising his prowess by the slaughter of a brace of the 'Caterpillars of the State;' like the infant Hercules, he is taking the dealers in corruption by the neck and

throttling them. One of the beefeaters is enjoying the spectacle, crying, 'Bless him, I say; he's a rum un.' Over the portcullis of the Tower gate is an escutcheon representing the 'British Lion roused.' On one side of the postern is an apposite quotation from Shakespeare :—

A NEW TAP WANTED.

This dear, dear land—
Dear for her reputation through the world—
Is now leas'd out . . .
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm ;
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.'—*Richard II.*

An extract from the Liberal Baronet's own speech is posted on the other side :—

From this foul and traitorous traffic our Boroughmonger Sovereigns derive an immense revenue, cruelly wrung from the hard hand of honest labour. I do, however, now entertain an ardent hope that this degraded and degrading system, to which all our difficulties, grievances, and dangers are owing, will at length give way to the moderate but determined perseverance of a whole united people.—SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

One of the boroughmongering crew is already demolished; by his side, on the ground, are two money-bags, 'Rapine,' and 'Drainings from the hard hand of the industrious poor.' Of the twin wretches who are being strangled without mercy at the hands of Sir Francis Burdett one has in his pocket 'Barrow (borough ?), in Cornwall, bought and sold; apply to ——;' two money-bags, 'Extortion money,' and 'Bribery and Corruption bag,' are dropping from his hands; while in the pocket of the other nefarious agent may be seen 'Rotten borough to be disposed of.'

May 1, 1810. *Views of the Colleges. Front View of Christ Church, Oxford.*

May, 1810. *Emmanuel College Garden, Cambridge.*

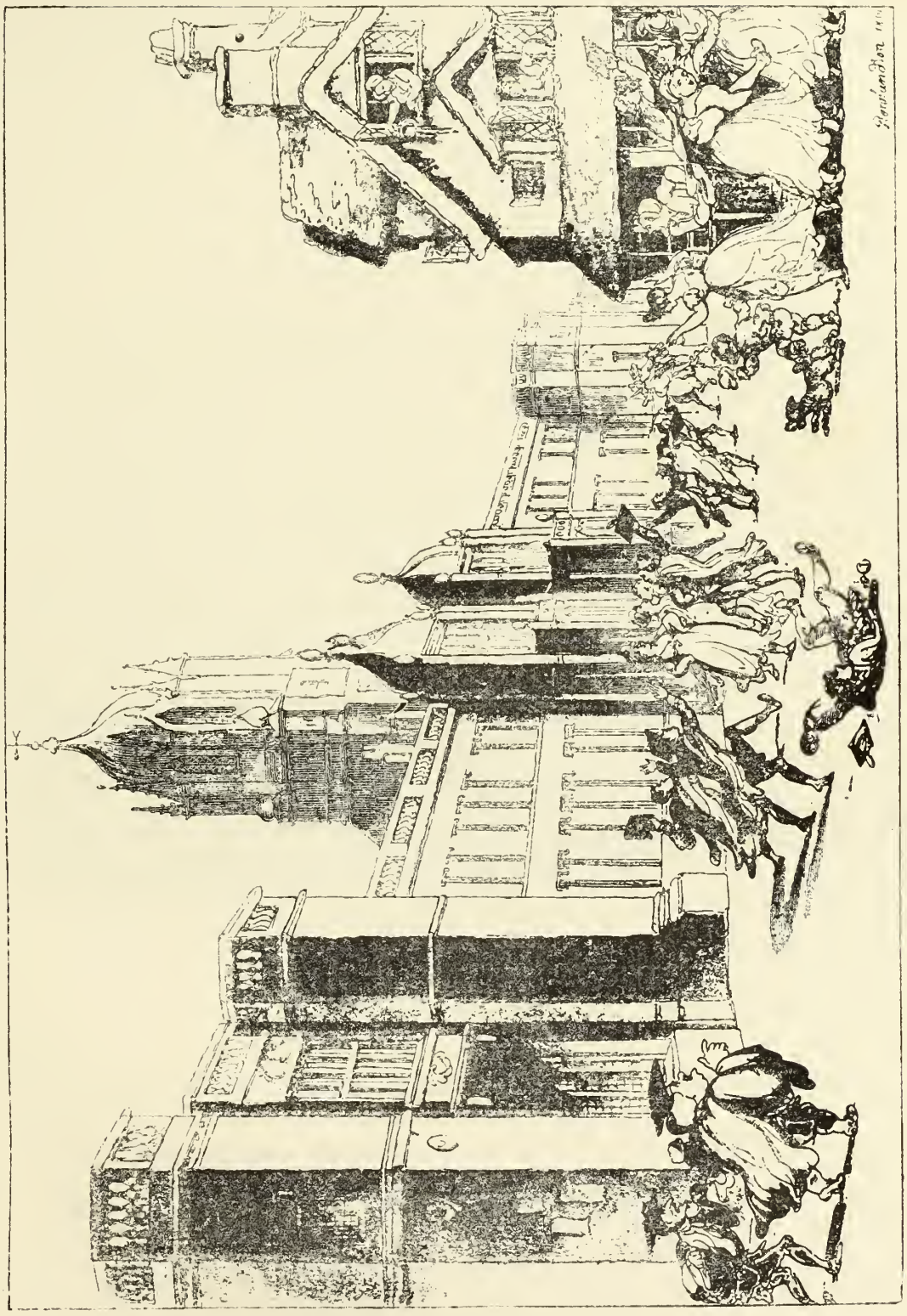
May, 1810. *Emmanuel College, Cambridge.* (A nobleman presenting busts.) Published by R. Ackermann.

May, 1810. *St. Mary's Church. Radcliffe Library.* Published by R. Ackermann.

May, 1810. *Inside of the Public Library, Cambridge.* Published by R. Ackermann.

'Rowlandson's views in Oxford and Cambridge, 1810, deserve notice for the slight and pleasing manner with which he has characterised the architecture of the places mentioned; but it is impossible to surpass the originality of his figures. The dance of students and *filles de joie* before Christ Church College is highly humorous, and the enraged tutors grin with anger peculiar to this artist's pencil. The professors in the view of the Observatory at Oxford are made as ugly as baboons, and yet the profundity of knowledge they possess is conspicuous at the first glance, and we should know them to be Masters of Arts without the aid of a background. The scene in Emmanuel College garden, Cambridge, exhibits the learned in a state of relaxation; several handsome lasses remove apples from a tree, and the indolent curiosity with which they are viewed by these sons of ease is very characteristic.'—*Malcolm's 'History of Caricature.'*

May 5, 1810. *A Bait for Kiddies on the North Road, or that's your sort—*



FRONT VIEW OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

prime, bang up to the mark. Tegg's caricatures (12).—The widow Casey's hotel offers 'genteel accommodation' on the road to 'York Races.' The prudent widow has supplemented the attractions of her house by engaging a handsome and buxom maid, who is attached to the inn as a decoy for the 'sprigs of fashion' who may happen to be driving on the North Road. The charioteer of a four-in-hand, a 'dashing blade,' made up in correct coaching style—voluminous necktie, coat down to his heels, and capes innumerable—has called for a bowl of punch, and is standing in the doorway, stroking the redundantly developed waitress under the chin.

KISSING FOR LOVE.

May 10, 1810. *Kissing for Love, or Captain Careless shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly put her head out of a casement.*

May 10, 1810. *Easterly Winds, or Scudding under Bare Poles.* Published by T. Tegg (2).—One of the landing stairs on the river. A gale is blowing, and the boats are dancing about. The watermen are pulling a skiff to the stairs; at the same moment a breeze is blowing off a parson's wig and hat, and carrying away his fair companion's parasol, bonnet, &c. The landing steps show a succession of disasters, an ascending flight of hats, caps, and wigs, of which the astonished wearers are suddenly denuded.

May 15, 1810. *Three Weeks after Marriage, or the Great Little Emperor Playing at Bo-peep.* Tegg's caricatures (16).—The new Empress is in a fierce

passion, wreaking her vengeance on all around; Talleyrand is levelled with the floor by a blow from the sceptre; he is crying, 'Be Gar, she will give us all de finishing stroke.' A marshal is seeking refuge behind the curtains and declaring: 'Marbleu, vat a crown-cracker she be!' The little Emperor is dodging behind an armchair, beseeching his stricken prime minister, 'Tally, Tally,' to 'rise and rally.' The Empress is threatening to hurl the Imperial crown at her intimidated lord and master, protesting, 'By the Head of Jove, I hate him worse than famine or disease. Perish his family! let inveterate hate commence between our houses from this moment, and meeting, never let them bloodless part.' The coronation throne has the crown knocked off; and, kicked on the floor by this untamable Austrian, are all the conquered diadems of Europe, including the Pope's tiara and the iron crown of Italy.

May 15, 1810. *A Bonnet Shop.* Rowlandson del. Tegg's collection (17). —This plate is best described from the advertisement of the proprietress, displayed on her premises, for the manufacture of the straw bonnets and hats which were the *mode* at the beginning of the century: 'Miss Flimsey's fashionable warehouse; the greatest variety of straw hats and bonnets made up in the most elegant taste. A large stock of Spanish, Flemish, Provincial, Gipsy, Cottage, Woodland, &c., &c., adapted to show every feature to advantage.'

An old fright is trying on an unbecoming straw-bonnet at a mirror, while a handsome saleswoman is puffing her wares. A number of pretty apprentices are trimming hats, and an antiquated quiz, with his spyglass, is poking his head through the window, and saluting the bevy of beauties with a satyr-like grin.

'*Miseries à la Mode.*—The being over-persuaded by a canting shopwoman, in endeavouring to puff off a stale article, that it is the most becoming and suitable to your style of features; but on consulting your friends and acquaintance they pronounce it the most frightful, hideous, and unfashionably formed thing—that would disgrace Cranbourne Alley.'

May 20, 1810. *Peter Plumb's Diary.* Published by T. Tegg (18).—The picture represents the drawing-room of a 'warm citizen,' evidently 'worth a plum.' The corpulent master of the house and the no less well-favoured partner of his bosom are seated before a capital fire; the comfortable couple have drunk their port and supped their punch, of which a capacious bowl is ready to hand on a table between them; the host has smoked a whiff of 'Turkey' and then dropped off to sleep in his armchair; his wife has followed his example; and a fat poodle, snugly laid on a soft cushion before the fender, is dozing luxuriously; the motto of the house is written over the mantel: 'Eating, drinking, and sleeping, with the generality of people, form the three important articles of life.' The blooming daughter, a melting young damsel, has her own creed on the subject. An opportunity is offered for a little flirtation; a gallant and good-looking young

buck is saluting her with a tender embrace; the pair have sat down to perform *duetto prestissimo*, but the swain's flute is discarded, and the fair pianist is negligently touching the keyboard to a lively air, *Lucy's Delight*, while the flirtation is proceeding undisturbed by the presence of the slumbering parents.

Peter Plumb is a desirable father-in-law, and his commercial interests are set forth in 'a view of Wapping Docks,' and a plan, suspended on rollers, for the 'new improvement of the Cattle Market in Smithfield.'

The existence of the sleeper would appear an easy one; witness the extract from *Peter Plumb's Diary*. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than 'in the eye of the world,' had for some years past kept a journal of his life. *Videlicet*, the following exciting example:—

'*Monday.*—Eight o'clock: I put on my clothes, washed hands and face. Nine o'clock: Tied my knee-strings, put on my double-soled shoes, took a walk to Islington. One o'clock: Took a luncheon. Between two and three returned. Dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Three: Nap as usual. Four to six: Walked in the fields. Wind S.S.E. From six to ten: Went to the club; was half-an-hour before anybody else came. Ten at night: Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday: Little or no variation.'

May 30, 1810. *A Table d'Hôte, or French Ordinary in Paris.* (20).—The *Table d'Hôte* is an appropriate companion to the *Paris Diligence*. The travellers have duly reached the capital, and a scene of Parisian life is shown on their arrival in the French metropolis. The *salle à manger*, where the ordinary is held, is a handsome apartment, decorated in showy taste with enrichments in plaster, canopies, curtains, mirrors, &c. The repast is in active course, and its humours are improved on with an observant eye. The company is diversified; there are *bourgeois* and their wives, *petits-maîtres*, marquises, fat friars, and ladies of various degrees, all complaisance and graciousness. A Savoyard, with a hurdy-gurdy, and her daughter, with a triangle, are 'discoursing sweet sounds' to enliven the repast. A dog is taught to beg for food. The manners of the feeders are of different shades. Pledging toasts, flirtations, and small gallantries animate the severer business of the hour. Several whimsical accidents are introduced, results of awkward or inattentive service on the part of waiters; one grave citizen is receiving a scalding *bouillon* in his eye, while a *bouilli* is simultaneously poured over a bowing dandy; a glass of wine is capsized into a lady's plate while her attention is diverted; and a piggish priest, whose soup is suffered to stream down the corners of his fat jowl, has his shaven pate saluted by a cascade from a bottle tilted up by a heedless fair *domestique*, whose regards are engaged by the pleasantries of an amorous old fogey by her side, with whom she is exchanging jocularities.

1810 (?). *Paris Diligence.* Rowlandson del. et sculp. Published by T. Tegg.—This print is one of a class somewhat superior to the average series published in Cheapside. The scene is a favourite one with the artist, and his early experiences in France here serve him in valuable stead. It is in pictures of Continental life, before the aspects of the quaint and picturesque surroundings were entirely transmogrified by the French Revolution, that we recognise Rowlandson at his best. The value of these sketches is perhaps greater than of any other works his facile hand has bequeathed us, and the interest of these subjects is found to appeal to a larger circle of admirers.

The *diligence* is starting from a massively built and handsome innyard, the sign of the *Coq en Pâte.* The 'machine' is a cumbersome vehicle, clumsy and heavy to an incredible degree. It is drawn—at no rapid pace, it is certain—by four strong, long, ill-favoured steeds, harnessed with ropes to the Noah's Ark-like contrivance, and ridden by two postilions, who are cracking their long thonged whips without producing much acceleration of speed in the toiling team. The timber of the diligence would be heavy for a gun-carriage, and the construction of the entire concern is perfectly primitive. A huge basket in front, about the size of a porter's lodge, is presumably the 'luggage boot;' below this are two small and heavy wheels, while at the other end of the machine are two enormous hind-wheels. The elongated body of the vehicle seems also to be made of rough basket-work. Through the unglazed spaces for windows are seen the occupants, who are travelling Pariswards: an assortment of corpulent and shaven monks, peasant women, and an old veteran with a formidable pigtail; a fashionable lady in feathers is ogling a beau wearing a powdered wig and enormous *solitaire.* The roof itself is also loaded; another fat friar, with shaven poll, is reading his book, over which is peeping a *débonnaire* damsel of redundant charms, who is flirting a gigantic fan; an officer, with an enormous cocked-hat and a massive club, has his hands in a muff of pantomimic magnitude; by his side is a lively *grisette,* with a parasol; another officer is reclining behind.

The *diligence* is attended by the usual mendicants, vociferously appealing for alms. The background is a quaint French town of some importance; a jack-booted rider is clattering along in the rear of a travelling-carriage, which is posting to the capital, driven by a postilion. Down the street is shown a procession of well-fed friars; and a party of devout nuns are striking attitudes at the foot of a carved figure. The whole picture recalls the precise aspect France wore at the time Sterne made his famous 'Sentimental Journey,' and the scene might well be a chapter from that picturesque pilgrimage.

June 4, 1810. *Love and Dust.* Published by T. Tegg. Republished. (See 1799.)

June 5, 1810. *Boxing Match for Two Hundred Guineas betwixt Dutch*

Sam and Medley, fought May 31, 1810, *on Moulsey Hurst, near Hampton.* Published by T. Tegg. Tegg's caricatures (22).—The artist has drawn the fight, judging from the appearance offered by the opponents, during the first round, while all was cool and scientific. The champions, stripped to the waist, are sparring round one another on guard ; their seconds are eagerly following up the principals ; the two bottle-holders are seated on the grass. The spectators, a very orderly company, according to the picture, are arranged on the grass in a wide circle, while beyond the amateurs on foot is a ring of vehicles, on the roofs of which are perched the more fashionable portion of the patrons of the Ring, amongst whom are seen some of the softer sex.

'The concourse of people exceeded anything we have ever witnessed. The spectators were computed at ten thousand. At one o'clock the champions entered the ring, and Sam had for his second Harry Lee, whilst Joe Ward officiated for Medley. After a severe and bloody contest of forty-nine rounds victory was decided in favour of Sam.'

August 8, 1810. *Smuggling Out, or Starting from Gretna Green.* Rowlandson del. Schultz scul. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—A gallant officer is assisting a pretty and precocious boarding-school miss to elope from a balcony window; a post-chaise is waiting in readiness to carry the fugitives 'across the Border,' and a servant in attendance has secured the damsel's personal belongings in a portmanteau on his shoulders.

August 8, 1810. *Smuggling In, or a College Trick.*—The picture represents the corner of a college quadrangle. Three festive and mischievously disposed collegians appear at the window of their rooms ; with the contrivance of a sling and a stout rope they are managing to draw up, clandestinely, as they fondly imagine, a pretty, modish, and, we fear, wanton maiden, who is not in the least terrified or abashed at her situation, but is entering into the spirit of the adventure. A frowning proctor, who is scandalised at these reprehensible irregularities, is standing in an angle, half-concealed in the shadow, scowling at the party, and waiting to dart out and surprise the violators of the academical proprieties at the critical moment for their detection.

September 8, 1810. *Procession of the Cod Company from St. Giles's to Billingsgate.* Published by T. Tegg (11).—A view of old Billingsgate, overlooking the river, with the fish being landed from the crowds of smacks at the old covered jetty, since swept away. The pilgrimage of the sturdy members of *The Cod Company*, we presume, is made to the craft on the river to take in cargoes of fish. The procession is composed of corpulent old Irish women, of colossal breadth and strength, all balancing their fish-baskets on their heads, some smoking their cherished clay pipes, and carrying their stoutly developed arms crossed, akimbo, or on their hips, after their individual proclivities.

September 25, 1810. *Rigging out a Smuggler.* Published by T. Tegg (8).—A party of sailors in a cabin are fitting out a handsome young creature to 'run the gauntlet' of the Custom-house officers, or rather to go on shore, with as full a cargo of excisable articles as they can secure round her person. Huge pockets of 'old Japan china, tea, gum,' &c. are disposed round her waist, together with a small keg of 'coniac,' and a flagon of otto of roses. Chests of Congou and Souchon and flasks of arrack are standing about.

September 30, 1810. *Dramatic Demireps at their Morning Rehearsal.* Published by T. Tegg (10).—The intention of this burlesque is a pun on *dram-atic*; the theatrical demireps being very ungallantly displayed in the Hundreds of Drury, inhabiting an attic, and indulging in matutinal potations of gin. The surroundings do not give a very cultivated idea of the actresses or their belongings. *The Chapter of Accidents* seems to be the piece in rehearsal. The toilettes of the fair performers are shockingly neglected. Over the mantelpiece are various professional announcements 'for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund,' &c. By the side of an '*À la mode* beef jug' is a melon marked 'Ripe—rotten,' and other ironical allusions to current scandals and personages then well recognised are posted on the walls, as sketches for portraits: *Peg and the Duke*, *Bald as a Coote*, *Little Darby O! Ever Craving*, and *Old Q.*, and various innuendoes hardly flattering to the originals indicated.

October 5, 1810. *Sports of a Country Fair.* Part the First. Published by T. Tegg.—The bustling picture of a country fair in full operation. In the rear are swings, booths, and theatrical shows. In the foreground is shown a cart overset; a man is holding on to the head of the horse, which in rearing has snapped his girths and tilted the cart on end, while the late occupants are thrown down in motley confusion, sprawling on the turf, pommelling, kicking, shrieking, and throwing up their limbs, while eager groups of spectators are hurrying up to enjoy the disaster.

October 5, 1810. *Sports of a Country Fair.* Part the Second.—A nearer view of the same fair: the thick of the crowd; stick-throwing for snuffboxes, oyster-opening, pocket-picking, and a round-about swing; one of the boats is giving way, and a fair swinger and her swain are falling through. There is an inn where cordials are supplied, through the windows of which various scenes of love-making are visible. In the distance may be seen Polito's stage-booths, horse-racing, and other diversions.

October, 1810. *Sports of a Country Fair.* Part the Third. Published by T. Tegg.—The interior of another booth-theatre; the play is interrupted; the only performer on the stage is thrown into consternation, and the whole of the audience are dispersing in terror at an unexpected intruder. A royal Bengal tiger has made his escape from an adjoining show, and is bounding through the

canvas walls of the theatrical booth, threatening to descend plump into the auditorium. The effect on the frightened playgoers may be well imagined. Some are prostrate with terror; one man is down on his knees and cannot move for fright; ladies are fainting; husbands are manfully endeavouring to carry off their wives out of the way of the terrible visitor, and everything is turned topsy-turvy.

1810. *Sports of a Country Fair.*—The sport in this case is accidental, and the amusement verges on peril of a terrible character. A temporary theatre, *Cockburn's Company*, is on fire, and the spectators are escaping as best they may.

SPITFIRES.

The entrance is from a balcony reached by a flight of steps, and the frightened spectators are pouring out of the building, which is burning furiously, and throwing themselves pellmell down the steps, at the bottom of which they are sprawling, kicking, and plunging in fright and confusion. Certain buxom damsels are climbing over the balustrade and dropping from the balcony, with the musicians, into the arms of those below. A bill on the booth announces the *Last Night*, *Pizarro* and *Don Juan*, *A Shower of Real Fire*, and *A View of the Infernal Regions*. Crowds are scudding away in the distance, and the other attractions of the fair are at a standstill.

October 25, 1810. *An Old Ewe Drest Lamb Fashion.* Published by T. Tegg.

A deceptive old tabby, clad in a juvenile style, is dashing along in a high poke-bonnet; three or four Don Juans of eccentric exterior are hurrying after her to tender their attentions, an act of gallantry they are likely to regret on closer inspection. The quotation offered as *A Misery of Human Life* runs thus: 'Walking fast and far to overtake a woman from whose shape and air as viewed *en derrière* you have decided that her face is angelic, till, on eagerly turning round as you pass her, you are petrified by a Gorgon.'

October 25, 1810. *Shitfires.* Published by T. Tegg (44).

October 25, 1810. *Dropsy Courting Consumption.* Published by T. Tegg (45).—Outside a building marked *Mausoleum*—a dwarf rotunda beside a slender

A HIT AT BACKGAMMON.

column—kneels a round ball of a suitor, who, it would seem, is destined never to recover his perpendicular; he is suing at the feet of an attenuated nymph, of straight and bony proportions, who it appears is in the last stage of wasting away. In the grounds a corpulent lady and a declining-looking gentleman of the Laurence Sterne type are contemplating a statue of Hercules.

November 1, 1810. *Doctor Gallipot placing his Fortune at the feet of his Mistress.* 'Throw physic to the dogs.' Republished. (See 1808.)

November 1, 1810. *Kitchen Stuff.* Published by T. Tegg (43).—A scene of low life below stairs. A fire is roaring up the kitchen grate, and a fat old cook, slumbering in an armchair drawn up to the kitchen table, has her feet

resting on the chimneypiece, and a glass of 'cherry bounce' held in her chubby hand, to refresh her after the exertions of the day. A younger and proportionately comely and comfortable-looking kitchen-maid is also stealing 'forty winks,' with her head resting against the chimneypiece; while a fat black footman, who completes this evidently easy-going household, is indulging in the luxury of repose and pillowing his slumbering woolly pate on the ample shoulders of his shapely neighbour.

November 19, 1810. *A Hit at Backgammon.* Published by T. Tegg (No. 46).

November 20, 1810. *Medical Despatch, or Doctor Doubledose Killing Two Birds with One Stone.* Published by T. Tegg (47).—Reclining back in an armchair is an old invalid lady, evidently at the last gasp; her end is made still more certain by opium and composing draughts placed ready to her hand. On the armchair of the ghastly sufferer leans a pretty buxom girl in the flush of womanhood, who is wavering between grief and rapture—tears for her departing relative and regard for the caresses of the practitioner, who is dismissing his patient and courting a bride at the same moment. While one hand of the perfidious Doctor is carelessly holding the pulse of the sinking woman his arm is thrown round the neck of the blooming maiden, his fat features are expressive of maudlin tenderness, and his eyes are turned upwards in awkward admiration.

November 20, 1810. *Bath Races.* Published by T. Tegg (49).—The race appropriately starts from 'Cripple's Corner;' the halt, the maimed, and the lame are the competitors; it is, in fact, a race of Bath chairs and crutches, all tearing and tumbling down hill and blowing in the wind; the gouty hangers behind being urged forward, pushed, whipped, and cheered on by the delighted spectators. The city of Bath is slightly indicated in the rear.

November 30, 1810. *Doctor Drainbarrel conveyed Home in a Wheelbarrow, in order to take his Trial for Neglect of Family Duty.* Published by T. Tegg (23).

November 30, 1810. *After Sweet Meat comes Sour Sauce, or Corporal Cazey got into the Wrong Box.* Rowlandson del. Published by T. Tegg (24).—The Corporal has incautiously been paying a secret visit to a fine, plump and well-favoured damsel, on whose affections, it would seem, the man of war has no legitimate claim. The lady is snugly disposing her lover in a strong-box, with iron clamps, probably the sea-chest of the lawful proprietor of the chamber. Before closing the lid on the captive swain the buxom maid, at whose waist hangs the key of the chest, is favouring the suitor with a parting kiss. An old 'salt,' his few remaining hairs bristling with indignation and resentment, is looking in at the window and surveying the entire transaction before making his

entrance on the scene. That the Corporal has fairly got into the 'wrong box' is further hinted by a trap at his side, in which an unfortunate rat is securely imprisoned.

1810. *The Harmonic Society.* '*The Assemblies of women are too frequently marked by malice to each other, and slander of the absent; the meetings of men by noise, inebriety, and wrangling.*'—A companion scene to *The Breaking up of a Blue Stocking Club* (March 1, 1815). The direst disorder, according to the plate, is proceeding around on all sides: the conflict of fists, aided by such aggressive articles as bottles, the fireirons, and any offensive weapon that may come to

DR. DRAINBARREL CONVEYED HOME IN A WHEELBARROW.

hand, is raging free and furious. The president of this *harmonic meeting* is very naturally employing his hammer to bring the turbulent to order, by using it as an instrument to knock down his opponents. Wigs are sent flying 'through space,' chairs are wrecked; decanters, spirit-bottles, punchbowls, and such frail objects as tumblers, rummers, and wine-glasses, are involved in universal destruction. One elated youthful hero has jumped on the table in a tipsy frolic; he is promoting the further confusion which darkness will entail by deliberately smashing up the candles, and battering the sconces of the chandelier with the assistance of a punch-ladle.

1810. *The Sign of the Four Alls.*—The four personages who constitute

this famous view of the relative estates of the realm stand under niches; the head of the State is the first represented; and next, of course, is the Church; then the powers militant; and lastly, as a sort of necessary evil, the commonalty—perhaps better kept out of sight altogether, since the presence of the representative of this portion of the empire is not acknowledged by the other three, his pastors and masters. Number one, George the Third; the King in this case is represented strutting in awful but somewhat awkward majesty. To quote a national but lowly authority, Giles Grinagain :—

> What! he the King? Why, that chap there?
> Why, I saw a king at Bartholomew Fair
> More like a king than that chap there!

The Bishop, a snug ecclesiastic, a remnant possibly of the bad old school of the Clarke preferments, all wig, lawn sleeves, mitre, and crozier, is raising his fat hands with sanctimonious import—'I pray for all.' As to the soldier, the military officer drawn by Rowlandson rather reminds one of Colonel Wardle, whose person the caricaturist had made a little too familiar—'I fight for all;' and lastly comes John Bull, under his agricultural aspect, a simple farmer, with his smock, hay-fork, and dog, and, what is more to the purpose, his bag of 'hard earnings' in his hand, on the strength of which he is admitted to join the quartette—on sufferance, it is palpable—'I pay for all!'[1]

[1] The satirical humours of this sign, which dates back from a recondite period, find a place in Larwood's valuable *History of Signboards*, who gives us further particulars from his own exhaustive researches. 'In Holland, in the seventeenth century, it was used, but the king was left out, and a lawyer added. Each person said exactly the same as our signboards, but the farmer answered :—

> You may fight, you may pray, you may plead,
> But I am the farmer who lays the eggs—

i.e. finds the money.

'This enumeration of the various performances coupled with the word *all* has been used in numerous different epigrams; an address to James the First, in the Ashmolean MSS., No. 1730, has :—

> *The Lords* craveth all,
> *The Queene* granteth all,
> *The Ladies* of honour ruleth all,
> *The Lord-Keeper* sealed all,
> *The Intelligencer* marred all,
> *The Parliament* pass'd all,
> *He that is gone* opposed himself to all,
> *The Bishops* soothed all,
> *The Judges* pardoned all,
> *The Lords* buy, Rome spoil'd all.
> Now, *Good King*, mend all,
> Or else *The Devil* will have all.

'This again seems to have been imitated from a similar description of the state of Spain in Greene's *Spanish Masquerade*, 1589 :—

> *The Cardinals* solicit all,
> *The King* graunts all,
> *The Nobles* confirm all,
> *The Pope* determines all,
> *The Clergie* disposeth all,
> *The Duke of Medina* hopes for all,
> *Alonzo* receives all,
> *The Indians* minister all,
> *The Soldiers* eat all,
> *The People* paie all,
> *The Monks and Friars* consume all,
> And *the Devil* at length will carry away all.'

1810 (?). *The Rabbit Merchant.* Published by T. Tegg (25).—The view of a country street; a rabbit seller, with a selection of his stock on his pole, is offering a choice to an old dame, who is somewhat hypercritical, and is employing a test which the rabbit merchant considers excessive and uncalled for; he is represented as offering 'the retort courteous' in justification of his goods.

1810 (?). *A Sale of English Beauties in the East Indies.*—Although, as we have noticed, Rowlandson's work was stamped by the strongest originality, he, like other etchers of caricatures, often executed the ideas or worked out the first impressions of less experienced draughtsmen; however, unlike most engravers, he has left, in his numerous plates after Wigstead, Woodward, Bunbury, Nixon, Newton, &c. (in all cases the name of the originator is given), but slight traces of the defects and shortcomings of the amateur artists whose sketches he has put into circulation, the major part of the engravings bearing unmistakable and easily recognised evidence of Rowlandson's individuality. In the case of the present caricature he has, in some degree, departed from this practice, probably at the desire of the publisher of the print, and has gone to Gillray's large and spirited plate entitled *A Sale of English Beauties in the East Indies* for the materials of his version of the same subject. It is noticeable, however, that while he has, in a free-handed manner, preserved the chief points and indeed most of the figures of the original (published March 16, 1786), he has forborne to put his own name to the copy. It is probable that the original version was, at the date of the smaller copy, in demand and difficult to purchase, and, to satisfy the requirements of both publishers and public, Rowlandson has etched this second edition of his friend's plate, Gillray having unhappily lost his reason at the date of the republication.

The scene is supposed to be drawn from one of the landing-places in the East Indies. A merchantman has arrived with a cargo which has proved a source of excitement and attraction to residents of all classes. The fair sex being in great apparent request, a shipload of English beauties on arriving in the East would naturally produce commotion and competition among natives and foreigners alike. A dapper auctioneer is mounted on a bale of books lately arrived, a similar package forms his desk, and he is knocking down a very attractive article, which seems likely to bring a handsome figure. A fine tall beauty is under the scrutiny of a rich Nabob; a young officer is trying to win her ear, and an envoy from the Government, with instructions in his pocket from the Governor-General, is calculating the lady's height with his walking-stick held as a measure. Similar incidents are represented around; the Rajahs are inspecting the latest importations with true merchant-like caution; sundry bargains have already been secured, and in the scales is shown a method of approximating valuations; a well-favoured arrival of the florid and fully developed type is set against a corresponding

weight of 'lacs of rupees.' In the background is pictured a large warehouse for 'unsaleable goods from Europe—to be returned by the next ship'—and several damsels are in great distress at being forced to take refuge within this unpopular establishment.

1810. *A Parody on Milton.* Published by T. Tegg.

> On she came—such as I saw her in my dream.
> Grace was in all her steps—heaven in her eye ;
> In every gesture dignity and love.—MILTON.

A slipshod and tailorlike-looking old scarecrow, with spectacles on nose, and wearing a scarlet nightcap, is viewing with idiotic rapture the advent of a fat, inebriated, and dishevelled bacchante of mature charms, who, with a decanter in one hand and a glass in the other, is staggering into the chamber, to the amusement of a pretty servant-maid outside. The ancient dotard is making a parody on the quotation: 'On she came—such as I saw her in my dream. *Grease* was in all her steps—Geneva in her hand; and every gesture reeling ripe for fun!'

Circa 1810. *Cries of London.* Thirty plates.

1810. S. Butler. *Hudibras.* With illustrations after W. Hogarth, engraved by Thomas Rowlandson. Republished. T. Tegg. (See 1809.)

1811.

January 18, 1811. *College Pranks, or Crabbed Fellows Taught to Caper on the Slack Rope.* Published by T. Tegg (53).—Two portly, and highly respectable Fellows of the University, proceeding along their quadrangle, are assailed with a rough practical joke by a party of unruly young undergraduates; a rope is being suddenly lifted up with a hearty good-will by a riotous mob at either end, and the astonished 'dons' are tripped up and turned over like turtles on a memorial-stone—'Here lies the body of *Bishop Bleareyes.*' Squibs, squirts, and whips, in the hands of these disorderly students, are further contributing to the annoyance of the capsized magnates.

February, 1811. *A Sleepy Congregation.* Rowlandson fecit. Published by T. Tegg (54).—The interior of a parish church. Of the occupants of a family-pew in the foreground the elders are sleeping, while a fair young worshipper's thoughts are evidently wandering; the attentions of one or two buckish youths, seated in the vicinity, seem to be centred on the lady; the clerk is snoring at his desk, regardless of the podgy and somewhat excited preacher over his head, who is quite absorbed in his sermon, which does not seem to interest anyone but the deliverer.

February 12, 1811. *A Midwife going to a Labour.* Tegg's Caricatures (55). —The stout old nurse, a body of balloon-like expansiveness, is hurrying off, summoned to her duties, at an unearthly hour of the morning. Her head-gear is flowing about in the wind, her hood and cape are caught by the gale; a lantern is held in one hand, a brandy-bottle and a bundle, containing her luggage, are cuddled up in the other, and she is mounted on pattens. The night-watchman is dozing in his box, and a shivering chimney-sweeping lad is crouching along to his early toil, with brushes and bags.

February 16, 1811. *The Gig-Shop, or Kicking up a Breeze at Nell Hamilton's Hop.* Published by T. Tegg.—According to the picture of this place of 'fast' resort, dancing has given way to much rougher diversions, and, although the musicians are in their gallery, playing away as if the scene below was the regular thing, the place appropriated for the dance is given up to a *mill* conducted on

strikingly professional principles; one of the combatants has 'peeled' in recognised style, and his opponent has stripped to his shirt; the backers and seconders of the fisticuffing bucks (who are freely besprinkled with the ruby fluid) are members of the fair sex; in fact, ladies seem in the ascendant at this entertainment. A ring of delighted spectators are enjoying the fight and the fun from the benches, while other gentlemen are prudently engaged in restraining their fair partners from getting mixed up in the squabble which is raging fast and furious, thick and general, behind the two 'milling' gentlemen; ladies using their fists manfully, kicking, tearing hair, and throwing themselves into desperate warfare with

PIGEON-HOLE.

terrific confusion and effect. In the foreground a fair nymph of interesting but dishevelled appearance, probably the *friend* of one of the combatants, is falling into a fainting fit, from which the attentions of those who surround her seem inadequate to restore her to consciousness.

February 20, 1811. *Pigeon Hole, a Covent Garden Contrivance to Coop the Gods.* Published by T. Tegg (57).—The miseries consequent on heat and crowding in a restricted space, as displayed in the Pigeon Hole Galleries of John Kemble's newly-constructed Drury Lane Theatre, gave rise to the present caricature, which is further explained under the head of *This is the House that Jack Built* (Sept. 27, 1809), and *The Boxes* (Dec. 12, 1809). General dissatisfaction

was expressed by all but the privileged subscribers; the lessee's treatment of the humble supporters of the drama, the frequenters of the gallery, gave special offence; and the illiberality of the management which provided such disgraceful accommodation for its patrons was resented by the unruly proceedings known as the *O. P. Riots*, which marked the public sense of the transaction.

February 26, 1811. *A French Dentist Showing a Specimen of his Artificial Teeth and False Palates.* Published by T. Tegg (58).—It is not easy to determine whether this caricature was intended solely as a satire or as an advertisement for some dental professor who was established here at the time. In Rowlandson's day, however, false teeth were sufficient novelties to be welcome subjects for ridicule. An overgrown and exuberantly corpulent female is serving as a sample of the Frenchman's skill; her widely distended mouth is liberally displaying a wonderful set of masticators. The professor is the typical foreigner of the period, wearing hair-powder, a bag-wig, and earrings. An old beau, looking through a quizzing-glass, is admiring the prospect of securing a decent set of teeth, his own gums exhibiting a very ragged and defective regiment. An advertisement in the rear sets forth: '*Mineral Teeth.*—Monsieur De Charmant, from Paris, engages to affix from one tooth to a whole set, without pain. Monsieur D. can also affix an artificial palate or a glass eye in a manner peculiar to himself; he also distils, &c., &c.'

March, 1811. *Bacon-faced Fellows of Brazen-Nose Broke Loose.* Published by T. Tegg (59).—The persons of learned members of the Universities were not treated with a sparing hand by the satirist. Rowlandson has introduced various incidents of college life into his caricatures; but, throughout the series, the waggishly-inclined artist does not, we are afraid, exhibit any particular respect for *Alma Mater*. The Fellows of Brasenose are drawn, with unusual unction, issuing from their Hall and through the archways of the Colleges, dressed in their academic guise, and pouring forth like a sable stream of erudition. The various expressions and attitudes of the 'big-wigs' are vastly well hit off; their diversified peculiarities of face or motion are full of comicality. These grave sons of the Church are not free from gallant considerations—a buxom wench, with a basket of fruit slung round her shapely neck, is the centre of attraction; the 'Bacon-faced Fellows' are crowded around, bargaining for her ware and leering at the seller with undisguised and clumsy admiration. A reflection is cast on the *Vice*-Chancellor, who is vainly endeavouring to steal into his apartments without being detected by the rest of the sly grinning Fellows, with a weighty folio under his arm, and followed by an engaging young fruiteress, a lump of rustic innocence, bearing her baskets, for better selection from the contents, to the seclusion of the Vice's study.

March 10, 1811. *She Stoops to Conquer.* Published by T. Tegg (61).—The

central room of a prison. Various strong doors and iron-grated windows open on the chamber. Bolts, padlocks, and strings of fetters indicate the nature of the security. Behind a grating is seen a prisoner, on whose behalf a buxom damsel is supposed to 'stoop to conquer,' since by dint of a plentiful repast, renewed strong potations, and those tender cajoleries which are believed to be the special weapons of the fair, the lady is evidently endeavouring to gain possession of the precious keys which will enable her to set her imprisoned swain at liberty.

March 12, 1811. *The Anatomist.* Published by T. Tegg (60).—The meaning of this print is not very obvious. It may be assumed that Dr. Sawbones has secured a new subject; but whether an admirer of the anatomist's lady has had himself conveyed into her presence by simulating death, or changing places with the 'subject,' does not appear. However, the critical situation of the lively gentleman on trestles does not seem conducive to a tranquil frame of mind; the operator is deliberately getting out his saws, knives, scissors, and other repellent anatomical instruments in a business-like spirit, for he has, according to an announcement, to deliver *A Course of Anatomical Lectures, accompanied with Dissections*, and he is in want of a subject for demonstration. The lady, filled with the direst apprehensions, is trying to impress on the anatomist the remarkable and unusual fact that the dead man has returned to life.

March 16, 1811. *Sailors on Horseback.* Published by T. Tegg (62).—This print is one of the numerous instances of subjects designed by amateurs and given to Rowlandson to engrave, and, in most respects, to put into shape. According to the humours of this print four sailors, mounted on horseback, are going off on an equestrian cruise by the seashore. The British Tar most at his ease has been lashed with strong cables to the back of his steed beyond a chance of drifting loose: 'Here I come, my hearties, right and tight—smart sailing; but never mind that—I can't be cast away, for my commander, Heavens bless him, has lashed me to the deck with some tough old cables!' His neighbour, who has a restive horse, requests, 'Keep more to the starboard, and be d—— to you; don't you see how you make my vessel run ahead!' A third, riding behind, is mounted on an animal who is taking into his head to launch out in the rear: 'D—— me, how she heaves; why, this is worse than a jolly-boat in the Bay of Biscay!' A comrade, having had a spill, has been left on the road, and is in danger of being run over: 'Mind what you are at, messmates, for I am upset, and the frigate I came on board of has been under way without me this half-hour.'

March 28, 1811. *Kitty Careless in Quod, or Waiting for Jew Bail.* Published by T. Tegg (65).—A dashing young lady of fashion, who has evidently been running ahead of the constable, is 'laid by the heels' in a spunging-house; the apartment in which she is lodged belongs, it appears from a printed notice on the wall, to *MacNab, Sheriff's Officer for the County of Middlesex*—

genteel accommodation for ladies and gentlemen. Heavy locks and bolts to the door, and massive bars to the window, indicate the security of Kitty's keeping. The fair captive does not seem depressed by her confinement: seated before a glowing fire, her legs crossed in easy indifference, the prisoner is drinking bumpers of port wine with her captors; a spectacle by no means unusual in the days of this publication, when the extravagances of people of fashion were constantly leading them to the confinement of a spunging-house.

April 1, 1811. *Pastime in Portugal, or a Visit to the Nunneries.* Published by T. Tegg (64).—The principal figure in this picture is that of a young officer belonging to the British army opposed to the French legions on the Peninsula; in company with a Portuguese don he has come to visit one of the nunneries which were sufficiently abundant in the country; three well-favoured members of the sisterhood and a sour-looking old harridan, by way of duenna, have come to the 'grill,' or large grated window, which was employed to cut off the 'cloistered ones' from the rest of the world. We are able to gather from the illustrations of the period that travellers were accustomed to make visits to nunneries, where they purchased objects manufactured by the inmates, who were regarded by our countrymen as a kind of show; the visitors, however, were always restricted to the outside of the grating which separated the sisterhood from more intimate association with a wicked world. In Rowlandson's sketch the pretty nuns are offering silk purses, of their own knitting, to their dashing visitor, whose attention is more exclusively occupied by the very decided personal attractions of the fair recluses.

April 5, 1811. *The Last Drop.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—A short and corpulent *bon-vivant*, not unlike a balloon in figure, whose waistband has been abnormally distended by the bibulous propensities of the owner, is standing on tiptoe tilting up to his eager lips a huge punchbowl, too well filled to be lifted bodily; he is transferring the contents to his own inside with much gusto. While the veteran and inordinate toper is greedily engulfing his last bumping measure he is too busily engaged in the important work in hand to notice that *Death*, in his bony personality as a ghastly skeleton, is helping to raise the finishing bowl, while the fatal dart is poised over his head, ready for the stroke which will follow this last potation before the tippler has time to recover his breath. The stout gentleman has evidently enjoyed a lengthy innings, and, from the instances scattered about him, he has made the most of his opportunities; he is surrounded by the remnants of the good and bad things with which he has made away—barrels of stout, bottles of port, puncheons of *usquebaugh*, and spirits of all sorts; in fact, a very cellar of the strong drinks which in his day have fallen to the share of the departing toper.

April 9, 1811. *Boney the Second, or the Little Baboon Created to Devour French Monkeys.* Published by T. Tegg.—'Boneyparte,' in his general's

uniform, is seated before the fire, making caudle—of French blood—for the infant prince; a row of sovereign-crowns, wrested from the wearers, are ranged on the mantelpiece. Napoleon's heir, the miniature of his sire, with the addition of a monkey's tail, is tearing and clawing at his parent, and is held on a cushion placed outside the Imperial cradle, which is inscribed *Devil's Darling.* Napoleon is haranguing in his usual grandiose style: 'Rejoice, ye Frenchmen; the fruits of my labour has produced a little image of myself. I shall, for the love I owe your country, instil in my noble offspring the same principles of lying, thieving, treachery, letchery, murder, and all other foul deeds, for which I am now worshipped and adored!' The Pope is kneeling by his side, and pronouncing by way of a benediction over the infant:—

> The owl shrick'd at thy birth, an evil sight;
> The night-crow cry'd, foreboding luckless time;
> Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
> The raven rock'd her on the chimney-top,
> And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.

April 10, 1811. *A Picture of Misery.* Published by T. Tegg (70).—The bare and chilling chamber is occupied by a leaden-hued and sordid-looking miser, opposite to whom is seated an individual of starved aspect; a pinched and shrivelled old beldame is seen at the door. A table of interest is the only literature the room can boast. The miser is crouching before the grate, and snuffing out the single candle for economy. Above the usurer hangs his own portrait; he is painted congenially occupied in weighing guineas; a list of securities, 'Stock Ex., Bank Stock, 3 per Cents., Imperial, Omnium, South Sea, Exchequer, Lottery,' &c., recalls sweet reflections. Below are the lines:—

> Iron was his chest, iron was his door;
> His hand was iron, and his heart was more.

April 12, 1811. *Puss in Boots, or General Junot taken by Surprise.* Rowlandson del. Published by T. Tegg (71).—A dashing young damsel has secured the jack-boots, cocked-hat, and long sword of General Junot, and is assuming valiant airs, dressed in these borrowed plumes, and threatening the French commander—who is helpless and in bed—with his own weapons.

April 14, 1811. *Nursing the Spawn of a Tyrant, or Frenchmen Sick of the Breed.* Published by T. Tegg.—The Empress of the French is in consternation at the precocious fury of her progeny, who, with an orb in one hand and a dagger in the other, is threatening destruction around; while the Emperor is listening behind a curtain; the pope and other Roman-Catholic hierarchs are offering 'composing draughts,' and suggesting to send the infantine monster to his supposed diabolical 'grandpapa' as quickly as possible. The Empress is thus proclaiming the terrors of her situation: 'There's no condition sure so curst

as mine! Day and night to dandle such a dragon—the little angry cur snarls while it feeds; see how the blood is settled in his scarecrow face; what brutal mischief sits upon his brow. Rage and vengeance sparkle in his cheeks; the very spawn and spit of its tyrant father. Nay, now I look again, he is the very picture of his grandfather, *the Devil!*'

April 20, 1811. *The Enraged Son of Mars and the Timid Tonsor.* Published by T. Tegg (67).—The picture represents the interior of a barber's shop, a favourite subject with the caricaturists. A stout customer is expressing slaughterous intentions; a choleric old boy, probably an officer of the Militia, with the shaving-cloth round his short neck, is vowing vengeance on the head of the frightened barber, who has been so *maladroit* as to carve a tolerable gash in the veteran's round cheek. The tonsor's wife, who is also engaged in the business, is, while holding the soap-bowl and lather, thrown into consternation at the uproar raised by the damaged client. An assistant, who is employed in cutting the hair of another customer, is equally distracted, and, in his trepidation, is threatening the ears of his unconscious subject. The barber's monkey—for barbers have in all time enjoyed the credit of being fanciers of live stock—is lathering his head at a toilette-table, in imitation of the actions of a venerable personage who has just had his head shaved. Various blocks, with their attendant wigs, are ranged round the shelves of the shop, telling of the day when a gentleman's head of hair was sent out to be dressed, while he kept a change of wigs for convenience-sake; here we find parsons' blocks, clerks' blocks, doctors' blocks, lawyers' blocks, and other professional 'caxons,' the heads of the learned being distinguished by their respective wigs. Various sketches appear on the walls, the subjects being selected with a view to their trade appositeness. One picture represents the fate of Absalom, delivered to destruction by his luxuriant locks: 'O Absalom, my son, my son! hadst thou wore a wig this ne'er had happened,' &c., &c.

April 24, 1811. *Rural Sports. Cat in a Bowl.* No. 1.—The pastimes of our forefathers, before the establishment of Humane Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, were too frequently of a barbarous description, and the cruelties then tolerated for mere sport were undoubtedly most reprehensible. The caricaturist has contrived to surround these wanton displays with an air of hilarity, and the spectacle of a 'cat in a bowl,' apart from the brutality of the fun, is not without its whimsical attractions. A favourite cat, the property of a distracted spinster, has been launched upon the water in a bowl, which is shown spinning round with the current, to the terror of the involuntary voyager, whose dread of immersion combined with her exertions to escape from this embarrassing situation, which threatens to capsize the treacherous craft at every turn, seem to afford the frivolous audience unqualified amusement. A lad is seated on the

bank, with a girl by his side—probably the authors of the mischief—holding a barking dog, ready to attack the frightened creature if she comes too near the shore. Parties taking the air in chaises, and promenaders, the loiterers from the alehouse, pipe in hand, and various rustic groups gathered round the brink, are intensely diverted at the scene. Not so the owner of the cat; the horrified old maid, rendered desperate by the precarious situation of her pet, is pulling up her skirts and plunging forward in a vain endeavour to reach the slippery bowl, which is out of her reach; while a second old lady is doing her best to assist her friend. A little further down the bank the artist has introduced another reckless episode; a pair of horses are running away with a tandem, which is being overturned, and the driver and a stout female by his side are just on the point of being tumbled out without ceremony.

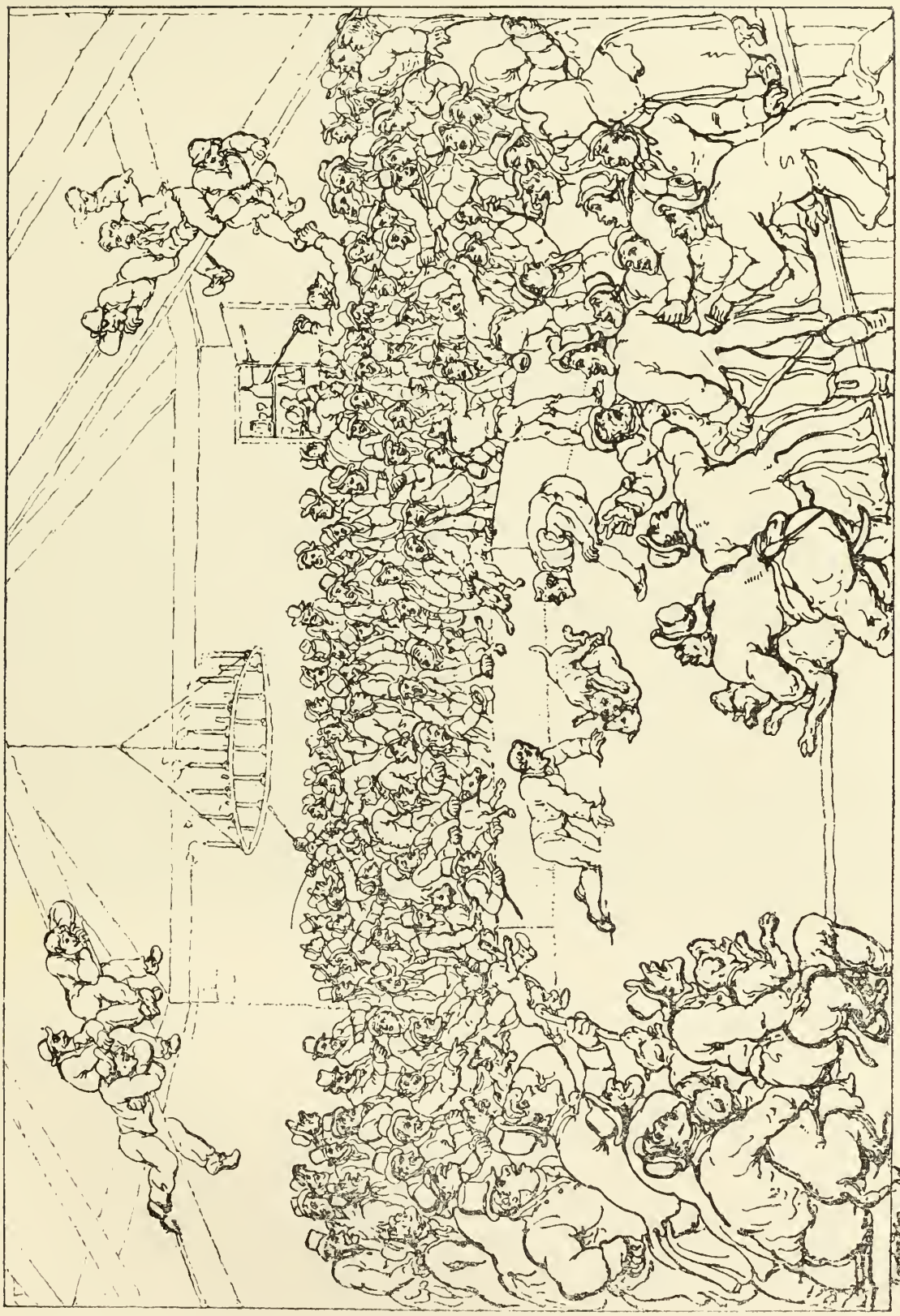
May 1, 1811. *A Dog Fight.*—There is a note on the proof impression of this plate in the writer's collection, to the effect that the print was never published. The spectacle represented is remarkably animated; the various incidents of the brutal exhibition are seized with a masterly hand; the enthusiasm and excitement of the audience are done full justice to. Drinking, betting, squabbling, an irregular scrimmage, picking of pockets, and similar humours are treated with due appreciation. The backers of the losing dog are thrown into dismay, as their faces sufficiently indicate; while the satisfaction which fills the supporters of the winning side is well expressed. The spirit of the picture is much increased by the introduction of numerous dogs, ferocious-looking 'varmints,' struggling to join the fray, and only held back from the stage of conflict by the most desperate exertions on the part of their owners; these combatively-minded animals are probably the heroes of coming tournays. The scene of this cruel sport, since made unlawful, is probably the 'Westminster pit,'[1] where such spectacles were constantly held, and attended by persons of rank and fashion, as well as by the dregs of the sporting and dog-fancying fraternities, whose presence, as shown in the study, is tolerably marked.

May 1, 1811. *Touch for Touch, or a Female Physician in Full Practice.*—The figure of the fair practitioner is highly spirited,—a handsome young female, whose person is set off with all the allurements of fine clothes, well-dressed hair, and waving plumes. A decrepit and toothless patient is evidently grateful to the doctress; he is filling the hand of the distinguished physician with gold-pieces before she leaves the apartment, or more properly consulting-room, which is further set off with a picture of Danae collecting a shower of gold.

May 4, 1811. *Who's Mistress Now?* Republished. (See 1802.)

May 16, 1811. *The Bassoon—with a French Horn Accompaniment.* Pub-

[1] It was here, in this same Westminster pit, that the celebrated dog *Billy* distinguished himself, and carried off the laurels of vermin-killing, by despatching a hundred rats at a time.



A DOG FIGHT.

lished by T. Tegg (75).—A couple of slumberers, with their noses elevated above the bedclothes, are evidently executing variations in a snoring fashion more powerful than pleasing :—

Hush ev'ry breeze ; let nothing move :
My Celia sleeps and dreams of love !

June 4, 1811. *Summer Amusement. Bug Hunting.*

July, 1811. *A Ghost in the Wine Cellar.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

July 14, 1811. *Easter Monday, or the Cockney Hunt.* Designed, etched, and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—The old Cockney

RURAL SPORTS.

hunt is in full swing ; the hounds are streaming over some palings in the way of their run ; a poor little huntsman, perched upon a white mare, in attempting the jump has lost his whip, missed his seat, and is being thrown over the neck of his horse ; while a spirited belle is leaping her horse in true sportsmanlike style.

1811 (?). *Rural Sports.*

1811. *The Huntsman Rising.* Republished. (See 1809.) Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

1811. *The Gamester Going to Bed.* Republished. (See 1809.) Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—According to the original drawing (see Appendix, collection of John West, Esq.) it appears, from a paper spread

before the desperate gambler, that he has been tempted to give the *coup de grâce* to his reckless career by committing a forgery.

August 20, 1811. *Love Laughs at Locksmiths.* Designed and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—The stronghold in which an old Israelite has confined his treasure has enormous padlocks on the area gate and the door studded with nails. The proprietor has returned with provisions for a merry-making; a porter bearing on his head a basket containing geese, fowls, fish, and fruit, with a flask of wine in his hand. The old curmudgeon's crutch is leaning against the door, and he is fumbling over the immense padlock, quite

THE HUNTSMAN RISING.

unconscious that a smart young officer, who has placed a ladder against the window of his lovely inamorata's apartment, is helping the captive bird to freedom from the clutches of her jealous jailer.

August 30, 1811. *Masquerading.* Published by T. Tegg.—The comicalities of a masquerade at the beginning of the century, when this class of entertainment, although declining since the palmy days of the Pantheon and Madame Cornely's extravagances in Soho Square, was more prevalent than at present, are set forth with due observation of the leading characteristics. Prominent among the maskers is a lady-magician, with her divining-wand and a book of the 'black art,' confronting a nondescript necromancer and his zany. There

is a nobleman wearing horns as a becoming decoration for his head; and our old friend Punchinello, with a guitar, putting himself into grotesque contortions. There is a composite personage, a kind of *Janus*, an established feature in old *bal masqués*, one side male and the other female. There is a Folly, a councillor, and the usual attendance of dominos, masquers, and characters, whose disguises are of a speculative description.

September, 1811. *Accommodation Ladder.* Published by T. Tegg (85). —At the feet of a gigantic and finely-built wench is a rotund yet diminutive Admiral, with cocked-hat, telescope, sword, and all complete; his broad

THE GAMESTER GOING TO BED.

riband is marked *Death or Victory.* For his accommodation, that he may be able to reach her countenance within hailing distance, the lady, who is more than twice the height of her admirer, is holding a ladder ready for his ascent. The belle wears a gallant plume, and a streamer with the motto *England expects every man to do his duty.*

September 12, 1811. *Sorrow's Dry, or a Cure for the Heartache.*

September 20, 1811. *Looking at the Comet till you get a crick in the neck.* Published by T. Tegg (91).—A slipshod, lean old anatomy, in dressing-gown and slippers, is straining his ancient crooked neck staring at a comet

through a spyglass. A comely young female, seated in an armchair at the window, is pointing out the phenomenon to the gazer; meanwhile a youthful gallant, on his knees beside the lady, is squeezing her hand, tenderly pressing her foot, and otherwise striving to enlist her interest by a demonstrative display of affection.

MASQUERADING.

September 25, 1811. *Life and Death of the Race Horse.* Published by T. Tegg (90).—This print is divided into six stages. The first represents the foal by the side of his dam; in the second he is pictured as a racer on the course in all the pride of strength and beauty, blood and limb. In the third stage he has come down to a hunter; from thence, with old age fast approaching, he is used to run in a postchaise. In the fifth plate we find the

whilom racehorse grown aged and broken down, and condemned to end his wretched days belaboured as a pack-horse. In the last stage the racehorse's career is brought down to his death, and a huntsman has purchased his carcass to feed his pack.

September 29, 1811. *Rural Sports. A Milling Match which took place at Thisselton Gap, in the county of Rutland, September* 28, 1811, *betwixt Cribb and Molineaux, on a twenty-five foot stage, and was the second public contest between these two pugilists. It lasted nineteen minutes and ten seconds, and was decisive in favour of Cribb.* Rowlandson del. Published by T. Tegg.—The point from which the picture is taken affords a good view of the combat, which is about concluded. Cribb, a massively-built boxer, is dealing the black champion such a felling blow as, judging from the dismay expressed in the faces of the two supporters of Molineaux, one of whom is also a man of colour, will leave the victory in the hands of the striker, whose backer and bottle-holder are in raptures. Round the raised platform which constitutes the ring is gathered a very animated throng, amidst which the artist has depicted the various popular incidents of pushing, struggling, climbing on shoulders, quarrelling, picking pockets, cheering, and resenting the encroachments of men on horseback. A prize-fight would seem to have been an institution in fashion at the beginning of the century; the streams of vehicles, coaches, tandems, curricles, and every contrivance 'on wheels' which surround the stage and line the background give the scene the appearance of a Derby course. The presence of the fair sex, who seem to appreciate the performance, keeps up the animation of the picture.

October 1, 1811. *Rural Sports. Smock Racing.* Published by T. Tegg.

October 2, 1811. *John Bull at the Italian Opera.* Republished. (See Oct. 2, 1805.) Designed and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

October, 1811. *Rural Sports, or a Game at Quoits.*—A village green, with an alehouse in the rear, is the scene of this diversion. Various loving couples are disporting themselves on benches and at round-tables by the alehouse door. The village cobblers, blacksmiths, tailors, butchers, &c., are neglecting their trades to follow the game; their injured wives have come to reduce the careless husbands to a proper sense of their duties. One shrewish spouse, leaning over the paling, is flourishing a broom with a force of arms that threatens to astonish her good man, whose attention is occupied in the game. Over the head of the victim is a board, *Washing and mangling done here.* Various convivial groups are scattered around.

October, 1811. *Rural Sports, or how to show off a well-shaped Leg*, introduces a rustic pleasure-ground. A rope thrown between two tall trees furnishes a swing for a well-developed and gaily apparelled hoyden; another maiden is working the rope which swings her friend; the attractions of the second lady

RURAL SPORTS. SMOCK RACING.

have absorbed a young gentleman, whose attentions to the fair rope-puller are 'particular.' A group of wicked old roysterers are delighted with the prospect of the swinging hoyden—their pipes and bowls are neglected in their rapturous attention to the evolutions of the fair occupant of the swing, and their indignant wives are vainly endeavouring to recall them to a sense of propriety.

1811. *Twelfth Night Characters*, in twenty-four figures, by T. Rowlandson.

October, 1811. *Rural Sports, or a Cricket Match Extraordinary.* Published by T. Tegg (96).—On Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1811, a cricket match took place at Balls Pond, Newington. The players on both sides were women—11 Hampshire against 11 Surrey. The match was made between two noblemen amateurs of the respective counties for 500 guineas a side. The performers in the contest were of all ages and sizes. Such a subject in the hands of Rowlandson afforded almost unbounded opportunities for the exercise of his grotesque talents and his command of figure-drawing. The scene is a busy one, as may be conceived; a certain artistic freedom has been assumed, and there is a liberal display of limbs in all directions, the skirts of the cricketers being tucked up for convenience of motion; the performers, however, seem to enter into the contest with spirit, if not skill. Balls Pond, as seen in the engraving, is a fair open country, without a trace of a solitary habitation. A spacious tent, in the background, is erected for the *Jolly Cricketers*, wherein the noble patrons of the sport are fortifying the players with huge bowls of punch, restoratives which do not appear to promote the most orderly proceedings.

1811 (?). *The Jockey Club, or Newmarket Meeting* (111) (Betting Room).

1811 (?). *The Sagacious Buck, or Effects of Waterproof.*

1811 (?). *Richmond Hill.* After H. Bunbury. (See 1803.)

1811 (?). *French Inn.* ditto.

1811 (?). *Quaix de Paris.* ditto.

1811 (?). *A Country Club.*

1811 (?). *Recruits.* (See 1803.)

1811 (?). *Morning, or the Man of Taste.* After H. Bunbury.

1811 (?). *Evening, or the Man of Feeling.* ditto.

1811 (?). *Conversazione.*

October 11, 1811. *Six Classes of that Noble and Intelligent Animal—a Horse.*

The Race Horse.	The War Horse.
The Shooting Pony.	The Hunter.
The Gig Horse.	The Draught Horse.

October 10, 1811. *Distillers looking into their own business.* Published by T. Tegg.—The principal objects in the print are a still and a cask of double-rectified spirits, into which three members of the firm are involuntarily infusing foreign elements.

October, 1811. *Dinners Dressed in the neatest manner.* Published by T. Tegg (112).—The preparations of the cook in question are not calculated to increase the appetite of the observant epicure; the *chef* is hideous, old, rheumy, slovenly, and diseased; he is kneading the paste with his objectionable hands, his snuffbox is on the board by his side; while a blowsy and uncombed slattern is reaching down a pie-dish, in which the rats have been revelling; the bold depredators are scampering off no farther than the next dish. (Companion to *Distillers looking into their own business.*)

October 25, 1811. *A Trip to Gretna Green.* Designed and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—The scene of the situation is the green at Gretna, before the shed of *Tim Tag*, '*Blacksmith and Rector.*' The worthy is in his clerical character, decently clad in professional sables; and, with spectacles on nose, he is reading the service, in a somewhat extemporary fashion, over a fugitive couple, in the open air. A dashing captain, dressed in his regimentals, as was then the everyday fashion in the King's service, is placing a ring on the finger of a comely maiden of tender years, who is smiling and blushing. The postilion who has driven the runaway pair to this stolen match is standing, cap in hand, grinning at the ceremonial. While the blacksmith is rivetting the fetters of Hymen in his clerical character, his professional helpers are looking to the shoes of the horses which are to bear the newly-married couple across the Border.

October 25, 1811. *Rural Sports. Balloon Hunting.* Published by T. Tegg (157).—The balloon is drifting before the wind beyond the control of the aeronaut; a fair voyager is making a terrific descent with a parachute in the midst of a flock of birds; from the top of a tall tower a gentleman is taking deliberate aim at the flying machine, probably with a view to bring it down by blowing a hole through the body of the balloon. In the foreground is shown the mishap of the balloon-hunters; a stout old gentleman is endeavouring to drag his vehicle up hill; his horse is shying and kicking; a dog is barking at the animal's head, the shafts are snapped, and the trap is kicked over; three fair riders are thrown out in picturesque confusion on the turf, and scattered with bottles and a bundle.

November 25, 1811. *English Manner and French Prudence; or French Dragoons brought to a check by a Belvoir Leap. A Scene after Nature near Cuidad Rodrigo. September* 1811. Published by H. Humphrey, St. James's Street.—'Lord Charles Manners was a famous horseman, and unexpectedly one day came upon a French cavalry picket, who gave chase until a brook was reached, which Lord Charles immediately cleared, making a salute, and bidding the Frenchmen (who were so surprised as not to fire until too late), '*Adieu, messieurs!*' A paragraph from one of the London papers of the day makes the

foregoing record of the exciting incident. This gallant exploit is treated pictorially by Rowlandson. Lord Charles Manners is taking the brook in an easy stride, his horse bearing him over 'like a bird,' while his ferocious-looking pursuers are brought to a full stop at the brink, and as the daring horseman is bidding farewell to the enemy they are nonplussed with astonishment at the reckless feat, which they have no ambition to follow. There is a disappointed knot of French officers, dragoons, huzzars, &c.; they are all uttering ejaculations of surprise and cursing the fugitive: '*Sacrebleu!*' '*Mais comment, &c.*'; '*Quel diable d'Anglois!*' '*Est-il possible?*'

December 2, 1811. *A Man of Feeling for the Human Race.* Published by T. Tegg (126).—Represents the college rooms of a Master of Arts and a Fellow of decidedly convivial tendencies, whose predilections appear to be the reverse of ascetic.

December 9, 1811. *Bel and the Dragon.* Published by Stockdale.—Doctor Bell, in wig, gown, cassock, and bands, is standing calmly before a very terrific pantomimic representation of a dragon. Before the Doctor—over whose head shines the glorious midday sun, figuratively set forth—is extended the buckler of *Religion* held by the stalwart arm of the *Marsh Clergy of Monarchists.* Dr. Bell is pointing triumphantly to his school, a dignified pile, founded on a commanding eminence, marked *Church and State.* Behind 'the Dragon' is the rival establishment, *Lancaster's School under the Broad-brim System*, raised on *Deceit and Misrepresentation.* The Dragon's tongue, labelled *Falsehood*, is pouring forth smoke and flames, and his claws, *Hypocrisy*, *Vanity*, *Misrepresentation*, and *Calumny*, are extended to maul the reputation of the opposition champion.

December 15, 1811. *A Milk-sop.* Published by T. Tegg (125).—A pretty milkmaid, with her yoke and cans, is passing the chambers of a gallant collegian at one of the Universities; the shameless undergraduate, in cap and gown, has waited his opportunity, and as the buxom wench is passing his open casement he is leaning out of window, throwing his arm round her buxom waist, and is indulging in a chaste salute, which is cordially received. A tutor, or proctor, dodging round 'the quad,' is horrified at the scandalous licence; a sturdy infant is carried in one of the pails, the other is filled with cream, and offers a rare opportunity for plunder, of which a passing dog is not slow to avail himself—raised on his hind legs he is lapping up the welcome fluid at his leisure.

1811. *Royal Academy, Somerset House, London.* Rowlandson fecit.—The members, who are studying from the nude, are all well advanced in years. The seats and drawing-stands of the old Life Academy are arranged in a horseshoe; the first or inner row of students being seated, while those who form the outer semicircle are standing at their easels. An agreeable and graceful-looking female

model is posed beneath the reflectors in an easy attitude which she is preserving with the assistance of a looped rope slung from the roof.

1811. *The Harmonic Society.* (See October 2, 1810.) Republished.

1811. *Miseries of Travelling. A Hailstorm.* Designed by H. Bunbury, etched by T. Rowlandson.

1811. *A Tutor and his Pupil, travelling in France, arriving at a Posting-house.*

1811. *The Departure of La Fleur.* Vide *Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey.'* Designed by H. Bunbury, etched by T. Rowlandson.

1811 (?). *Exhibition 'Stare' Case, Somerset House.*—The staircase of the handsome buildings erected for Somerset House originally set apart for the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, is ridiculed as a scene of unequivocal confusion. Whether the dangers of the somewhat steep ascent were actually as hazardous as the artist has depicted is open to question. It will be remembered that Sir William Chambers, the architect, whose masterpiece was decidedly Somerset House, was a member of the Royal Academy, and held the office of Treasurer to that body. It was somewhat the fashion of the wits to laugh at the architect, who, as a foreigner, had received an amount of royal patronage which created certain jealousies in the minds of his English rivals, who were less favoured with the smiles of princes. Chambers' extravagant conceptions, the various novel designs he published, and particularly his marked taste for so-called Oriental gardening and the introduction of buildings after the Chinese fashion, exposed the project to an ordeal of the severest criticism and sarcasm. George the Third employed Sir William Chambers to lay out and adorn the Royal gardens at Kew, when the eminent Swede took advantage of the occasion to carry out the taste he had acquired in China [1]—an indulgence which subjected the architect to numerous well-merited satires. The famous 'Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers' was provoked on this occasion.

Peter Pindar, according to his custom, found various faults with the new pile of buildings in the Strand, and their shortcomings were pointed out with his habitual archness.

The scene of disaster and tumultuous medley which Rowlandson has ventured to introduce as attendant incidents of the Royal Academy staircase must have assisted, in some degree, to make this portion of the building a laughing-stock with the more frivolous portion of the frequenters.

The Editor acknowledges the situation is treated with a licence which, perhaps, may be held to verge on the inadmissible. It has been sufficiently difficult, in selecting these illustrations, to keep within the restrictions marked out

[1] In his early career Chambers had visited China. He performed the voyage as supercargo of some Swedish ships trading there.

EXHIBITION 'STARE' CASE.

by modern decorum, too chaste to endorse the broad jocularity which passed current half a century back. The mirth imported into *Somerset House* is not, however, of a licentious description; if the subject is treated with more freedom than is desirable, according to the juster ideas of our generation, at least its humours are innoxious and, we trust, guiltless of offence.

It is obvious that, in an instance like the present, the task becomes one of extreme delicacy; it is impossible to translate the caprices of the artist by any method short of the etching-needle; the mixed description of the spectacle and the spirit of the *contretemps* defy a mere verbal rendering; and the caricature is

THE MANAGER'S LAST KICK.

too excellent in other respects to be passed over in the present collection, which professes to give a general view of the artist's cleverest and most familiarly known examples. While avoiding instances the morality of which is absolutely questionable, it is evident that it would be impossible to treat of the actual history, let alone the novels and caricatures of our forefathers, or to venture on the merest enquiry into their familiar life, abroad or at home, unless we put prudery a little on one side.

1811. *The Manager's Last Kick, or a New Way to Pay Old Debts.* Published by T. Tegg (117).—An episode in theatrical management is made the subject of the present caricature. As is well known, pecuniary complications were

occasionally attendant evils of carrying on theatrical enterprises, especially some half a century ago. Sheridan's monetary difficulties were notorious, and although the holders of writs had recourse to expedients without end to serve the slippery manager of Drury Lane, it is just to add that 'Sherry's' ingenuity was frequently equal to the emergency. During a rehearsal at Drury Lane a Sheriff's officer by some subterfuge gained admittance to the stage, and presented the manager with his objectionable scrip of parchment. Sheridan was by no means disconcerted, but made the process-server at home, asking his advice on various points; and finally, as the story goes, having thrown the man off his guard, he induced him to mount to the front of the house to give his opinion on the sounding properties of the building. 'Can you hear me?' asked Sheridan. 'Perfectly,' replied the man. 'Then,' said Sheridan, 'you had better lose no time in coming down again, and catch me if you can, for I'm off!' And before the disconcerted bailiff could find his way back to the stage his charge had succeeded in making good his retreat.

In *The Manager's Last Kick, or a New Way to Pay Old Debts*, the same principle is involved; in this case, however, just as the *red tail* writ is being served on the manager, a stage trap-door is suddenly let down, and the objectionable visitor is whisked off the scene. The wily lessee is bowing his fallen enemy out of sight with mock respect: 'Good morning, Mr. Catchpole; you'll find more of your tribe when you get to the bottom!'

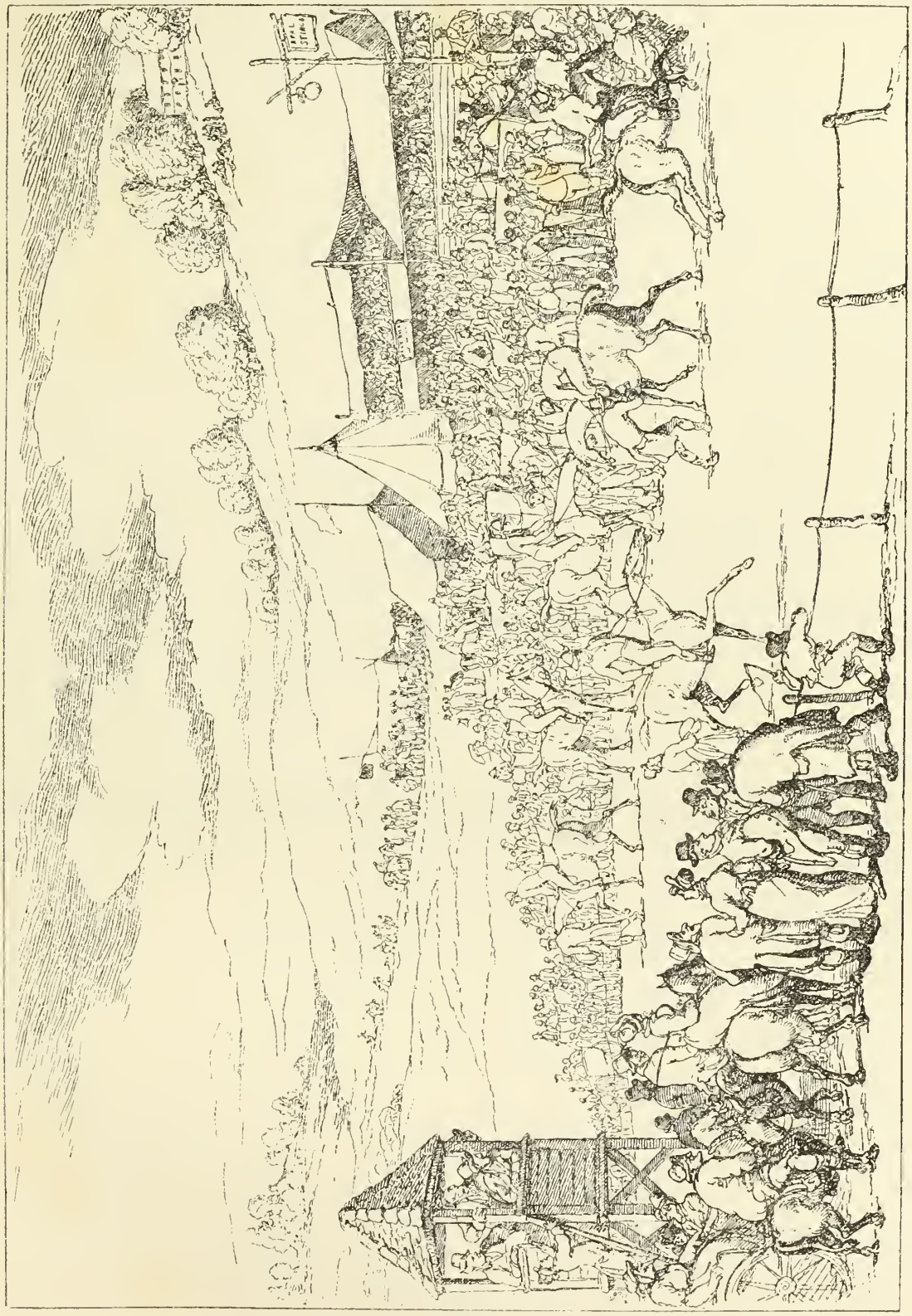
No Date. (1811?). *Preparing to Start.* Published by T. Tegg (118).—There are jockeys within the ropes; the course is being cleared. The view is taken from the paddock opposite the grand stand. There are booths and tents for the sale of *real Stingo*, and horses are picketed on a hillside in the distance.

No Date. (1811?). *Preparing for the Race.* Published by T. Tegg.

1811 (?). *Awkward Squads Studying the Graces.* Published by T. Tegg (87). Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp.—Six stages, displaying the difficulties encountered by a French dancing master in labouring to instruct unconquerably clumsy and elderly pupils, who obviously possess no sort of aptitude for movement or grace.

1811. *Hiring a Servant.* Published by T. Tegg (124).—An elderly couple in a genteel station of life are seated at the breakfast-table; to them enters a simple country maiden, with a pretty and innocent face, her arms modestly folded, as an applicant for a place. 'What situation in my family would you wish to undertake, young woman?' enquires the lady of the house. 'Ma'am,' replies the unsophisticated maiden, 'I should like to be under your man-cook by way of improvement.' This *naïf* remark is misconstrued, to the manifest delight of the fat *chef*, who is rolling about and rubbing his round sides with amusement.

1811 (?). *Anglers of* 1611. Designed by H. Bunbury, and etched by T.



PREPARING TO START.

Rowlandson.—A pretty group, founded on the piscatorial pastoral of Izaak Walton. Venator is seated with his arm round the waist of the pretty milkmaid. Maudlin, her mother, a quaint old dame, is discoursing wisdom. Piscator is, with folded arms, leaning on his fishing-rod ; at his feet are two fine trout. Peter is whipping a stream in the rear. The scenery is pretty, and the figures are neatly and expressively filled in. The design, which is by Bunbury, it is easy to recognise has gained considerable force from the spirited execution his contemporary has brought to bear on the etching. Companion to *Anglers of* 1811.

1811. *Anglers of* 1811. Designed by H. Bunbury, etched by T. Rowlandson.

PREPARING FOR THE RACE.

1811. *Patience in a Punt.* Designed by H. Bunbury, etched by T. Rowlandson.

1811 (?). *A Templar at his Studies.* Published by T. Tegg.—The chambers of a fast member of the Bar ; breakfast is on the table, and the apartment is in a litter of bottles, hunting-boots, guns, whips, law-books, briefs, papers, and general disorder. The student has evidently been to a masquerade overnight ; portions of the dress of a Grand Turk are scattered about ; moreover a lady is in his chambers, who is performing her toilette at a gilt mirror standing on his breakfast-table. The Templar, semi-clad, is sleepily trying to look through a bundle of briefs and law papers.

1811. *A Family Piece.* (*The Portrait Painter.*) Designed by H. Bunbury, engraved by T. Rowlandson.

1811. *A Barber's Shop.* H. Bunbury del., Rowlandson sculp.—Two customers, already polished off, are putting on their cravats at the glass, and a stout old gentleman is in a shaving-chair having his hair dressed. A brace of dogs are quarrelling over a wig, which they are worrying like a rat and pulling different ways. A client is being lathered and is under operation, while a gentleman, who has been shaved, is wiping off the remains of the soapsuds. This design, one of the latest due to the hand of the gifted Henry Bunbury,[1] was also engraved on a larger scale by James Gillray: it was the last plate upon which he was able to work, and it proceeded but slowly, being touched in rare lucid intervals as his increasing madness permitted.

The etching, as executed by Gillray, bears the date 1811 in one corner, and to this is added the date of its deferred publication, May 15, 1818. The title given on the folio engraving is *Interior of a Barber's Shop in Assize Time.* The great caricaturist carried this plate, *the last work on copper by the hand of Gillray,* as notified upon the print, so far as his intermittent returns of reason would allow him. As Gillray died June 1, 1815, when the plate was evidently unfinished, this is probably one of the caricaturist's coppers which, as we have already related, were handed to George Cruikshank, another departed worthy, to complete. The unexpected death of the veteran has prevented the writer verifying this circumstance, although it is probably one of the plates—probably the most important as to size—which Cruikshank held in recollection when he informed the writer he considered that the most flattering testimonial which had been paid him in his long life was being selected, while a young man, to complete the engravings Gillray had left unfinished under the painful circumstances of his mental aberration, as already detailed. (See *The Works of James Gillray, the Caricaturist, with the Story of his Life and Times,* page 19, Introduction; and, further, the reduced engraving, from this plate (1811), page 370, the *Works*).

1811 (?). *Modern Antiques.*—The cabinet of an antiquarian, richly filled with supposititious relics of the past. On a shelf is a row of Etruscan vases; bacchic masks and terminal gods are ranged on the walls; the chief features of the collection are a gathering of Egyptian deities and some magnificent sarcophagi. The satire, in some degree, seems to hint at Sir William Hamilton (then deceased) and the fair Emma.

An old antiquary, decrepit and bent, is peering at the shapely proportions of an Egyptian figure bearing a close resemblance to life. The chief incident of the picture is centred in a mummy's coffin, tenanted for the time, like a sentry-box, by a gallant young officer, who is embraced, behind the lid of his temporary resting-place, by a lady, who, like all the beauties designed by the artist, is represented of fine proportions and somewhat free graces. The

[1] Bunbury died at Keswick, May 7, 1811, aged 61.

inamorata has thrown down a work which she has evidently studied to some purpose, *Loves of the Gods—embellished with cuts*, and she is taking the opportunity to make a practical application of her readings.

1811. *Munchausen at Walcheren.* Plates by Rowlandson.

1811. *Chesterfield Burlesqued.* Published by T. Tegg. 12mo. (See *Chesterfield Travestie*, 1808.)

1812.

January 10, 1812. *A Portrait: Duke of Cumberland.* Published by H. Humphrey, 27 St. James's Street.—The Duke, with his spyglass, dressed in a blue coat with red facings (Windsor uniform); in the background is shown Kew Gardens, with the Pagoda House. The drawing from which this print was etched is entitled *Blood Royal.*

January 10, 1812. *A Portrait: Lord Petersham.* Published by H. Humphrey, 27 St James's Street.—St. James's Palace at the back of the subject.

January 10, 1812. *Wet under Foot.* Designed by an amateur. Published by H. Humphrey, 27 St. James's Street.—This small sketch represents a pouring wet day; a lady on pattens, holding an umbrella over her head, is endeavouring to pass the gutter without injury to her stockings. The point of view is supposed to be taken from the junction of Petticoat Lane with Smock Alley. Scavengers are shovelling mud into their carts; and the general downpour is further aggravated by denizens of the upper floors, who are discharging vessels over the soaked and dripping passengers below.

February 26, 1812. *A Portrait: Lord Pomfret.* Published by H. Humphrey, 27 St. James's Street.

February 28, 1812. *Plucking a Spooney.*—A promising young 'spooney,' according to the artist's view, is entering on life's dangers—represented pictorially in three subjects which are hanging over the head of the victim: 'the fair sex—drinking—and gaming,' being the evils set down to avoid. The novice is evidently well advanced on the downward route, and has fallen among experienced professors of the plucking process. A gaily-dressed lady by his side, a 'decoy duck,' of captivating exterior, is beguiling the senses of the self-satisfied dupe with various familiarities; while a smug stout person, dressed like a parson, is discreetly keeping up the spirit of the affair by filling the glasses and manufacturing fresh supplies of punch, which the 'spooney' is imbibing freely and without regard to the consequences. A pile of gold and notes has been laid on the table by this very innocent pigeon, and opposite to him sits the crafty and accomplished 'rook'—a captain, from his 'keeping'—who, by a skilful manipulation of the cards, assisted

by the carelessness of the simple young *roué*, bids fair to succeed in leaving the pigeon 'without a feather to fly with;' the plunder to be apportioned amongst the hopeful triumvirate in whose company the youth has the misfortune to find himself.

March 1, 1812. *Catching an Elephant.* Published by T. Tegg (146).—Two attractive and winsome damsels, standing outside a portal labelled 'Warm Baths,' have just succeeded in capturing an elderly colossus of a man, whose bulk should fairly entitle him to take his place amongst elephantine monsters; the expression of his senile features is designed to carry out the resemblance.

March, 1812. *Description of a Boxing Match between Ward and Quirk for* 100 *Guineas a side.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

March 2, 1812. *Spanish Cloak.* Rowlandson del. Published by T. Tegg (39).—A superior officer, going his midnight rounds of the sentries posted on a line of fortifications, is amused at discovering the phenomenon of two pairs of legs below one cloak. A trooper has taken advantage of his ample garment to smuggle in a fair companion to share his vigils. The lady seems to enjoy her situation.

March 20, 1812. *Fast Day.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—Four learned Doctors, dressed in their clerical vestments, are keeping in their own fashion a day set apart by the Church for general mortification. The portly four are seated at a well-furnished board, and trains of servants are, with respectful attention, bringing in fresh supplies—poultry, dainty meats, and other delicacies. The well-stocked collegiate cellars have been laid under contribution; bottles of choice vintage are standing in wine-coolers and in promising rows on the floor, beside a liberal jorum of punch in a *Bowl for a Bishop.* The nature of the private meditations of these epicurean worthies is thus made manifest, while the order of the repast is further set forth in a lengthy *bill of fare* irreverently written on a *New Form of Prayer for the Fast Day*, by way of *menu.* The walls are suggestively hung with *Lists of the Great Tithes* and such congenial paintings as *A Bench of Bishops*, represented regaling at a roystering banquet, *Susannah and the Elders*, *Brasenose College*, &c.

March 25, 1812. *Sea Stores.*—A bevy of females consisting of a negress and other beauties from the purlieus of the port, 'waiting for Jack,' are sportively accosted by a dapper young midshipman who has been sent on shore to procure supplies for his ship, which is lying off. (Companion print to *Land Stores.*)

March, 1812. *Land Stores.*—A dark beauty, of colossal proportions, is embraced by an officer whose figure is dwarfed by comparison with the monster

negress. A placard posted on the walls of the fortification, where these extraordinary *Land Stores* are supposed to be lodged, announces 'Voluntary subscription for a soldier's widow; the smallest donations will be gratefully received,' &c.

April 2, 1812. *The Chamber of Genius.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street.

> Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
> And genius in rags is turned to ridicule.—*Vide* '*Satirist.*'

The apartment of an enthusiastic genius, whose ambitions seem to have taken various forms of expression. Music, painting, sculpture, literature, chemistry, and other arts and sciences seem to have occupied his attention by turns, and instruments suggestive of the respective pursuits are muddled up with domestic details incidental to the confinement of a wife and family to one solitary chamber, together with the utensils of cookery, besides the food itself. The genius has left his rest under the impulse of an inspiration; he has an old nightcap worn over his wig, and is still in his night-shirt, with down-at-heel slipper on one foot, and a ragged stocking on the other. He is seated, in an attitude expressive of sudden exaltation before an easel which bears the canvas he is filling out with rapid energy; his left hand grasps a pen, and a black cat in demanding attention has fixed her claws in his unclad limbs; but the artist is so absorbed in his subject as to be unconscious of pain; miscellaneous litter, a bust, a palette, and a sheaf of brushes, paint-pots, a still and furnace, books, scales, syringes, a fiddle, and a post horn are scattered behind the easel. The female companion of this genius is tranquilly sleeping in an easy attitude through all the confusion; on the table by the bedstead (on which her husband's garments are displayed) is a coffee-pot and some suggestions of breakfast; an unclad infant is leaning over the table, and pouring gin into a wineglass. Another semiclad child is seated on a tub before a blazing fire, amusing herself with the bellows, and is in danger from a steaming kettle and a red-hot poker. Food, knives, forks, plates, and a pewter quart-pot are at the artist's feet; he has just kicked over a large porringer of milk, and is heedless of the mischief. Lamps, caudle-boats, strings of candles, and bunches of onions are the decorations of the chimneypiece; ragged clothes and unmended stockings are hanging over a rope stretched across the chamber; on the wall is hung a smart three-cornered hat and a sword by the side of pictures of 'Aerostation' and the portraits of a ballet-dancer and 'Peter Tester.'

Rowlandson has put his own name to the print as the 'inventor;' the satire is very unsparing, and the squalor he has attributed to his professional brother is of the direst and most ludicrous description, but the figure of the painter is

marked with vigorous characteristics, and the outline of the face which he has bestowed on his erratic genius, designedly or not, bears a suggestive resemblance to his own strongly-defined features.

ITALIAN PICTURE-DEALERS HUMBUGGING MY LORD ANGLAISE.

April 4, 1812. *In the Dog Days.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

Now the weather's sultry grown,
Sweating late and early.
Better far to lay alone—
Oh! we swelter rarely!

The representation of an extravagantly corpulent couple, whose rest is apparently fitful; the lines attached to the plate, which is not remarkable for refinement, form its best description.

April 12, 1812. *The Ducking Stool.* Republished. (See April 12, 1803.)

A BRACE OF BLACKGUARDS.

May 30, 1812. *Italian Picture Dealers Humbugging my Lord Anglaise.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—'Milord' is a very dandified young sprig of nobility, who is an evident *macaroni*, with the ambition to shine as a man of taste. A 'foreign nobleman'—that is to say, according to English views at the period—a 'speculative Count,' who is very splendid in ex-

terior, is evidently a confederate of his countryman, the *Italian picture dealer*, and has accompanied the noble incipient collector as a decoy to puff the wares, and if need be to offer fictitious sums in opposition to 'Milord' and spur his enthusiasm for the fine arts, which are respectably represented around, as far as good names go. A sensuous Magdalen, attributed to Guido, is exciting the admiration of the party and employing the wily dealer's eloquence. Around are supposititious examples of Rubens, Carracci, Titian, Teniers, Salvator Rosa, and other 'undoubted originals,' the major part of which in all probability owe their well-disguised paternity to the versatile 'Van Daub.'

RACING.

May 30, 1812. *A Brace of Blackguards.* Published by T. Rowlandson, St. James Street, Adelphi.—It has been mentioned in respect to this eccentric production that the figures of the two gentlemen to whom this dubious compliment is rendered are intended to represent those of Rowlandson, the caricaturist, in the boxing attitude, and his friend George Morland, the painter, seated in the chair.

June 4, 1812. *Broad Grins, or a Black Joke.* Published by T. Tegg.—A clerical-looking gentleman is thrown into consternation at the interesting condition of a rustic female, who is standing beneath a board announcing

'Man-traps laid in these grounds.' The head of a black footman peering through a hole in the garden-wall indicates the true source of the 'Black Joke.'

July 14, 1812. *Miseries of London. Watermen. Oars? Sculls?* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—Entering upon any of the bridges of London or any of the passages leading to the Thames, being assailed by a group of watermen, holding up their hands and bawling out 'Oars? Sculls, sculls? Oars, oars?'

1812 (?). *Racing.* Published by T. Tegg (158).

July 14, 1812 (?). *Glow Worms.* (See 1805.) Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 St. James Street, Adelphi.

July 14, 1812 (?). *Muck Worms.* (See 1800.)

July 14, 1812 (?). *The Rivals.*

July 15, 1812. *A Seaman's Wife's Reckoning.* Published by T. Tegg (275). Woodward delin., Rowlandson sculp.—An old salt, with his dog at his elbow, is seated beside his blooming daughter-in-law, a pretty young mother, dandling a fine infant; the lady is using her eloquence and trying to flatter this obdurate relative into confidence in her story. The experienced mariner is declaring, 'Why, d'ye see, I am an old seaman, and not easily imposed upon. I say that can't be my son Jack's child. Why, he has not been married but three months, and during that time he has been at sea—the thing is impossible! You may as well tell me that my ship Nancy goes nine knots an hour in a dead calm. And now I look again it's the very picture of Peter Wilkins, the soap-boiler.'

The fair object of suspicion is by no means confounded at this logical deduction. 'My dear father-in-law, I'll make it out very easily—Jack has been married to me three months,—very well,—I have been with child three months,—which makes *six*,—then he has been at sea three months, has not he?—and that just makes up the *nine*!'

The fortunate husband, who sports a new rig-out—with a bright bandanna round his neck, and his pipe stuck in the band of his hat—is lurching into the apartment with a sea-roll. He is quite satisfied with his wife's arithmetic, and is arguing on the side of his tender partner: 'Father, father, don't be too hard upon Poll; I know something about the logbook myself, and dash me but she has kept her reckoning like a true seaman's wife!'

July 15, 1812. *The Secret History of Crim Con.* Plate 1. Published by T. Tegg (161).

July 15, 1812. *The Secret History of Crim Con.* Plate 2. Published by T. Tegg (161).

August 29, 1812. *Setting out for Margate.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg (166).—A stout citizen, smartly clad, with his

MISERIES OF LONDON.

'Oars? Sculls, sculls? Oars, oars?'

wife, whose apparel is still more festive, are setting out upon a holiday excursion. The heads of two geese are hanging over the coat-tails of the cockney traveller: 'Why, my dove, I am loaded with provisions, like a tilt-cart on a fair-day, and my pockets stick out just as if I was just returned from a City feast.' The correct partner of his joys is responding, 'Don't be so *wulgar*, Mr. Dripping; you are now going among genteel folks, and must behave yourself. We shall want all the *wickalls* on the *woyage*, depend upon it. Bless me, how *varm* it is! I am all over in a muck!' To them enters their foreman: 'An' please you, master and missis, the sailor-man has sent word as how the *wessel* is ready to swim!'

August 30, 1812. *The Sweet Pea.* Published by H. Humphrey, 27 St. James's Street.

October 1, 1812. *Refinement of Language.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg (171).—Six subjects, illustrating the results of the advance of genteel ideas and the introduction of a new-fashioned system of refining on everything. A ragged match-seller is elevated into a 'timber merchant.' A postman becomes a 'man of letters.' A gardener is raised to a 'Master of the Mint.' A Jew hawker, who cries, 'Any old clothes to shell?' is changed to a 'merchant tailor.' A sexton, pressing down the mould on a grave, is translated into 'a banker;' and a poulterer easily becomes a 'Turkey merchant.'

1812. *Bitter Fare, or Sweeps Regaling.*—As in the preceding caricature the date of this plate has been altered; it was probably published in 1802, and re-issued later, a common occurrence with Rowlandson's prints. *Bitter Fare, or Sweeps Regaling*, was, it seems likely, designed as a companion to *Love and Dust* (1792, &c.), and it partakes of the same ragged inspiration. In the hovel tenanted by the somewhat undesirable 'Chummey family' smoke is the prevalent element; the sooty company, sufficiently black and begrimed in their own persons, seem perfectly in their element before a smoking fireplace—as they are reposing luxuriously on sacks of soot. The heads of the family are amiably sharing their enjoyments, drinking beer from a pewter measure, and smoking long clay pipes; the sweeper lads, but for a coat of soot comparatively unclad, are revelling amidst the cinders on the hearth, divided between the congenial relaxations of eating porridge and tormenting an unfortunate cat. Brushes, shovels, and the professional belongings of chimney-sweeping are scattered about; the only article of fancy admitted into the establishment is a blackbird, which is possibly present on the ground that its hue offers a resemblance to the general complexion.

October 12, 1812. *Raising the Wind.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

> When noblemen have lost racehorse, and all their rhino spent,
> Then little Isaac draws the bond and lends for cent. per cent.

Rowlandson's print introduces the nobleman at the precise moment his affairs need 'patching up,' for 'mended' he never can be after he has put himself into the spider-like clutches of plausible Isaac and his 'friend in the City.' The 'little Jew broker' has brought a rich usurer of his tribe, and

RAISING THE WIND.

between them his lordship's career of folly will be swiftly run. All the ready-money is gone, and the racing stud has followed it; but the 'road to ruin' is only just opening up. The spendthrift is a comparative beginner; the next step is raising money on his *title deeds*, which are undergoing inspection under

the vulture-like eye of the scrivener, who, it appears, lends money on good security and traffics in annuities and jointures.

The borrower is evidently accustomed to take life easily, he is putting himself into the claws of the Israelites, and is otherwise 'going to the bad' with perfect good humour and in a sociable frame of mind, not unlike the way of proceeding practised by the heroes of Sheridan's comedies; indeed, there is a great deal of the *Charles Surface* element in the composition.

The pictures which fill young Hopeful's walls tell his story after the Hogarthian method. There are portraits of the relatives who have left their savings and estates to the present careless holder: Sir Matthew Mite, a miser; Lady Crane; and Sir Peter Plumb—all persons of a 'warm' disposition as to wealth. There is a 'view of the Yorkshire estate;' then there is 'The Prodigal Son,' which may be held to apply to the heir, whose ways of making the money fly are further illustrated by such pictures as a 'Hazard Table,' 'A game fighting-cock,' a racehorse, 'Sancho,' on the course; and a blood mare, 'Diana,' and foal; the breeding and running of racehorses being considered then, as now, among the most expeditious routes to insolvency.

November 30, 1812. *Christmas Gambols.* Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—The festivities represented, which partake of the free and frolicsome description, are taking place in the servants' hall. Full drinking has been the order of the evening; the master's cellar and the servants' heads have both been lightened simultaneously, and the results are displaying themselves under the mistletoe and in horseplay. A footman and a parlour-maid are rolling over one another indiscriminately on the hearthrug amidst the fragments of crockery demolished in their downfall. A sturdy black footman is lifting a fat wench in his arms for a chaste salute. Practical joking is the order of the evening; the fat cook has been toppled back in her armchair, and is vainly flourishing her basting-ladle to drive off her assailant, while her feet are in the air; and the butler, as author of the mischief, is making the best use of his opportunities, while another couple are exchanging kisses with evident goodwill.

1812. *The Successful Fortune-hunter (Bath Crescent), or Captain Shelalee leading Miss Marrowfat to the Temple of Hymen.*—In the distance are indicated the regular frequenters of Bath, sufferers from gout on crutches, and invalids in wheeled-chairs. A dashing Irish adventurer, one of the bold fortune-hunters—notorieties from the Sister Isle in Rowlandson's day—is leading captive the wealth and person of a somewhat vulgar and stumpy heiress, whose figure is loaded with jewellery fashioned on a scale of oppressive magnitude.

1812. *Hackney Assembly.* '*The Graces, the Graces, remember the Graces!*'

From erasures in the date of this plate it seems probable that it was originally issued ten years earlier. As the title indicates, this sketch is a broad burlesque of the deportment displayed by the frequenters of a suburban ball-room. The awkward and ungainly carriage of all the figures is amusingly exaggerated. A master of the ceremonies, the expression of whose features is complicated by a decided squint, is briskly performing the rites of his office and introducing a cobby little gentleman as a partner to an angular and misshapen spinster, who, in consulting *the graces*, has thrown her Gothic frame into an absurdly constrained and affected posture.

1812. *The Learned Scotchman, or Magistrate's Mistake.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg (150).—A Scotchman is led before a country justice, charged with drunkenness; the magistrate's wife is seated by the side of her lord, and is much shocked at the learned Caledonian's defence; bowing low, bonnet in hand, the Scot is throwing himself on the clemency of the court: 'I own, your honour, I was a little inebriated, but your worship knows *Nemo mortalium omnibus hooris saupit.*' 'What's that you say, fellow,' retorts the magistrate, 'about a sawpit?—a very improper place to go with such company. I wonder you are not ashamed to mention such a thing, and before my wife too. But, however, as it is your first offence, I will discharge you this time; but never come here with such a story again!'

1812 (?). *Preaching to some Purpose.*—An open-air meeting of rustic worshippers. Great astonishment is pictured on the upturned faces of the expectant congregation. The preacher is raised on an extemporised pulpit; he is clad in black, but in the rear of his nether garment appears a formidable rent, which his hand is not sufficiently broad to conceal. He is earnestly addressing his perplexed hearers to the following purpose: 'Dearly beloved, before I begin my discourse, I have three things to inform you of. The first thing I know, and you do not know. The next thing you know, and I do not know,—and the third thing none of us know, viz., in my way here to preach, crossing Farmer Hobson's stile, I tore my breeches,—the extent of the rent I know, and you do not know. Secondly, what you are willing to subscribe to get them repaired you know, and I do not know. And lastly, what Tim Snip, the tailor, will charge for the job, *that none of us know!*'

1812 (?). *New Invented Elastic Breeches.* H. Nixon invt., T. Rowlandson sculp.—Two tailors are using considerable manual force trying to pull a customer into a pair of close-spring breeches. The scene is taking place on the premises of the inventor and manufacturer of the patent articles in question.

No date. 1812 (?). *A Visit to the Doctor.* Woodward del., Rowlandson fecit. Published by T. Tegg.—The consulting-room of a learned physician; an imposing bookcase fills the background. The doctor's man has just

shown up a comfortable-looking couple, who have called for the benefit of the physician's advice—the practitioner is one of the old school—full-bottomed wig, powder, and pigtail, a learnedly long-skirted square-cut suit, lace frill and ruffles, huge spectacles, and a professional gold-headed cane held up to the nose; he is standing on the hearthrug, warming his learned back at the fireplace; above the mantelpiece is a bust of Galen. The patients, who are evidently robust country folks, thus set forth their case :—'Do you see, Doctor, my dame and I be come to ax your advice—we both of us eat well, and drink well, and sleep well,—yet still we be somehow queerish!' The Doctor is equal to the emergency and prepared to alter all this promptly. 'You eat well, you drink well, and you sleep well,—very good. You were perfectly right in coming to me, for depend upon it I will give you something that shall do away with all these things!'

1812 (?). *Puff Paste.*—A fat cook is rolling out pudding paste; around her board are spread *codling tarts, apple dumplings, and batter puddings*; a footman is embracing her ample shoulders, and familiarly patting her under the chin.

1812. *Mock Turtle* pictures a pair of elderly suitors cooing over a bowl of mock turtle soup; a pair of real turtledoves, perched on a branch, are introduced to carry out the allusion.

1812. *Off She Goes.* Rowlandson fecit. Published by T. Tegg.—An elopement unexpectedly accelerated. A rope-ladder has enabled a stout abductor to assist the flight of a somewhat mature and remarkably corpulent lady from the window of her chamber. A rung of the rope-ladder has given way with the weight; at the moment a male relation, nightcap on head, is discovering the flight and throwing a light on the subject with a chamber candle which he is holding out of the bedroom window. The partner of the elopement is an officer; he is precipitated on to his back, and forms a convenient cushion to receive the lady's fall, which is complete and overwhelming. A postchaise, prepared for the flight, is seen in the distance; the postilion is enjoying the spectacle of his employer's downfall; and the moon, peeping over a cloud, is represented with a broad grin on its face at the expense of these disconcerted 'fly-by-nights.'

1812. *English Exhibitions in Paris, or French People astonished at our improvements in the Breed of Fat Cattle.*

1812. *A Cat in Pattens.* Rowlandson invt.—Though thoroughly in Rowlandson's characteristic manner the scene is somewhat suggestive of Hogarth's plate of 'Morning,' 'Times of the Day,' in which the portrait of Miss Bridget Allworthy is exhibited, the introduction of whose burlesqued resemblance is said to have cost the painter the loss of a legacy. An old maid whose coun-

tenance certainly bears a close resemblance to that of a cat, is shuffling along in the breeze on pattens; she has a boa and an enormous muff; before her trots a French poodle, clipped fantastically to resemble a parody of a lion; behind her shivers a black page, in a tight gaudy uniform; under his arm is his mistress's umbrella, and he holds before him a bundle of cat's meat. A half-naked and ruffianly beggar is trying to excite the benevolence of this shrewish *Cat in Pattens*.

PETTICOAT LOOSE.

A FRAGMENTARY TALE OF THE CASTLE.

WITH FOUR PLATES ETCHED BY ROWLANDSON.

London: J. J. Stockdale, 41 Pall Mall, Feb. 12, 1812. 4to.

The argument upon which the story is founded is set forth in the following 'advertisement':—

'*Dublin Castle. The Adventure of the Under Petticoat at the Castle Drawing Room. "Honi soit qui mal y pense."* All the world has been amused with the singular disaster that befel a lady on Thursday night last at the *Viceregal Palace*, by the loss of her under petticoat, which, from the pressure of the crowd, unfortunately slipped down through the capacious encumbrance of her hoop, and was soon trampled on the floor—though likely to become as renowned as Penelope's web: for the lady to whom it belonged lost by night the comfort and protection that was her security by day. One of the young pages (who are always peeping and bustling on such occasions) first made the discovery. The trophy was soon displayed in order to find out the fair owner; which, however, still remains a secret, except to the person immediately concerned. But, like the shield of Achilles, the little petticoat soon became the subject of admiration and contention.

'At the first impression the master of the ceremonies claimed the prize, as his official perquisite, alleging it was dropped in the *Presence Chamber*. But the Chamberlain insisted the drawing-room was his *champ d'or*, and every windfall on such occasions his exclusive property. That as a true knight he must take up the gauntlet thus thrown down by a lady.

'The household troops, particularly the young *aides-de-camp*, struggled through the crowd to see the cause of such bustle; and having satisfied their curiosity, whispered one another, and, in their usual way, set up a great titter. The chaplain in waiting had his eye upon the petticoat, and said he thought

in decorum it ought to be deposited among the *new antiquities* in Bedford Chapel.

'The Duke, with his usual good humour, liberality, and regard for the fair creation, decided the contest by saying that it should be suspended as a banner round the temple of love and beauty; and that as Edward the Third constituted the Order of the Garter from a similar accident at the British Court, he would solicit the Prince Regent, in the true spirit of chivalry, to establish and become *Sovereign of the Order of the Petticoat* in Ireland, in commemoration of the pleasant adventure,' &c.

Plate 1. *Capture of the Petticoat.* February 12, 1812.

Plate 2. *Breakfast Room at an Inn.* February 12, 1812.

Plate 3. *College Green before the Union.* February 12, 1812.—A scene of state, bustle, and prosperity.

Plate 4. *College Green after the Union.* February 12, 1812.—Shabbiness, poverty, and beggary have sole possession of the scene.

VIEWS IN CORNWALL.

April 10, 1812. *View of a Farm House at Hengar, Cornwall.* Published by T. Rowlandson.

April 12, 1812. *Cottage at the Foot of Router Mountain, Cornwall.* Published by T. Rowlandson.

1812. *Cornwall. An Overlooker.*

1812. *A Cornish Waterfall.*

1812. *A Watercourse.*

April 12, 1812. *View of the River Camel, Cornwall.* Published by T. Rowlandson.

1812. *Near Helston, Cornwall.*

April 12, 1812. *Cottage near the Devil's Jump, in the Duchy of Cornwall.* Published by T. Rowlandson.

1812. *View of the Church and Village of St. Cuc, Cornwall.* Published by Ackermann.

April 12, 1812. *View of Liskeard, Cornwall.* Published by T. Rowlandson.

1812. *The Lion Rock, Cornwall.*

1812. *A Cornish Road.*

1812. *A Hill Side, Cornwall.*

1812. *A Cornish View.*

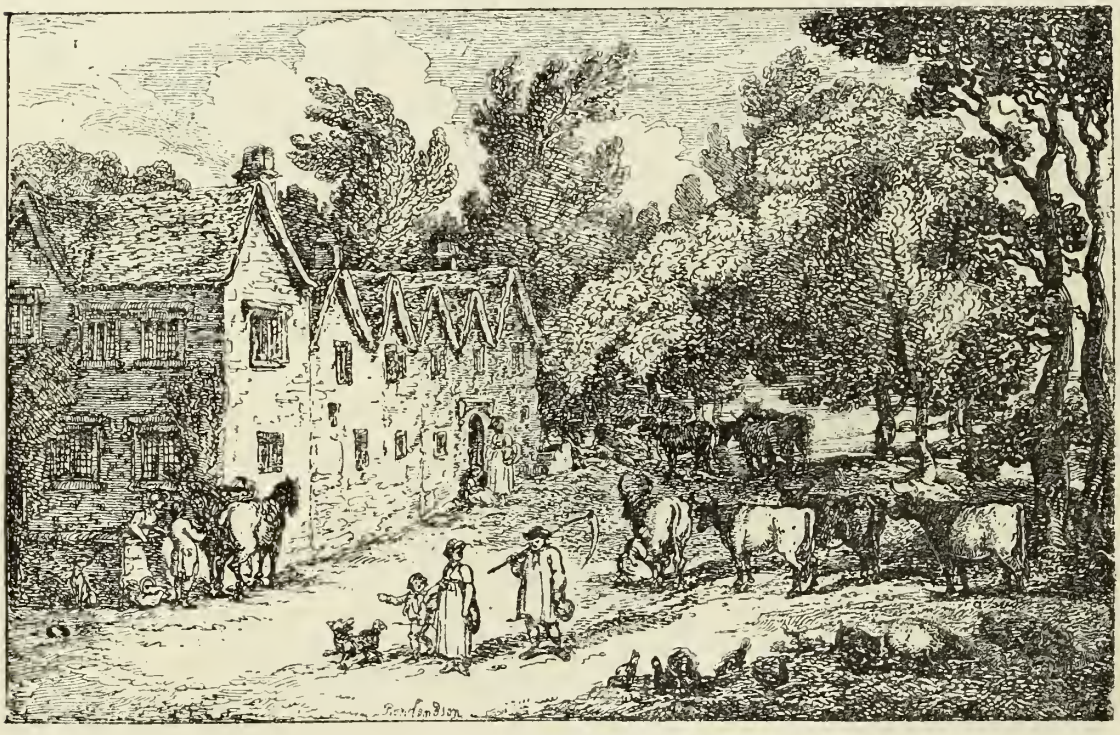
COTTAGE AT THE FOOT OF ROUTER MOUNTAIN, CORNWALL.

CORNWALL. AN OVERLOOKER.

A CORNISH WATERFALL.

A WATERCOURSE.

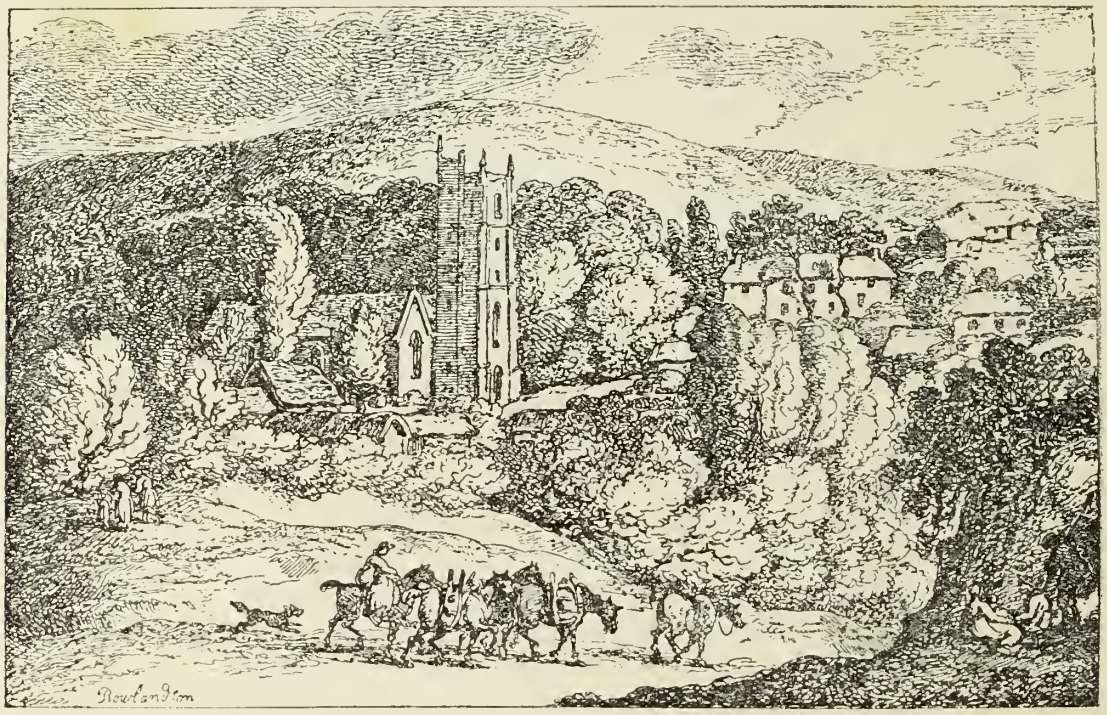
A VIEW OF THE RIVER CAMEL, CORNWALL.



VIEW OF A FARM-HOUSE, HENGAR, CORNWALL.

NEAR HELSTON, CORNWALL.

COTTAGE NEAR THE DEVIL'S JUMP, DUCHY OF CORNWALL.



VIEW OF THE CHURCH AND VILLAGE OF ST. CUE, CORNWALL.

VIEW OF LISKEARD, CORNWALL.

THE LION ROCK, CORNWALL.

A CORNISH ROAD.

A HILL SIDE, CORNWALL.

A CORNISH VIEW.

TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

In 1812 the poem and illustrations of *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque* were issued as an independent volume, when the success with which it was received was more decidedly marked than when it first appeared in the *Poetical Magazine* under the title of *The Schoolmaster's Tour*. Five editions were issued between 1812 and 1813.

The work was described as *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*. A Poem. With new plates.

The old subjects, it appears, were re-engraved by Rowlandson's hand, with but slight variations from the originals. The outlines are somewhat less bold, and three new subjects are added; one being the frontispiece, which represents the worthy Doctor at his desk, seated in his armchair, in deep cogitation, touching his forehead as the idea of his famous *Picturesque Tour* suggests itself to his brain. The window of his study is opened, that he may contemplate the exterior prospect at his ease, while a sketch, by his own hand, in India-ink, is displayed before him. Various papers and books are scattered about, with sundry objects which indicate his versatile accomplishments—a fiddle hung on the wall, books of travel, sheets of the Doctor's original treatise—*Every Man his own Farrier*—with a goodly jar of *cherry bounce* to rejoice the learned man's spirits.

On the titlepage is engraved a quaint vignette of architectural relics, ruins, a castle, &c., the detached monuments being disposed so as to form the word *Picturesque*.

The third addition is plate 27, in the body of the Tour, introducing *The Doctor's Dream* (in his patron's library) *of the Battle of the Books*, which was not included in the work on its original publication.

This edition is preceded by an Introduction, which in some degree explains the relative positions—as far as the preparation of the work was concerned—of the artist and William Combe, the author, who thus sets the matter before his public: 'The following poem, if it may be allowed to deserve the name, was written under circumstances whose peculiarity may be thought to justify a communication of them. I undertook to give metrical illustrations of the prints with which Mr. Ackermann decorated the *Poetical Magazine*, a work published by him in monthly numbers, for the reception of original compositions. Many of these engravings were miscellaneous, and those (which were, indeed, the far greater part of them) whose description was submitted to such a muse as mine represented views of interesting objects and beautiful scenery, or were occasional decorations appropriate to the work. Those designs, to which this volume is so greatly indebted, I was informed, would follow in a *series*, and it was proposed

to me to shape out a story from them. An etching, or a drawing, was accordingly sent to me every month, and I composed a certain proportion of verse, in which, of course, the subject of the design was included; the rest depended on what my imagination could furnish. When the first print was sent to me I did not know what would be the subject of the second; and in this manner, in a great measure, the artist continued designing, and I continued writing, every month for two years, till a work containing near ten thousand lines was produced; the artist and the writer having no personal communication with or knowledge of each other. . . .

'Mr. Ackermann has his reasons for risking a republication of it in its present form; and I now feel more than common solicitude that it should answer his expectations. . . . *The Battle of the Books* was an after-thought, and forms the novelty of this volume.

Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris,
Cum veniâ dabis.—HOR. *S.* lib. i. v. 103.

'I have only to add, that though, on a first view of some of the prints, it may appear as if the clerical character were treated with levity, I am confident in announcing a very opposite impression from a perusal of the work.'

The origin of *Doctor Syntax* is ascribed, with characteristic partiality, to John Bannister, the comedian, by his biographer, John Adolphus.

'Of another graphic series, which owed its existence almost entirely to the invention of Bannister, I have the following account:—Dining at a tavern, with him and a third person, Rowlandson was asked, "What are you about, Rolly?" "Why, nothing in particular," he said. "I think my inventive faculty has been very sluggish of late; I wish one of you would give me a hint." Being asked of what kind, he answered, "I feel in a humour to sketch a series where the object may be made ridiculous without much thinking. I have been making a tour in Cornwall and Devonshire with a friend, who, as I have made sketches on the coast for him, wishes me to introduce adventures at inns, and other comic incidents, in which he was the principal party. But what can I do for such a hero?—a walking turtle—a gentleman weighing four-and-twenty stone—for such scenes he is quite out of the question. I want one of a totally different description." And he named a celebrated tourist, who by a recent publication had given much celebrity to the Lakes.

'"I have it!" said Bannister. "You must fancy a skin-and-bone hero, a pedantic old prig, in a shovel-hat, with a pony, sketching-stools, and rattletraps, and place him in such scrapes as travellers frequently meet with—hedge alehouses, second and third rate inns, thieves, gibbets, mad bulls, and the like. Come!" he proceeded, warming with the subject, "give us a sheet of paper, and we'll strike

out a few hints." The paper was produced, Bannister gave his ideas, Rowlandson adopted them, Combe explained them in a well-written poem; and to this conversation and to the lively invention of Bannister the public is indebted for a highly favoured publication, *The Tour of Doctor Syntax.*'

It is by no means improbable that Bannister's suggestion had something to do with the eccentric personality of the hero of the *Picturesque Tours*; but the author of the *Memoir of John Bannister* assumes too much when he records that the ideas for the adventures of Doctor Syntax were struck out at a sitting and in the easy fashion he has described; it is known that the original designs were furnished at the rate of three a month, and that their invention was spread over the entire period of the publication.

The popularity enjoyed by this Tour was manifested in the number of editions sold; it was further pirated and imitated in various forms. A German edition was published in Berlin in 1822; the poem was translated under the title of *Die Reise des Doktor Syntax um das Malerische aufzusuchen. Ein Gedicht frei aus dem Englischen ins Deutsche übertragen. Lithogr. v. F. E. Rademacher.* The illustrations were copied in outline on stone, either with a fine point or a pen; the lines are wire-like and give neither fullness nor effect; the pictures are also coloured in a feeble and powerless style, and the whole is a very poor rendering, as far as the artist's work is concerned.

A French edition, freely translated by M. Gandais, appeared in Paris, with twenty-six engravings—rendered with considerable ability by Malapeau (lith. de G. Engelmann)—drawn on stone with care and spirit in lithographic chalk; these illustrations, printed in a warm tint, and coloured by hand, will compare fairly with even Rowlandson's original etchings. We give the title of this edition:—*Le Don Quichotte Romantique, ou Voyage du Docteur Syntaxe à la recherche du Pittoresque et du Romantique; Poëme en XX chants, traduit librement de l'Anglais par M. Gandais, et orné de* 26 *gravures par Malapeau. À Paris chez l'auteur, rue du Faubourg Saint Denis* 45, *et Pélicier libraire, cour du Palais Royal.* 1821. The author's advertisement, as written by Combe, is carefully and literally rendered, and the translator has added a slight *avertissement* of his own, briefly alluding to the reputation enjoyed in England by the original engravings and the descriptive verses which accompany them, and setting forth the circumstances of his own version, &c.

Numerous imitations, less legitimate than the foreign translations alluded to, also appeared in this country, such as *The Tour of Doctor Syntax through London; Doctor Syntax in Paris, in Search of the Grotesque; Doctor Prosody; Sentimental Tour through Margate and Hastings by Doctor Comparative, Junr.*; and *Doctor Syntax's Life of Napoleon*, which is possibly due to Combe's pen, and derives a strong additional interest from the illustrations, which are fair

examples of George Cruikshank's handiwork. A parody, in verse, entitled *The Adventures of Doctor Comicus, by a modern Syntax*, was also issued, with coloured imitations of Rowlandson's designs.

The success which had attended the first *Tour of Doctor Syntax* was so flattering and remunerative that the publisher and his able collaborateurs, the artist and author, projected a second series, entitled *Doctor Syntax in Search of Consolation*—for the loss of that termagant spouse who figures in the original *Tour*, and is decently buried, in the first cantos of the new adventures, to give the hero a fitting cause for pursuing his eccentric travels. The renewal of Dr. Syntax's journeys, which appeared in monthly parts, was completed in 1820, when it was republished by Mr. Ackermann, uniform with the first volume; it was less successful than its predecessor, but it ran through several editions.

The plates, which were contributed by Rowlandson, much on his old principle, were as follows :—

Frontispiece.—Doctor Syntax and his Counterpart.
Doctor Syntax lamenting the loss of his Wife.
„ „ at the Funeral of his Wife.
„ „ setting out on his Second Tour.
„ „ and the Gypsies.
„ „ loses his Wig.
The visit of Doctor Syntax to Widow Hopeful, at York.
Doctor Syntax amused with Pat in the Pond.
„ „ in the Glass House.
„ „ visits Eaton Hall, Cheshire.
„ „ making his Will.
„ „ in a Court of Justice.
„ „ present at a Coffee-house Quarrel at Bath.
„ „ and the superannuated Fox-hunter.
„ „ with the Skimmington Riders.
„ „ and the Bees.
„ „ visits a Boarding School for Young Ladies.
„ „ making a Discovery.
„ „ Painting a Portrait.
„ „ Marriage of Doctor Dicky Bend.
„ „ at an Auction.
„ „ and the Bookseller.
„ „ at Freemasons' Hall.
Miss Worthy's Marriage—Doctor Syntax in the chair.

A third and final Tour, ending with the hero's funeral, concludes the poem.

The last volume, which had appeared, like its predecessors, in monthly parts, was put forth in its collected form in 1821; and, similar to the first and second series, with which it was afterwards re-issued, it received sufficient patronage to carry it through several editions, although neither the Second nor Third Tours were reckoned so successful as the original series.

The *Third Tour of Doctor Syntax—in Search of a Wife* appeared with the following 'Preface,' from the pen of the veteran Combe, who, for his private reasons, preferred to continue anonymous throughout.

'This prolonged work is, at length, brought to a close. It has grown to this size under rare and continuing marks of public favour; while the same mode of composition has been employed in the last as in the former volumes. They are all equally indebted to Mr. Rowlandson's talents.

'It may, perhaps, be considered as presumptuous in me, and at my age, to sport even with my own dowdy Muse, but, from the extensive patronage which Doctor Syntax has received, it may be presumed that, more or less, he has continued to amuse: And I, surely, have no reason to be dissatisfied, when Time points at my eightieth year, that I can still afford some pleasure to those who are disposed to be pleased.

'THE AUTHOR.'

The illustrations to the third volume, which are quite equal both in spirit, invention, and execution to those designs which suggested the framework of the first and second Tours, are as follows:—

Frontispiece.—Doctor Syntax setting out in search of a Wife.
Vignette, on Titlepage.—Doctor Syntax assisting at an Instrumental Trio.
Doctor Syntax Soliloquising.
,, ,, turned Nurse.
The Banns forbidden.
Doctor Syntax with a Blue Stocking Beauty.
The Cellar Quartetto.
Doctor Syntax Presenting a Floral Offering.
The Billiard Table.
Misfortune at Tulip Hall.
The Harvest Home.
The Garden Trio.
Doctor Syntax at a Card Party.
,, ,, Star-gazing.
,, ,, in the wrong Lodging-House.
,, ,, received by the Maid instead of the Mistress.

The Artist's Room.
Death of Punch.
The Advertisement for a Wife.
Doctor Syntax and the Foundling.
The result of Purchasing a Blind Horse.
A Noble Hunting Party.
Introduction to Courtship.
Doctor Syntax in Danger.
The Funeral of Doctor Syntax.

The popularity which attended the three Tours in the form of their original publication induced Mr. Ackermann to issue a fresh edition in 1823. The three volumes were printed in 16mo, instead of royal 8vo, and the plates were re-engraved, one-third of the original size. This pocket edition, containing all the illustrations, in a reduced form, was published at the moderate price, considering the plates were coloured by hand, of seven shillings a volume; the former series having been produced at one guinea per volume.

1813.

BACHELOR'S FARE—BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES.

February 10, 1813. *Bachelor's Fare—Bread and Cheese and Kisses.* Published by T. Tegg (285).

September 1, 1813. *Summer Amusements at Margate, or a Peep at the Mermaids.* Published by T. Tegg.

September 1, 1813. *The Last Gasp, or Toadstools Mistaken for Mushrooms.* Published by T. Tegg (210).—A physician has been called in, and, with his gold stick in hand, is examining the condition of certain patients who are suffering from the effects of too indiscriminate feeding. A gouty old gentleman, his wife, and their footman are all putting out their tongues—which are white and swollen

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS AT MARGATE, OR A PEEP AT THE MERMAIDS.

to an inordinate length; their features express the greatest alarm, and the look of consternation which is thrown into the doctor's face conveys the reverse of comforting reassurance to the unfortunate gourmands.

September 20, 1813. *Humours of Houndsditch, or Mrs. Shevi in a longing condition.* Published by T. Tegg (213).—A member of the Hebrew tribe, who carries a bag slung on his arm, is bearing forbidden luxuries to two fair representatives of his race. A couple of Jewesses, whose persons are resplendent in jewellery, are leaning over the wicket-gate of their premises, lost in admiration at the spectacle of a little stranger—a sucking-pig—which the tempter, who has

led the maternal sow and entire porcine family astray, is holding out for Mrs. Shevi—a sufficiently motherly-looking lady—to salute with a kiss. Another Hebrew gentleman, who is overlooking this transaction, has his face thrown into horrified contortions and his hair standing on end at making the discovery of this incredible depravity.

The secret of how the interdicted quadrupeds have come into the possession of the Jew clothesman is explained by a handbill advertising: 'Lost, supposed to have been stolen, a sow and seven pigs. A reward of five pounds is promised for information of the whereabouts of the wanderers.'

1813. *Unloading a Waggon.* Published by T. Tegg (214).

1813. *None but the Brave deserve the Fair.* Published by T. Tegg (231). —A gallant huzzar has ridden his charger through a pond which is supposed to isolate the walls of a park and mansion, from the security of which a damsel, 'all in white,' of redundant personal charms, is being helped to elope over the ivy-grown wall by the dashing horseman, to whose custody the lady is unreservedly entrusting the keeping of her fair person.

September 20, 1813. *A Doleful Disaster, or Miss Fubby Tatarmin's Wig caught Fire.* (Vide *Bath Guide.*)—A stout lady is in all the consternation of a blazing head of hair; the enormous superstructure piled on her head has caught fire at the top from the sconces on the mantel; her armchair is kicked over, and the whole of her household are making a desperate rush on to the scene of the conflagration; the footman has dragged the tablecloth from beneath the tea equipage, which has fallen to destruction, and is endeavouring to envelope the headdress of his mistress in the folds; a black page is discharging a flowerpot of water in the face of the distressed lady; female servants are flinging up their arms and screaming; and, in the rear, the elder servants are hurrying up in great distress.

> But Madge at the Rooms
> Must beware of her plumes;
> For if Vulcan her feather embraces,
> Like poor Lady Laycock,
> She'll burn like a haycock,
> And roast all the Loves and the Graces.
>
> ANSTEY'S *Bath Guide.*

November 5, 1813. *The Two Kings of Terror. Copy of the transparency exhibited at Ackermann's Repository of Arts during the Illuminations of the 5th and 6th November,* 1813, *in honour of the splendid victories obtained by the Allies over the armies of France, at Leipzic and its environs.*—'This subject, representing the two tyrants—viz., the tyrant Buonaparte and the tyrant Death—sitting together on the field of battle, in a manner which promises a more perfect intimacy immediately to ensue,

UNLOADING A WAGGON.

is very entertaining. It is also instructive to observe that the former is now placed in a situation in which all Europe *may see through him*. The emblem, too, of the circle of dazzling light from mere *vapour*, which is so *soon extinguished*, has a good moral effect; and as the gas represents the dying flame, so does the drum, on which he is seated, typify the hollow and noisy nature of the falling usurper.'

The above description of the subject appeared in the *Sun* of Saturday, November 6, 1813. These printed comments arose from the picture itself having been transparent, and from a circle which surmounted the same, indicative of the strength and brotherly union of the Allies, composed of gas of brilliant brightness. (See January 1, 1814.)

November 22, 1813. *The Norwich Bull Feast, or Glory and Gluttony.* Published by T. Tegg (232).—The success gained by the allied armies over Napoleon and his forces, and the series of French disasters which had culminated at Leipzig, gave rise to rejoicings all over the country, in celebration of the supposed final downfall of the Corsican Emperor, the traditional enemy of England, as the people had been taught to consider him. Norwich, according to the print, is the scene of disorderly revelry. A huge bullock has been roasted whole in the market-place, and the carcase is being cut up and distributed in the streets; the unruly mob fighting over the morsels and wrenching the bones from those who are ravenously picking them; scuffles, struggles, scrimmages, and savage onslaughts are the order of the day. At the same time a puncheon of beer or spirits is broached for gratuitous distribution, and a pretty spectacle of misrule is the consequence. The fair sex are represented as the chief competitors for the drink; pails, cans, and jugs are eagerly filled, and as greedily emptied; the contents being poured down the throats of the holders or down those of their friends, who are opening their mouths to receive the liquor, which is gushing forth in streams. The incidents surrounding the liquor-cart are, if possible, more disreputable and degrading than those transpiring on all sides of the trestles on which the ox is being dismembered by a pair of butcher's men, armed with a chopper and a huge carver. Some of the female patriots are reduced to insensibility, and efforts are being made to revive one poor creature, who is lying unconscious in the midst of the struggling mass, either overpowered by the potency of the drink or smothered by the pressure; buckets of the fluid are being emptied over the prostrate sufferer by tipsy Samaritans, without alleviating her condition.

The town of Norwich is given up to the gala; flags are flying, and illuminations and fireworks render the sight more animated. A tumultuous procession is struggling along, bearing guns, pikes, &c., and carrying the effigy of Buonaparte to be gibbeted or burnt at a bonfire. Flags head the mob, inscribed *Downfall of the Tyrant; Peace and Plenty*, &c.

November 25, 1813. *A Long Pull, a Strong Pull, and a Pull All together.* Published by T. Tegg (233).—The end of 1813 promised to witness the downfall of the great 'little Boney;' one misfortune followed another; ally after ally abandoned the conqueror, who in the hour of victory had behaved magnanimously to the subjugated States, and they in return deserted their new friend when disasters were pressing on him—a sure proof of the danger of confiding in alliances extracted at the point of the sword or made in bad faith on grounds of desperate expediency. As we have seen, the blow came from the North: the treachery of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, a man who owed his elevation to the Emperor, pointed the way

Oh Brother Jo - I'm all Fire, My Poison eat me up
Such wicked for Storms of ills fall on me
To beat down all my winning. I cannot bear it.
My ears are filled with Noise my Eyes grow dim
And feeble shakings seize every Limb
SUNSET OF TYRANNY
TEXEL FLEET
A LONG HOLLAND'S and DOUBLE PULL

A LONG PULL, A STRONG PULL, AND A PULL ALL TOGETHER.

to prostrate Europe to free herself from the ambitious thraldom of Napoleon; the Russian Bear broke his false slumbers, the Austrian and Prussian Eagles escaped from their chains, Spain was cleared of the invaders, and lastly the Kingdom of Holland revolted in the rear of the disabled Corsican. The king, Napoleon's brother, Louis, whom he had imposed on this kingdom, had voluntarily abdicated the crown in favour of his son, a minor, in 1810. The subject is treated allegorically by Rowlandson. *The Sun of Tyranny* is setting on the deep; the fleets of the allies are riding on the seas, which are once more free, and the Dutch are helping to push off the Texel fleet to join the common cause. As the Allies marched against France after Napoleon's defeat at Leipzig, a combined

force was sent against Holland, which had been incorporated with the French Empire in 1810, and placed under the constitution of Jan. 1, 1811, the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands being united under the dominion of France. The Prussian and Russian forces, under General Bülow, were joined by a detachment from England under General Graham; the old Orange party once more came into activity, and on November 30, 1813, the hereditary Stadtholder arrived at the Hague. The caricaturist has simplified his view of the situation by ignoring the change of affairs that had intervened since 1810, when the Duke of Piacenza became the Emperor's representative in Amsterdam until 1811, when the State was merged into the French Empire. The artist has assumed that the kingdom had remained as administered at the resignation of Louis, July 1, 1810; and accordingly the abdicated monarch, without his crown, is pictured dancing about in a distracted state on the soil of Holland, deploring: 'Oh! Brother Nap, Brother Nap, we shan't be left with half a crown a-piece!' Napoleon is represented, according to the usual fashion of the satirists, flying about in an ungovernable frenzy as he views the receding fleet and recognises the revolt of the Netherlanders: 'Oh! Brother Joe, I'm all fire; my passion eats me up! Such unlooked-for storms of ills fall on me! It beats down all my cunning; I cannot bear it! My ears are filled with noise, my eyes grow dim, and feeble shakings seize every limb!'

The *Long Pull, Strong Pull, and a Pull all together* is taking place on the mainland. The weight and persevering force of John Bull is telling on the towing-line; the Don Spaniard is hand-over-hand with the national prototype, a condition of things marvellously altered since the days of the caricature. A Russian, in furs, is the next in energy; an Austrian huzzar has the rope well over his shoulder; a Prussian and others are throwing their exertions into the haul; and all is moving as merrily as could be desired.

November 27, 1813. *The Corsican Toad under a Harrow.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The Corsican, who is represented as both prematurely aged and haggard, is sprawled, spread-eaglewise, on the ground; upon him is a formidable harrow, which is kept in its place by the obese figure of a traditional Hollander, who is leisurely smoking, with his hands in his pockets and an Orange favour in his hat, in philosophic indifference to the situation and sufferings of the victim, who is exclaiming, 'Oh! this heavy Dutchman! Oh! had I not enough to bear before!!!'

A Cossack is goading on the prostrate leader of the French with his lance; and a bird of prey is swooping down, attracted by the smell of carrion. The harrow is in vigorous hands, representatives of Austria, Prussia, and other German Powers; Spaniards, Portuguese, and a British tar are tugging away with hearty good-will.

November 27, 1813. *The Execution of two celebrated Enemies of Old England, and their Dying Speeches, November 5th,* 1813. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The effigy of Guy Faux, with his lantern, is suspended by a rope round his neck to a gallows, and facing him, on another gallows, is the figure of the Emperor Napoleon, in his uniform as general of the French army. A bonfire is blazing up bravely, and a party of schoolboys and villagers are the delighted spectators. A note informs us that the scene is not an imaginary one, but is a faithful representation of a 'bonfire at Thorpe Hall, near Louth, Lincolnshire, on 5th November, 1813, given by the Rev. W. C—— to the boys belonging to the seminary at Louth, in consequence of the arrival of news of the decisive defeat of Napoleon Buonaparte by the Allies, at 11 o'clock P.M. on the 4th, and Louth bells ringing all night.'

Guy Faux's Dying Speech.

I, Guy Faux, meditating my country's ruin by the clandestine and diabolical means of Gunpowder Plot, was most fortunately discovered and brought to condign punishment by Old England, and here I bewail my fate.

Napoleon Buonaparte's Dying Speech.

I, Napoleon Buonaparte, flattered by all the French nation that I was invincible, have most cruelly and most childishly attempted the subjugation of the world. I have lost my fleets, I have lost the largest and finest armies ever heard of, and I am now become the indignation of the world and the scorn and sport of boys. Had I not spurned the firm wisdom of the Right Hon. William Pitt, I might have secured an honourable peace, I might have governed the greatest nation; but, alas! my ambition has deceived me, and Pitt's plans have ruined me.

November 29, 1813. *Dutch Nightmare, or the Fraternal Hug Returned with a Dutch Squeeze.* Published by R. Ackermann.—The great Emperor is stretched, sleepless, on his imperial state bed, with the diadem above and a row of captive crowns embroidered round the canopy, the fasces of Roman lictors at the feet, and the furniture powdered with golden eagles and fleur-de-lis. This luxurious couch is not to be coveted, since tranquil rest is out of the question. The Emperor is writhing in agony, saddled with a nightmare which is not to be dislodged. The Hollanders at this time contrived to shake themselves free from their fraternal friends the French, who had laid their country under contributions until the disciples of freedom prayed to be delivered from their tutors. The example of Holland and the victories ending with the triumph at Leipzig gained by the Allies, and especially the successes secured under Wellington, re-encouraged the subjugated and prostrate Powers to look forward to the recovery of their freedom, and to take their revenge on the little conqueror. A stout Dutchman, dressed in his national costume, and wearing the Orange cockade, is, according to the picture, returning the lesson in fraternity which had cost him dear at the hands of the French, by showing his instructor the vigour of a hearty Dutch

squeeze. This heavy incubus, with his hands in his pockets, is smoking his pipe, and puffing the distasteful fumes full into the face of the powerless and disgusted Corsican, and crying, 'Orange Boven!'

November 30, 1813. *Plump to the Devil we boldly Kicked both Nap and his Partner Joe.* Published by T. Tegg (234).—The heavy Hollander, still sporting his Orange colours, is finally roused to dispose of the intruders by the most summary and quickest method possible; with his pipe in one hand and a squab bottle of Schiedam, or Dutch courage, held like a mallet in the other, Mynheer is giving Nap a taste of Dutch weight; one vigorous kick has propelled the little Corsican high into the air and plump into the arms of the Father of Evil, who is emerging from his 'Brimstone Lake' to make sure of his friend. In the distance another Dutchman, provided with a pitchfork, is prodding Napoleon's brother Louis—who had been created King of Holland—towards the same refuge for the destitute; the usurper's crown being left behind in the flight.

December 4, 1813. *The Corsican Munchausen—humming the Lads of Paris.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The Emperor, with all the bombast, bravado, and speciousness of which he had an excellent command, has summoned a meeting of his faithful subjects and supporters—who, judging from the expression of their faces, appear but an unwilling and disaffected audience—in order to present his infant son to the people. The scion of the great captain is dressed in a miniature uniform, with a long sabre trailing on the ground, and a gold stick, which he is trying to fancy is a riding-horse. The Imperial throne, the back of which bears a Medusa's head and a globe of the world, is capsized by Munchausen's manœuvrings. The Corsican is vapouring on a grand scale, trying ineffectually to raise the ardour of his dupes: 'Did I not swear I would destroy Austria? Did I not swear I would destroy Prussia? Did I not leave the Russians 1,200 pieces of cannon to build a monument of the victory of Moscow? Did I not lead 498,000 men to gather fresh laurels in Russia? Did I not burn Moscow, and leave 400,000 brave soldiers to perish in the snow, for the good of the French nation? Did I not swear I would destroy Sweden? Did I not swear I would have colonies and commerce? Did I not build more ships than you could find sailors for? Did I not burn all the British produce, bought and paid for by my faithful merchants, before their faces, for the good of them and of my good people of Paris? Have I not called my troops from Holland, that they might not winter in that foggy climate? Have I not called my troops from Spain and Portugal, to the ruin of the English? Did I not change my religion and turn Turk, for the good of the French nation? Have I not blown up the corporal for blowing up the bridge? Have I not robbed the churches of twenty flags to send to my Empress, for the loss of my own flags and eagles? And now, for the good of my Empire, behold, O ye Lads of Paris! I have put the King of Rome in breeches!!!'

December 6, 1813. *Funking the Corsican.* Published by R. Ackermann.—The situation of the Emperor, as pictured by Rowlandson, is becoming critical; he is elevated on a cask of 'real Hollands Geneva,' on the top of which he is dancing about in exasperation, unable to assist himself, and surrounded by his enemies, who are all putting the great conqueror to his wits' end and revenging themselves by smoking out the Corsican; each of the representatives of the rebellious States and Powers being armed with a pipe, and pouring volumes of the fumes round the person of the tortured general; Spain, Portugal, Hanover; the Cossack, the Pole, Austria, Sweden, Bavaria, and Prussia, seated on a cannon, are all assisting; the King of Würtemburg is provided with a flask of 'Würtemburg drops;' John Bull has his foaming jug of 'brown stout;' while the Dutch Mynheer, seated on a cask of Dutch herrings, with his tobacco-pouch and twists of pigtail, is drawing a flagon of Geneva to drink success to his Serene Highness, sending out a volume of tobacco-fumes, which are completing the irritation of the badgered Corsican, who is kicking off the head of the Hollands cask, into which he will evidently plump head over ears—

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets.

Before disappearing condign vengeance is threatened on the heads of his enemies: 'Oh! you base traitors and deserters! Eleven hundred thousand Lads of Paris shall roast every one of you alive, as soon as they can catch you!'

December 10, 1813. *The Mock Phœnix!!! or a vain attempt to rise again.* Published by R. Ackermann.—Holland, in the person of a Dutch skipper, and Russia, in that of a Cossack, are blowing and stirring a fire which is to consume the Corsican. Flames are issuing from the furnace, and, in spite of the exertions of the stokers, the figure of the Emperor is seen dwarfed, but still intact, in the thick of the fire, but whether he will rise seems doubtful; his diadem is in full blaze, while the orb and sceptre are snatched away by certain diabolic claws, and the phœnix process threatens to prove a signal failure. Serpents are crawling out of the mouth of the furnace; showers of snakes, dragons, devils, and all kinds of monsters, kin of the phœnix, are hovering amidst the smoke, and making hostile demonstrations against the declining conqueror.

December 12, 1813. *Friends and Foes—up he Goes—Sending the Corsican Munchausen to St. Cloud.* Published by R. Ackermann.—The Emperor is left, unsupported, in the hands of his enemies, now turned into tormentors: he is thrown into a blanket and tossed up into the air, and is suffering worse discomforts than did Sancho Panza under a similar infliction; crown, sceptre, and sword are shaken off. '*O miscricorde!*' cries the flying Munchausen as he is sent up to the clouds. John Bull (whose wig and hat have been thrown aside), the

Dutch Mynheer, and Spanish Don are performing wonders with their side of the blanket; then come the Cossack, the Pope, the Pole, the Prince Imperial of Austria, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the Kings of Prussia, Hanover, and Würtemburg, who are all lending a hand to torment the Corsican.

December 14, 1813. *Political Chemists and German Retorts, or Dissolving the Rhenish Confederacy.* Published by R. Ackermann.—A delicate operation, which has engaged the attention of all the leading Powers of Europe, is supposed to be proceeding. The colossal power of the Corsican is undergoing transmutation, and the conqueror is gradually being resolved into his original elements. A *German Stove* supplies the furnace, and the fuel is recruited from John Bull's *Coal Tub*; that patriotic person is assisting the process as one of the leading experimental chemists; *Dutch bellows* are furnishing various powerful blasts; the *Spanish Don* is pounding some effectually irresistible chemicals in his famous mortar, *Saragossa*. The Corsican has been forced into a receiver; Bernadotte is pouring in a portion of *sulphate of Swedish iron* before the cover is fixed on; the Emperor, who has been reduced to mere pigmy proportions, is praying for time: 'Oh, spare me till the King of Rome is ripe for mischief yet to come!' In various retorts are seen the several elements which entered into the Imperial analysis, now resolved apart—*Intrigue and Villany, Ambition and Folly, Gasconade and Lies, Arrogance and Atrocity, Fire and Sword, Murder and Plunder.* All the leading States of Europe are engaged in the operation; the King of Würtemburg is giving his instructions; Prussia, Austria, Hesse, &c., are all interested in the success of the operation. The Pope has contributed two potent agents, *Fulminating powder*, and *Drops from the vial of wrath.* Russia, Poland, the Emperor of Austria, &c., are seated, as chemists, at a table dividing out the agents selected to dissolve the structure raised by Napoleon. From certain tracts at the Cossack's feet we learn that the 'liberty of Germany' and the 'downfall of Boney' are settled projects; while the name of Napoleon, as protector of the Rhenish confederacy, is crossed out, and that of 'Francis, Emperor of Austria, restored 1813,' is substituted in its old ascendency.

Napoléon le Grand. Inventée par Dubois; Alex. Tardieu effigiem del. Deposée à la Bibliothèque Impériale.—A parody of the French plate of Napoleon's apotheosis—

> Astre brillant, immense, il éclaire, il féconde,
> Et seul fait, à son gré, tous les destins du monde.—VIGÉE.

The head of Napoleon appears as the centre of the constellation, *Polar Star*, elevated, in this case, like that of a traitor, on a pole, and surrounded by entwined and hissing serpents. Above is the face of Satan, wearing a crown of *Damnation*, supported by two escutcheons, marked *Heart of Tyrant*, and *Vulture*,

with scourges and pronged forks. The pole is elevated on the great globe; in either corner is a French eagle; above the Imperial ensigns are pikes, axes, and standards, 'flags manufactured for the Empress,' &c.

The lustre of the constellation, Napoleon, is likely to suffer an eclipse from the sudden descent of a Dutch comet—a philosophic Hollander, seated astride on a barrel of Hollands Schiedam, the contents of which he is ignominiously discharging over the head of the solitary star of the firmament. The golden rays with which the *astre brillant* is illuminating the universe owe their source to the following luminous achievements:—

> Assisting in the assassination of Louis the Sixteenth, my Benefactor.
> Murdering the citizens of Paris under Robespierre.
> Murdering the citizens of Toulon.
> Insulting the Pope, robbing and plundering the churches, &c., &c.
> Poisoning my own sick soldiers at the hospital at Jaffa.
> Murdering the Duke d'Angoulême,
> Treacherously betraying the King of Spain and his family.
> Murdering the inhabitants of Madrid in cold blood.
> Murdering Captain Wright in the Temple, at Paris.
> Marrying two wives and intriguing with the daughter of one of them.
> The murder of Palm, of Hofer, &c., &c.
> Leading 500,000 Frenchmen to perish in Russia by the severity of the season 1812.
> Losing another similar army the following year in Germany, 1813.
> Writing lying bulletins.
> Losing all the colonies, commerce, and shipping.
> And for all these brilliant exploits I am now to be sent headlong to the Devil.

December 25, 1813. *Mock Auction, or Boney Selling Stolen Goods.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—Napoleon is pictured, before his reverses became of a decided character, contemplating realising the conquests he had in hand, with a possible view of retiring from the trade. The Emperor has a sale-pulpit, and is himself officiating as auctioneer; the lot which is being offered is the crown of Spain; an old general is holding up the diadem, and the auctioneer, impatient at the indifference of the purchasers, is crying, 'What! no bidding for the crown of Spain? Then take the other crowns and lump them into one lot'—referring to a pile of diadems, the crowns of Russia, Austria, Prussia, the Papal tiara, &c., thrown into a corner, with bundles of standards, 'lots of useless eagles,' &c. Lot 2, 'Twenty flags, the property of the Empress,' 'Kingdom of Prussia, 'Kingdom of Westphalia,' 'Saxony,' 'United Provinces,' &c. The Empress is standing behind her husband, with the infant prince in her arms. Napoleon's heir is dressed in a uniform like his father's; his face is that of a monkey. 'I suppose daddy will put us up for sale?' he is represented as saying to the Empress.

The Mock Auction has drawn plenty of company together. The Dutchman is smoking his pipe with his accustomed philosophy; a British tar is patting him on the back, as his very cordial ally, and ridiculing the Corsican's failure. The King of Würtemburg, Russia pictured as a Cossack, Austria as a huzzar, Prussia, Bavaria, and other Powers are present. The Spanish Don is making light of Buonaparte's pretence of offering his crown for sale; 'That a crown!' he is shouting. 'It's not worth half a crown!'

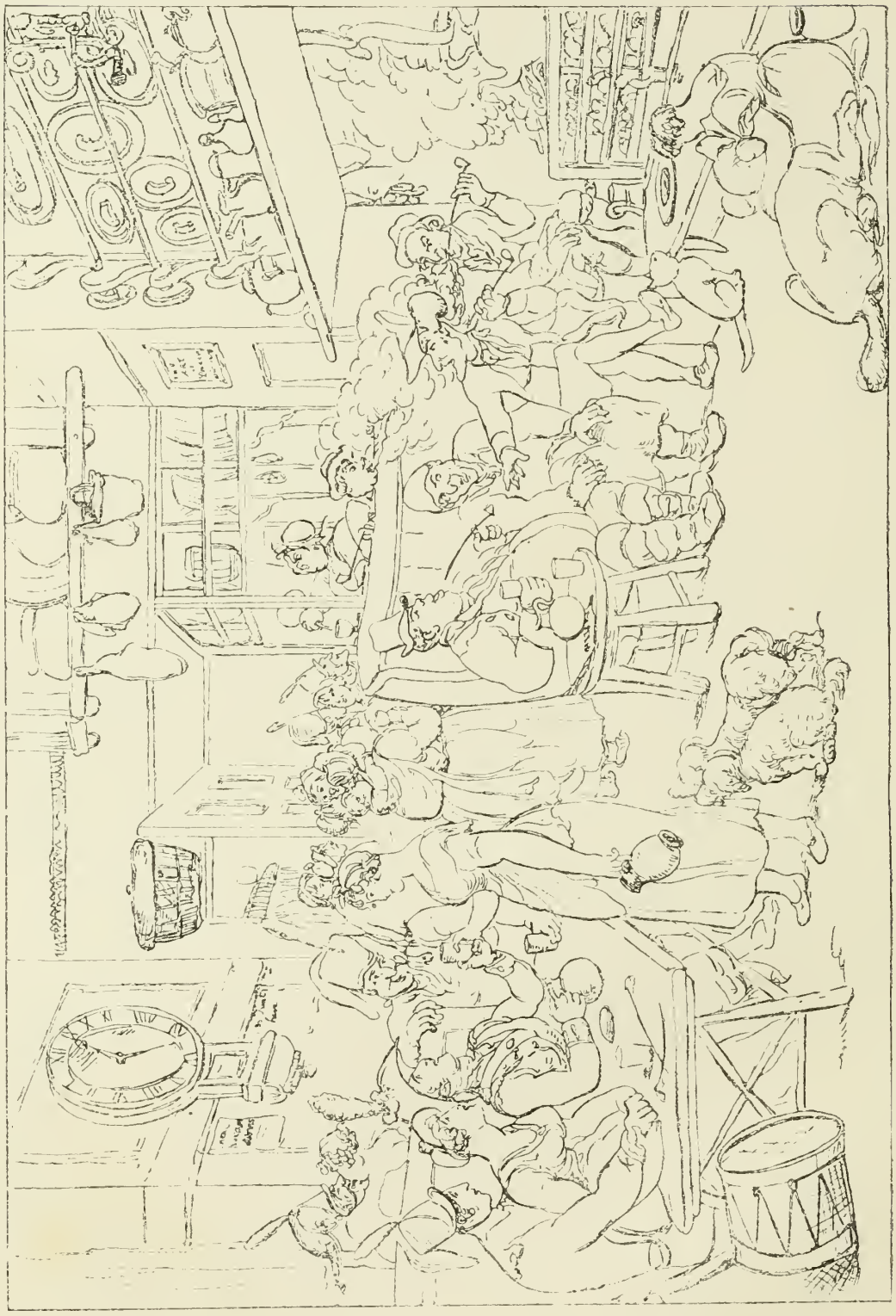
December 30, 1813. *How to Vault in the Saddle, or a new-invented Patent Crane for the Accommodation of Rheumatic Rectors.* Rowlandson delin. and publisher.—The incident depicted is taking place at the door of the rectory, beside the church porch, where a crane has been erected for the accommodation of the gouty and unwieldy divine. Two frisky and solidly-built damsels are hauling away at a rope, to which a sling is attached. The corpulent rector is swinging in mid air, preparatory to being lowered into the saddle; in his pocket is shown a discourse on the apposite text—'*He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.*' A grinning groom is holding the head of a high-cruppered horse; the minister's steed is a curiously constructed instance of equine anatomy, fondly reviving the image of the faithful *Grizzle*, rendered memorable as the *Rosinante* of Doctor Syntax, the long-enduring companion of his famous *Tour in Search of the Picturesque.*

1813 (?). *Witches in a Hayloft.* Woodward delin., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg (226).—Two witches of orthodox type, with broomsticks, red cloaks, and steeple-crowned hats, are seated at a cauldron, working incantations, to assist at which serpents, hobgoblins, and various weird monsters are conjured up. A rustic clown, with a lantern and hayfork, who has thrown back the trapdoor, and is ascending to the hayloft for some purpose, is paralysed with horror and affright at the unholy spectacle suddenly revealed to his sight.

1813. *Business and Pleasure.* Published by T. Tegg. (272).

1813. *The Glutton.* Published by T. Tegg (274).

1813. *The Quaker and the Commissioners of Excise.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg (276).—Four well-fed Commissioners, the members of a board, seated at the green baize, are cross-questioning a Quaker, represented in a suit of conventional sad-coloured apparel, and wearing the typical broad-brimmed hat. The humility of the sectarian has proved too deep for the inquisitors, whose exactions he is evading. The chairman is indignantly remarking, 'What an impertinent fellow to keep on his hat before such a dignified assembly!' Cries one of the examiners, 'None of your *thees* and *thous* here, sir—come to the point—we know you have evaded certain duties.' 'Pray, sir, do you know what we sit here for?' pertinently demands another commissioner; to which the Quaker, with clasped hands, and rocking himself,



DR. SYNTAX, IN THE MIDDLE OF A SMOKING HOT POLITICAL SQUABBLE, WISHES TO WET HIS WHISTLE.

like *Mawworm*, on his toes, responds, 'Verily I do—some sit here for five hundred, others for a thousand; and moreover I have heard it reported that some sit here for two thousand pounds per annum!'

1813. *Doctor Syntax, in the Middle of a Smoking Hot Political Squabble, wishes to Wet his Whistle.* Published by Thomas Tegg, Cheapside (209).

1813 (?). *A-going! A-going!* Newton del., Rowlandson sculp., Published by T. Tegg.—A wretched invalid—propped up in an armchair, without the power to assist himself—has evidently done with the 'prescriptions, boluses, and blisters' at his side, since the ranges of physic-bottles which ornament his apartment have, to all appearance, finished the patient's business effectually; he is visited by a corpulent self-satisfied practitioner, whose hat is under one arm and his cane under the other; the doctor is addressing his unconscious patient: 'My dear sir, you look this morning the picture of health; I have no doubt at my next visit I shall find you utterly cured of all your earthly infirmities.'

1813 (?). *Giving up the Ghost, or one too many.* Newton del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg (292).—Stretched on a poor pallet, in a bare chamber, lies a wretched sufferer; by his side, sleeping in an armchair, is a lace-ruffled and powdered doctor, in whose pocket appears a dose labelled *Final*. An undertaker, in professional weeds, is coming in at the door, with his crape-bound mute's wand in his hand, and a coffin strapped on his shoulder. The ghostly personification of Death, as a skeleton, holding up his hour-glass, is pointing his dart through the latticed window. Below the chair of the smug slumbering practitioner appears a paper bearing the well-known lines:—

I purge, I bleeds, I sweats 'em;
Then, if they die, I lets 'em!

1813. *The Cobbler's Cure for a Scolding Wife.* Published by T. Tegg (294).

1813 (?). *Cracking a Joke.* Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Published by T. Tegg (296).

1813 (?). *The Ghost of my Departed Husband, or whither, my Love, ah! whither art thou gone?* Rowlandson sculp.—A grotesque scene in a churchyard. An old lady is rolling over in consternation amongst the graves, and with apparently some substantial motive for her alarm; a fantastic monster, in a red nightcap, has tripped her up, while an old gentleman, cautiously proceeding with staff and lantern, is very considerably shocked at the lady's sudden upset.

1813. *Hopes of the Family, or Miss Marrowfat at Home for the Holidays.* Published by T. Tegg (296).

1813. Engelbach (Lewis). *Letters from Italy*, (*Repository of Arts*, 1809–13). Republished as *Naples and the Campana Felice*. Seventeen plates by T. Rowlandson. (See 1815.)

1813. *Poetical Sketches of Scarborough.* Text signed 'J. P.' (J. B. Papworth), text initialled 'W.' (Rev. Francis Wrangham), and anonymous text written by William Combe. The titlepage runs thus:—'*Poetical Sketches of Scarborough. Illustrated by twenty-one engravings of humorous subjects. Coloured*

THE COBBLER'S CURE FOR A SCOLDING WIFE.

from original designs made upon the spot by J. Green, and etched by T. Rowlandson. London: Printed for R. Ackermann, 101 Strand. 1813.'

'Advertisement.—The originals of the plates introduced in this volume were sketches made as *souvenirs* of the place during a visit to Scarborough in the

season of 1812. They were not intended for publication; but being found to interest many persons of taste, several of whom expressed a desire to possess engravings of them, and some gentlemen having offered to add metrical illustrations to each, the present form of publication has been adopted.

'The several authors were not personally acquainted with each other. If this circumstance, and that of every design having been made previously to the composition of a single couplet, be considered fair ground of extenuation for faults, they claim its advantages.'

Illustrations.

Frontispiece.—Widow Ducker, and her Nymphs.
A Trip to Scarbro'. (The Coach upset in a Duckpond.) (York.)
The Breakfast. (Parlour of the 'Old Bell Inn.')
The Spa. (Spa Well Stairs.)
Spa Terrace.
Boot and Shoe Shop.
The Castle (and North Shore).
The Warm Bath.
Cornelian Bay.
Sea Bathing.
A Drive on the Sands (Newby and Scalby).
The Church and Churchyard.
The Shower Bath.
The Library.
The Promenade.
The Theatre.
The Ball-room.
The Terrace Steps.
The Water Party.—Wet Quakers.
The Post Office.
The Departure.

August 16, 1813. *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque. A Poem.* Illustrations drawn and etched by T. Rowlandson.

[Dr. Syntax originally appeared, in parts, in the *Poetical Magazine.*]

Frontispiece.—The Rev. Dr. Syntax.
The Rev. Dr. Syntax Setting out on his Tour to the Lakes.
" " Losing his way.
" " Stopped by Highwaymen.
" " Bound to a Tree by Highwaymen.

The Rev. Dr. Syntax Disputing his Bill with the Landlady.
" " Copying the Wit of the Window.
" " Entertained at College.
" " Pursued by a Bull.
" " Mistakes a Gentleman's House for an Inn.
" " among the Tombstones.
" " Tumbling into the Water.
" " Loses his Money on the Raceground at York.
" " at a Review.
" " with my Lord.
" " made Free of the Cellar.
" " Sketching the Lakes.
" " Drawing after Nature.
" " Robbed of his property.
" " Sells his horse 'Grizzle.'
" " Rural Sports.
" " with the Dairymaid.
" " at Liverpool.
" " Reading his Tour.
" " Preaching.
" " with the Bookseller.
" " at Covent Garden Theatre.
The Doctor's Dream : 'The Battle of the Books.'
The Rev. Dr. Syntax returned from his Tour.
" " taking Possession of his Living.

1814.

January 1, 1814. *The Double Humbug, or the Devil's Imp Praying for Peace.* Published by R. Ackermann.—In two compartments: *Napoleon before his Slaves,* and *Napoleon before his Conquerors.* The first view represents the Senate; the Emperor is standing on his throne, which is propped upon the crowns of conquered kingdoms; his dark friend, the Devil, is leaning over the back of the Imperial chair and prompting the specious harangue which Napoleon is addressing to the senators, who do not seem to be much interested in the proclamation, and, on the whole, according to the artist's showing, look very like a body of imbeciles. *Extracts from Buonaparte's Speech. Sunday, December* 19, 1813.—'Senators, Councillors of State, Deputies from the Departments to the Legislative Body,—Splendid victories have raised the glory of the French arms during this campaign. In these weighty circumstances it was my first thought to call you all around me. I have never been seduced by prosperity; I have conceived and executed great designs for the prosperity and the happiness of the world. As a monarch and a father, I feel that peace adds to the security of thrones and that of families. I have accepted proposals and the preliminaries. It is necessary to recruit my armies by numerous levies, and an increase of taxes becomes indispensable. I am satisfied with the sentiments of my people of Italy, Denmark, Naples, America, and the nineteen Swiss Cantons, and have acknowledged the laws which England has in vain sought, during four centuries, to impose on France. I have ordered discharges of artillery on my coming and leaving you.'

The other side of the picture displays the fallen Emperor under an entirely opposite aspect; this time he has to confront his enemies, and a totally changed demeanour is adopted. The Corsican is on his knees; before him is his sword, a pile of standards, and the diadems he had abstracted from numerous crowned heads; the crown of France he has tucked under his arm; all the rest he is offering to restore to his enemies, the rightful owners, who have mustered in force and are completely masters of the situation. The attitudes of the Allies are expressive of their indignation at 'Boney's' shameful avowals; while Talleyrand, on his lame leg, in the greatest trepidation at the dangers which face him, is offering

to swear to the truth of the damaging admissions which his master has found it expedient to make, since falsehood will not serve him in this quarter.

'Gentlemen, Emperors, Rhenish Confederations, &c., &c., &c.,—Behold before you a fallen impostor, who has for many years been drunk and intoxicated with ambition, arrogance, and insolence ; who has deceived, cheated, and tricked you on many occasions ; who has foolishly and wickedly lost, within a twelvemonth, a million of brave but deluded Frenchmen ; who has conceived the great and diabolical design of enslaving the world, and has lost all his friends except Yankee Maddison. Now, gentlemen, to make amends for my sins, I solicit your pardon and ask for peace on your own terms, gentlemen, and I will strictly adhere to it till . . . You may take all those crowns back again, except the one belonging to the Bourbons. My Empress sends you also back the twenty flags I found in some of the churches, in the course of my flight from Leipzig. As for the story, gentlemen, of the corporal and the blowing up of the bridge, you must know 'twas mere humbug to gull the lads of Paris.'

January 1, 1814. *Death and Buonaparte.* Published at Ackermann's Repository.—The Corsican, who had faced and conquered Fate on so many fields of battle, is at length confronted with the grim foe under circumstances which lend additional terrors to his proximity. The reverses which overtook the conqueror at Leipzig are already threatening the downfall of that intrepid will and shaking a self-possession hitherto imperturbable.

Rowlandson has taken advantage of the thickening disasters, which had then commenced to check the prowess of the Emperor's armies, to represent the Corsican in a fit of despondency, forlorn and abstracted, seated on a drum in an attitude of dejection, with his head between his hands, staring in the face of the King of Terrors, of whose close company he is seemingly too self-occupied to take much heed. The grim destroyer, as the skeleton Death, is watching the baffled general face to face, assuming a parody of his attitude, and seated on a gun, with a broken eagle standard at his bony feet. The Russian, Austrian, Prussian, Bavarian, and other allied armies are streaming along in unbroken hosts, scattering the dismayed legions of France, and making havoc amidst the ranks of the discouraged Grand Army, which is melting away before the combined forces.

The transparency exhibited at Ackermann's Repository (See Nov. 5, 1813) *on the occasion of the illuminations for the victory of Leipzig.*

January, 1814. *Madame Véry, Restaurateur, Palais Royal, Paris.* T. N. del., Rowlandson sculp. (348).

January, 1814. *La Belle Limonadière au Café des Mille Colonnes. Palais Royal, Paris.* T. N. del., Rowlandson sculp

Café des Mille Colonnes—'Dance of Life.'

This sober verse, this tranquil strain,
Were it to strive, would strive in vain
That in its couplets should be shown
The Café of the Mille Colonnes.
The pencil gives a better ken
Of its fair Queen—for, ah, no pen
Can paint her glory's grand design,
At least an earth-made pen like mine;
I therefore leave it as 'tis done,
To the rare skill of ROWLANDSON;

MADAME VÉRY.

By whose enliv'ning, vivid touch,
To which this volume owes so much,
The lady's splendour will survive
When all her graces cease to live,
And the proud mirrors shall no more
Reflect her beauties ten times o'er;
Or when another takes her chair,
Not half so fat, if half as fair.

An extract from Planta's 'New Picture of Paris' is added by way of footnote: 'The Café des Mille Colonnes is in the Palais Royal, and receives its title from the

beautiful gilt columns which are reflected by enormous mirrors, disposed with such skill that they appear to be at least a thousand. The room presents an overwhelming glare of decoration. The priestess, or rather the divinity, of this luxurious temple is unrivalled among these places of public entertainment for the charms of her person, the splendour of her dress, and the elegance of her manners. The elevated seat which she occupies was once the throne of the Viceroy of Italy, and was purchased by the proprietor of the coffee-house for the exorbitant sum of twelve thousand livres.'

January 30, 1814. *Quarter Day, or Clearing the Premises, without consulting*

LA BELLE LIMONADIÈRE.

your Landlord. Published by T. Tegg (318).—A cart has been driven to the door of a certain residence, and the ladies of the establishment are hastily heaping all the contents of the house—furniture, bedding, culinary, and other utensils—indiscriminately into the conveyance.

February 10, 1814. *Kicking up a Breeze, or Barrow-women Basting a Beadle.* Published by T. Tegg (310).—The beadle of a provision market, who has laid hands on the barrow of a seller of black puddings, has been seized by the nose, in a fashion to blind both eyes at once, by a muscular female, to whom the overturned barrow belongs; her stalwart right arm and massive fist at the same time are making energetic play on the person of the discomfited functionary, who has

THE PROGRESS OF GALLANTRY.

become, from some act of interference on his part, the centre of a general attack; a dog is threatening his legs, and a hag is belabouring his rear with her basket. Butchers and poulterers' men are enjoying the diversion.

February 14, 1814. *Progress of Gallantry, or Stolen Kisses Sweetest.* Published by T. Tegg (313).

A TAILOR'S WEDDING.

February 20, 1814. *A Tailor's Wedding.* Published by T. Tegg (315).

March 1, 1814. *Crimping a Quaker.* Published by T. Tegg (317, originally published as 261).

March 2, 1814. *Head Runner of Runaways from Leipzig Fair.* Published by R. Ackermann, Strand.—The Emperor Napoleon, dressed in the simple and

familiar habit by which his figure is best recognised, the little cocked hat, the green coat, buttoned across the chest, the white waistcoat and breeches, is tearing his hardest towards 'Maynz' and the Rhine; a frightened hare, suggestive of the Imperial courage, is scampering before him and marking the way. The 'little

CRIMPING A QUAKER.

Corporal' carries, instead of a walking-stick, the effigy of the great Emperor of Germany, *Carolus Magnus*, at the head of a pole. On his back is a pack, from which the various collections he had previously gathered are suffered to escape: Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Rheinland, Hanstat Département, Poland; paper

prints of soldiers, *Alte Garde* and *Junge Garde*—are blowing away and being left behind in the flight.

March 12, 1814. *The Devil's Darling.* Published by R. Ackermann.—The Dark Fiend in person, drawn on a tremendous scale, with his claws, horns, hoofs, tail, and terror-striking accessories, is seated on his sulphurous floor, cradling and dandling his pet progeny, '*Little Boney*;' the figure of the Corsican is wrapped up like a mummy in swaddling-clothes, bound round with tricolor ribands; the face is alone exposed; and his Infernal Majesty is contemplating the calm, thoughtful, wax mask-like countenance of his reputed vicegerent on earth with earnest attention; his own features are wearing an expression which is at least threatening; the Legion of Honour, instituted by the Emperor, is held out by the apocryphal fiend as a bauble to tempt the spoiled child in his lap.

April 9, 1814. *Blucher the Brave extracting the Groan of Abdication from the Corsican Bloodhound.* Published by T. Tegg (322).—The Corsican has been run down; the sturdy figure of the indomitable General Blucher is shown acting as his executioner. Having come up with the enemy and beaten him, the general is shaking the bloodhound out of his trappings; sword, diadem, and habit are cast aside, and the creature is swinging in the Prussian's iron grasp, a mere frightened cur, with nothing of the dreaded 'Boney' left but his head. A boat is on the shore, and the fugitive, *Brother Joe*, the rejected 'intrusive King' of Spain, in mortal terror is running his hardest to embark for the Island of Elba; the boatman is loading in the future provision, £20,000 a year, the income decreed the Corsican for his new state. Besides the deportation of the Buonapartes another scene is transpiring: Louis the Eighteenth, a portly and good-natured-looking sovereign, is received with acclamations from all sides, while his friends the Allies discreetly remain in the rear; the white flag of the Bourbons, with its *fleur de lis*, is waving over the restored descendant of St. Louis; the monarch's legitimate crown is restored, and the figure of Peace personified is adding a laurel wreath; Churchmen and some of 'Nap's' old servants are offering their homage, and the wily Talleyrand has apparently 'ratted' judiciously at the critical moment, as the change of masters has not displaced the veteran diplomatist, and he is waiting on the King with a new 'list of ministers for your Majesty's approval.'

April 12, 1814. *Coming in at the Death of the Corsican Fox. Scene the Last.* Published by R. Ackermann.—Neither the subject nor its title are altogether original, as, some six years previously, Rowlandson's contemporary, James Gillray, had chosen to illustrate the reverses which had attended the French arms in Spain by a similar cartoon, in which George the Third appeared as the huntsman, holding out the carcass of the Corsican fox. Both conceptions,

in these instances, as subsequent events proved, were somewhat premature as far as the conclusiveness of the performance was concerned.

Prince Blucher, the valiant old trooper, has taken the lead of the field; he has dismounted from his horse, whose bridle he is holding in his left hand, while his right is locked round the throat of the Fox, who is struggling and clawing vainly to get free; 'Boney's' face is turning the pallid hue of deadly fear in sight of the eager pack of hounds, which are showing their teeth and leaping forward to rend the vermin to fragments; the dogs are of good strain; on their collars may be read the names of those generals who finally outwitted the Corsican—Wellington, Swartzenberg, Kutusoff, Platoff, Crown Prince, York, &c., &c. The allied Emperors and Kings are riding down to be 'in at the death,' and in the distance are seen burning towns, which have been recently devastated by the ravages of the Corsican in his career of ambition.

April 12, 1814. *Bloody Boney, the Carcass Butcher, left off Trade and Retiring to Scarecrow Island.* Published by T. Tegg (323).—The exiled general is reduced from his state; he is meanly travelling Elbawards, and has reached the seashore, whence he is to embark for his island residence. A gibbet by the way, with a rope in readiness, is serving as a fingerpost to point the road; vultures, which fly round this suggestive object, express a desire to pick the bones of the retiring 'carcass butcher.' All the splendours of 'Boney's' surroundings are stripped bare; he is riding on a rough-coated donkey, and wearing a 'fool's cap' in place of a crown; his only provision is a bag of brown bread; his consort, loose and ragged, is seated at the crupper on the same beast, which is being unmercifully flogged with a stick labelled '*Bâton Maréchal*;' 'Boney' is lost in terror; his juvenile heir, lately made King of Rome, is preceding the *cortége*, mounted on a 'Corsican dog.'

A French postilion, of the old school, is jumping about for joy, in his huge bucket-like jack-boots, flourishing his whip, and rejoicing to see the backs of the usurping Corsican and his party: 'Be gar, you *coquin*, now I shall drive my old friends and *bonnes* customers *de* English. *Vive le Roi et la Poste Royale!*'

April 15, 1814. *The Rogue's March.* Published by T. Tegg (321).

From fickle Fortune's gamesome lap
What various titles flow!
The Emperor of Conj'rors, Nap,
The King of Beggars, Joe!

General Prince Blucher is leading off the two convicts; a halter is round 'Boney's' neck; he has donkey's ears, and is made to wear a fool's cap, inscribed, 'Transported for life;' his face bears a look of terror and degradation as he is dragged forward by his merciless conductor, handcuffed to his brother Joe,

'ex-King of the Beggars,' who is branded 'Coward and Thief.' A scorpion, 'Execration,' is fastening on to 'Boney's' person; and another reptile, 'Detestation,' is spitting venom at his less conspicuous relative. The exiled convicts are being conducted past a file of Prussian Guards, and the drums are beating the 'Rogue's March.' Their leader, Blucher, bears a long quarter-master's staff, with a proclamation setting forth: 'Napoleon, late Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine; Grand Arbiter of the Fate of Nations, &c., &c., &c., but now, by the permission of the Allied Sovereigns, exile in the Isle of Elba, an outcast from society, a fugitive, a vagabond. Yet this is the conceited mortal who said, "I have never been seduced by prosperity; adversity will not be able to overcome me!"'

A contrast to the crestfallen Bonapartes is offered in the restored Bourbons. A flagpole is set up, and the old royal standards are unfurled: 'Rejoice, O ye Kings! *Vive le Roi!*' The sovereigns of Europe once more enjoy the opportunity of wearing their crowns in peace; and the allied monarchs are shown, in their royal robes, with all their splendours restored, dancing hand-in-hand in a ring round their combined escutcheons: 'Now we are met, a jolly set, in spite of wind or weather!'

April 17, 1814. *The Affectionate Farewell, or Kick for Kick.* Published by R. Ackermann.—Buonaparte is being driven from France; it is clear that his presence there, after the settlement of his abdication, was a source of embarrassment while waiting for an opportunity to sail for his new island kingdom. The late Imperial Chancellor is the most eager to be rid of his disgraced master; the 'minister of expediency' is menacing the flying enemy; in one hand he holds the deed of expatriation, 'Abdication, or the last dying speech of a murderer—who is to be delivered into the hands of the Devil the first fair wind.' 'Tally' is attacking his ancient confederate 'Boney' with his club-foot and his crutch simultaneously: '*Va t'en coquin.* I'll crack your crown, you pitiful vagabond;' to which the flying exile, with his hat held in hand as a mark of respect to his new master, is responding with humility: '*Votre tres humble serviteur, Monsieur Tally.*' A gibbet, with its noose ready, is pointing to the 'Isle of Elba.' Seen in the distance is the 'Boney' family, there receiving the elevation which they have merited, all the members being collectively exalted on a gallows. The victims of 'Boney's' successive campaigns and actions without cessation, invalids whose limbs have been lost in his wars, are rushing up as fast as their maimed condition will permit, flourishing their crutches and unstrapping their wooden legs, as offensive weapons wherewith to avenge their injuries, crying: 'Bone him, my tight little Tally;' while an invalid with one arm is waiting for the flying general at the place of embarkation: 'What! let him sneak off without a mark or a scratch? No, no, I'll darken his daylights for him!'

April 20, 1814. *A Delicate Finish to a French Usurper.* Published by J. Asperne, 60 Cornhill.

> Boney, canker of our joys, now thy tyrant reign is o'er.
> Fill the merry bowl, my boys, join in bacchanalian roar.
> Seize the villain, plunge him in—see, the hated miscreant dies.
> Mirth, and all thy train, come in; banish sorrow, tears, and sighs!

The events which followed Leipzig are bearing their fruit; the heads of the Coalition have been called in, and 'Boney' is being subjected to rigorous treatment; he is seated on a throne constructed of skeletons and skulls, wrapped round with the Imperial purple, powdered with his emblems; but the bees are taking flight and forsaking their *protégé*; Field Marshal Prince Blucher is offering the sufferer, who is sick in extremity, a huge goblet to be quaffed to the dregs—'Blucher's black draught.' The crown and sceptre of tyranny and all the 'Corsican's' conquests, Portugal, Vienna, Poland, Milan, Spain, Rome, Moscow, Holland, Switzerland, Vienna, Saxony, Florence, Dantzig, &c., have been disgorged. The figure of Father Time has winged his way to reckon with the usurper; his hourglass is held aloft, and with a golden extinguisher Time is about to snuff Boney out. Wellington, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Crown Prince are in attendance to see the last of their troublesome enemy. France is once more freed, joyful and smiling; the labours of agriculture are resumed, and three symbolical nymphs are executing a joyful dance appropriate for the occasion, and supporting the arms of the restored Bourbons.

April 25, 1814. *Nap Dreading his doleful Doom, or his grand entry into the Isle of Elba.* Published by T. Tegg (328).—The general has arrived in his island kingdom, according to the satirist; the ship which conveyed the abdicated monarch is riding in the bay; Boney's luggage has just been set on the shore by a smaller craft; a single guard, one of the Mamelukes, is sitting disconsolately by the diminished effects of his master. The somewhat squalid inhabitants, Nap's future subjects, are crowding down the rocks with vulgar curiosity, pressing onwards through a narrow pass leading to the shore; they seem inclined to ridicule the deserted state of their distinguished guest, who is plunged into dejection at his prospects.

> Woe is me, seeing what I have seen,
> And seeing what I see!

A coarse stout female is patting the exile familiarly on the back and offering him her pipe by way of hospitality: 'Come, cheer up, my little Nicky; I'll be your Empress!'

May 1, 1814. *The Tyrant of the Continent is Fallen; Europe is Free;*

England Rejoices. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—The 'Corsican' is exposed to a worse fate than fell to Belshazzar; his conquests are taken from him, the throne of state is overset, the Imperial purple is stripped from his shoulders, the diadem and sceptre have fallen; the sovereignties, crowns, and dignities which were his playthings are swept away; the once almost master of the world is now in a desperate strait; his person is seized by the Father of Evil, who is claiming his due; the presence of the Foul Fiend has disturbed Napoleon less than the hand of Fate: 'Empire and victory be all forsaken to plagues, poverty, disgrace, and shame. Strip me of all my dignities and crowns. Take oh take your sceptres back. Spare me but life!' An arm of vengeance, appearing from the clouds, has effectually paralysed the faculties of the conscience-smitten conqueror; a flaming sword is hanging over his devoted head, and a voice of terror is proclaiming retribution :—

> Thou'rt doom'd to pains at which the damn'd will tremble,
> And take their own for joys.

May 1, 1814. *Boney turned Moralist.* Published by R. Ackermann.—1. *What I was—a cruel tyrant.* The Emperor is shown in all his glory of empire and conquest, his back to the Palace of the Tuileries, and dressed in the robes of state, the purple mantle on his shoulders, the diadem on his head, the orb and sceptre in his hands; his feet raised on crowns of vanquished kings, and potentates enslaved to prop his state.

2. *What I am—a snivelling wretch.*—The general is seen in solitary abandonment on the island rock which constituted his miniature kingdom of Elba, shedding tears over 'the brief history of my life, which I intend to publish.' This view is, like most of the deductions of satirists, rather beyond the strict veracity of the case. Bonaparte showed himself during his stay in Elba, as it will be remembered, both active and cheerful-minded; and it is recorded that he would discuss with the visitors—who flocked to his miniature kingdom from motives of curiosity—his present condition and his past state with pleasant humour and even jocularity.

3. *What I ought to be—hung for a fool.*—The figure of Napoleon, with an ass's ears added, is suspended on a gallows.

May 1, 1814. *Irish Jaunting Car.* — Hull, Esq., del. Etched by T. Rowlandson. Published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

May 8, 1814. *Peace and Plenty.* Published by T. Tegg (324).—The artist's view of the situation, with the smiling prospect of peace as set forth in 1814, was somewhat premature, as the more desperate events of the year following amply confirmed; but, with a general concord prevailing amongst the Allies, with the restless 'disturber of the peace of Europe' safely dismissed to the

Island of Elba, there to amuse his giant ambition by administering affairs in his miniature kingdom, the old monarchy being comfortably restored to France for an interval, it was generally concluded that the world would once more be suffered to move along pacifically, and that a new era of plenty and commercial prosperity was reopening.

PEACE AND PLENTY.

Peace and Plenty are represented much as such things look on the eve of a congress of military powers, *Peace* meaning the forces held in readiness, and *Plenty*, in this case, referring principally to the war-chest, a plentiful supply of artillery, powder, shell and shot, and other offensive materials. The scene is fixed on one of the fortifications which had been set up to protect the security of our coasts; the cliffs of 'old England' bristle with Martello towers and island

defences. A drummer is sleeping tranquilly, with his arm and head resting on his instrument, and a pile of cannon balls by his side; there are great guns of brass and iron, with a mortar and shells, ready for use, while sentries are on the look-out, and the soldiers are fully equipped. The British standard is flying, and an air of gallantry is introduced by the presence of certain buxom females, who are exciting the admiration of the soldiers of the garrison gathered around the Dulcineas and ogling and flirting with the skittish fair, whose ample proportions are such as to win the hearts and turn the heads of these 'sons of Mars,' released for a while from 'war's alarms,' of which the warriors were becoming reasonably tired after so many years of hard and comparatively profitless campaigning.

May 15, 1814. *Macassar Oil: an oily puff for soft heads.*—It is rather a question whether subjects similar to the present, in which some popular nostrum was held up to ridicule, were wholly playful or in part executed to order—a skilful method of indirect puffing much and ingeniously practised in the magazines and other channels of the day. The wondrous fluid Macassar is seen in application. A stout old party has laid off his fool's cap and is seated in an armchair, undergoing a trial of the efficacy of the oil: the perfectly bald head of the subject is a good field for its employment, and the operator—who, by some inconsistency characteristic of vendors of hair restoratives, is quite bereft of hair himself—is sleepily pouring oil from a flask over the broad surface beneath him. A lady has apparently been making a trial of the process, and on consulting the looking-glass she seems amazed to find a bushy head of hair pushing itself straight upwards with amazing vigour. Round the apartment are files of bottles, 'wig oil, one guinea per bottle,' and notices, 'Wonderful discovery: carroty or grey whiskers changed to black, brown, or blue, &c.'

June 14, 1814. *Miseries of London, or a Surly Hackney Coachman.*

June 20, 1814. *Rural Sports, or a Pleasant Way of Making Hay.* Published by T. Tegg (16).—In the rear are lasses raking the hay together, and lads are tossing the loads on to the well-filled wains. In the front of the picture is a group of boisterous haymakers of both sexes, who, throwing aside their rakes and forks, are tumbling the hay about by armfuls, rolling one over another in the grass, and sprawling about in picturesque confusion.

July 14, 1814. *The Rivals.* Published by T. Rowlandson, James Street. (See 1812.)

1814. *Portsmouth Point.* Published by T. Tegg (255).—The varied humours of Portsmouth are displayed with the caricaturist's native vigour. Nothing could be more animated than the picture, which has an air of truth, nor could the scene be represented with fuller character, all its grotesque features being brought forward with ready fun. The landing-place is bustling with business; small craft of all sorts are pulling off to the ships; luggage, spirit-casks,

PORTSMOUTH POINT.

and packages are being wheeled or shouldered off for debarkation. A couple of sailors, with hands across to form a sedan, are carrying a stout lady of fashion down to a lighter. Jack on shore and Jack taking his chest seawards are elbowing busy stevadores. A commander, his lady, and a porter bearing his sea-trunk, are in the centre of the crowd; a wooden-legged fiddler is tipping a stave for 'Poll and her partner Joe,' and a frolicsome tar is giving a parting salute with more ardour than propriety. On one side is the respectable element —the admirals, captains, and other naval officers, and their families, who are parting from wife and children with a tender embrace at the door of the Ship Tavern; and many a gallant naval hero is draining his last bowl of punch on shore. On the opposite side such rougher contrasts are exhibited as common sailors, lodging houses, outfitting emporiums, cast clothes marts, and ship-store shops, *Moses Levy—Money Lent*, and similar tempting emporiums, where customers are inspecting second-hand apparel. Such a spectacle would not be complete, according to the taste of the times or the actualities of the case, without some sort of uproariousness, and so we are treated to the sight of a young lady carted off helplessly inebriated, a friendly companion supporting her shoulders, and an honest blue-jacket bearing her legs unceremoniously slung over his back. Another bacchanalian incident is rendered on the left, where a grinning sailor, half-seas over, who is at least better-tempered in his cups than George Cruikshank would have condescended to draw him in his teetotal days, is sprawling on the road by his broken pipe and overbalancing a florid and equally tipsy Venus, his lady-love, who is in some degree the reason of the Jack Tar's degradation.

September 15, 1814. *The Three Principal Requisites to form a Man of Fashion: Dress like a coachman; study boxing and bull-baiting; speak the slang language fluently.*

September 15, 1814. *The Four Seasons of Love.* Rowlandson del. Published by T. Tegg.

Spring.—A suitor, *Jerry Thimble, Tailor*, is kneeling at the feet of a blooming fair one; both of the turtle-doves are in the prime of life. 'Oh, you bewitching angel,' sues the tailor, 'behold at your feet a swain as tender as a veal cutlet. You are the very broadcloth of perfection; have pity on me, adorable Mrs. Griskin!' To which appeal the melting and buxom widow responds: 'You enchanting devil, I do not know what to say to you; however, Mr. Thimble, that mole between your eyebrows puts me so much in mind of my poor dear departed husband that I think I can't refuse you.'

Summer.—The wedded pair are enjoying a suburban excursion. The smartened tailor is smiling on his wife and declaring: 'O thou wert born to please me, my life, my only dear!' The lady, who is advancing in life, replies:

'Ay, now you look a little stylish; you are a charming man. Who would not be married!'

Autumn sets in more stormily; the lady, developing into a virago, is accusing her husband of receiving letters of a tender nature; the tailor, in reply, is making a counter-charge, relative to 'Mr. Dip, the dyer, and gallivanting to White Conduit House.'

Winter sees the late couple seated at either side of a lawyer's table; the man of law is reading the articles of separation, to the delight of the Thimbles. Mrs. Tabitha declares she never felt so comfortable in all her life; and Jerry Thimble is exclaiming: 'O blessed day! I hope to pass the next year in peace and quietness!'

September 20, 1814. *Joanna Southcott, the Prophetess, Excommunicating the Bishops. 'Know I told thee I should begin at the Sanctuary. I will cut them all off,' having already cut off four Bishops for refusing to hear of my Visitation.* Published by T. Tegg (341).—Rowlandson availed himself of the novel religious fever which had its rise in the fictitious revelations of the so-called Prophetess, Joanna Southcott, to ridicule both the believers in latter day miracles and the members of the Establishment conjointly. One specimen of the caricatures produced on this occasion will suffice. Joanna Southcott and one of her champions are making a terrific charge on the flying pillars of the Episcopacy. The Bishops are endeavouring to kick against the onslaught, and, with mitre, wig, and crozier, are defying their chastisers; but their courage is feeble, their ranks are breaking, and they are running off discomfited to save themselves from the coming wrath, without taking any heed of the overthrown. The Prophetess, wearing her famous seal round her neck, and clad in *Elijah's mantle*, is lustily wielding a birch rod; she has caught a fugitive Archbishop by the foot, and he is vainly struggling to escape corporal correction. The 'Third Book of Wonders' is open at her feet. Her exertions are supported by a certain Rev. Roger Towzer, who is chastising the disorganised heads of the Established Church with his *Flail*; certain supernatural creatures, with flaming torches and stings and claws, are harassing the runaways. The Prophetess is very earnest in the work: 'Lay it on, hip and thigh, brave Towzer; smite the unbelievers. I put no more trust in Bishops as men than I do in their chariots and horses, but my trust is in the Lord of Hosts.' Her reverend follower is bruising away vigorously: 'I'll well dust their woolsacks and make them drunk in my fury. I will bring down their strength to the earth!' A strong-chest, in the rear, is labelled *Contents of the Sealing; the Sealed, the Elect, to inherit the Tree of Life*, &c.

1814 (?). *Rural Sports. Buck Hunting.* Rowlandson del. Published by T. Tegg.—Buck-hunting, as a figurative sport, seems, if we may believe the

print, to be attended with certain difficulties. An antiquated gentleman, who in the present case seems to be the hunter, is brought up abruptly, in full view of the quarry, by a river, which he has no apparent means of crossing. The game in view, a military buck, is 'run to ground' in a summer-house, on the opposite side of the water, where, in spite of a warning-board about *Man-traps*, he is visibly poaching on the hunter's preserves.

1815.

January 1, 1815. *Female Politicians.* Published by T. Tegg. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp.—The fair members of a well-to-do family are seated at table. The elder is reading the news of the Corsican's last outrages: 'They write from Hanover that when Boneyparte took possession of that country he ravished all the women.' 'Oh, the wretch!' cries an old maid. A less antiquated lady is giving her fair neighbour the comforting assurance, 'It's very true, ma'am: it's only a word and a blow with him; your honour or your property.' 'Well, ma'am,' declares a buxom creature, 'if he should come here, at all events I'll take care of my property.' To which a budding maiden is adding, 'So will I, mamma.'

March 1, 1815. *Breaking up of the Blue Stocking Club.* Published by T. Tegg (343).—The dissolution of this assembly is marked by a certain amount of animosity and fury. The learned ladies are engaging in pairs, and the subject under discussion is handled with more zeal than discretion, the arguments employed being chiefly forcible. The *Blue Stockings* are sadly mauled; garments and hair are alike torn and dishevelled. The table, the tea equipage, and the president's armchair have all come to grief; one fair and fierce debater is trying to impress her opponent with the kettle-stand, another has floored her adversary, and is pouring forth the boiling contents of the urn over a prostrate foe. Nails, fists, and feet are alike set to work; but the favourite method of attack seems to be a firm purchase of the enemy's tresses. Cats are leaping about in dismay, and the whole tableau is one of unrestrained ferocity and recklessness.

March 1, 1815. *Defrauding the Customs, or Shipping Goods not Fairly Entered.* Rowlandson del. Published by T. Tegg (344).—A scene of violence, since a pair of strapping damsels, the pride of their friends, are being carried off bodily, whether they will or no, by two naval officers, whose sailors are waiting by the shore, with a boat put to sea in readiness to bear them, and their abducted charges, off to a ship which is seen at a distance. These unprincipled marauders have made an attack, in broad daylight, on the two biggest and most handsome scholars of *Mrs. Crostich's boarding-school for young ladies*, while the remainder of the tender flock are taking their walks abroad, with the dame at their head.

But neither the vigorous efforts of the schoolmistress, nor the exertions of an old gentleman, who has been knocked over in the escape, and is sprawling powerless like a turtle, nor the efforts of a dog which is worrying the retreat of the fugitives, seem likely to hinder the accomplishment of their flight or to prevent the successful completion of their lawless designs.

March 1, 1815. *Hodge's Explanation of a Hundred Magistrates.* Published by T. Tegg (347).—Hodge, 'a poor honest country lout, not overstocked with learning,' has been brought before the bench on some charge or another. The smock-frocked rustic, cap in hand, is scratching his tow-like locks and questioning the fairness of the tribunal. 'How,' cries the chairman, energetically thumping away at the table in his indignation, 'how dare you, fellow, say it is unfair to bring you before one hundred magistrates, when you see there are but three of us?' In reply to which Hodge is posing his interrogator: 'Why, please your worship, you mun know when I went to school they taught I that a one and two noughts stood for a hundred; so, do you see, your worship be one, and the other two be cyphers!'

March 1, 1815. *Sailors Drinking the Tunbridge Waters.* Published by T. Tegg (242).—The artist has sketched the old drinking-well at Tunbridge; a body of sailors, true British tars, find themselves, by some queer chance, which is totally unexplained, at the well-known watering-place, and, what is more mysterious, these sons of Neptune are in close proximity to the Springs. A comely, well-favoured, and smartly attired young damsel, the ministering nymph of the fountain—which, in this instance, it must be confessed, closely resembles a pump—is presenting a tumbler of the fluid, drawn by her own fair hands, to a sturdy ancient coxswain, impressing on the weather-beaten salt, 'Be assured it is an excellent beverage for gentlemen who have been a long time at sea.' The ancient mariner, in recalling the effects which the waters had on 'our Poll,' and remembering his own personal interior sufferings in the Mediterranean, is reluctant to rush into unknown dangers: 'Why, lookee, ma'am, I don't wish to be unpolite, but, if your ladyship's honour pleases, I'd rather hang fire a bit.' Another hardy tar is grappling with the distasteful difficulty and making frightful attempts to swallow the contents of his tumbler; but a good proportion of the water is spilt on the ground, while he is pronouncing the stuff 'Dashed queer tipple, to be sure!' Another smart sailor has his tumbler all safe in his keeping; but he is bribing a diminutive native, who is complacently staring at the prospective drinker, to run and fetch something to qualify the cup. 'Hark'ee, young two-shoes, go and get me a pint of half-and-half and a squeeze of lemon, for darn me if I could drink it neat if I was never to weigh anchor again.'

March 13, 1815. *A Lamentable Case of a Juryman.* Published by T. Tegg (Nos. 220 and 347).

April 7, 1815. *The Flight of Buonaparte from Hell-Bay.* Published by R. Ackermann.—We find the anticipations offered in the caricatures of the previous year completely upset by Napoleon's unexpected return. The method of the Corsican's evasion is treated figuratively; in place of the Isle of Elba he is supposed to have escaped from the clutches of the evil one and out of the depths of the infernal regions. The foul fiend, *Old Scratch*, is represented in person, amusing himself by letting his captive loose to work fresh mischief in the world above. A diabolic armchair of serpents is planted beside the fiery lake, and for pastime Satan is toying with a pipe and blowing air-bubbles, while an attendant imp is holding a saucer of suds. The Corsican has been mounted on a bubble blown by the tempter, and then sent careering back to earth; hissing dragons, and serpents of supernatural species, are hissing forth flames and blasts of fury, which are serving as winds to waft the bubble upwards, while the sulphurous fumes are inspiring the rider with a frantic thirst for vengeance.

April 8, 1815. *Hell Hounds Rallying round the Idol of France.* Published by R. Ackermann.—The enthusiasm with which the return of 'Boney' was hailed, from his landing in France till his arrival in the capital, and the devoted reception he encountered from his old followers, are made the subjects of more than one travesty. In the present case the head and bust of the Emperor, on a colossal scale—his throat encircled by a hangman's noose—is elevated on an immense pyramid of human heads, his decapitated victims; a brace of demons are flying through the air to encircle the brow of this apostle of freedom with a crown of blazing pitch. A ring of excited demons, with horns, claws, hoofs, and tails, but bearing the heads and faces of Napoleon's supporters, are dancing in triumph round the idol they have replaced. From labels attached to the ropes which surround the throttles of these enthusiastic Bonapartists we discover the so-called 'Hell Hounds' to be Marshals Ney, Lefebre, Davoust, Vandamme, Savery, Caulincourt, with Fouché, and others. The old slaughters have recommenced; towns are committed to the flames, English goods are once more destroyed, and heaped around are soldiers, some dead and others wounded, to serve the cause of a rapacious ambition which had drained the blood of France for years.

1815. *Vive le Roi! Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Diable! French Constancy and French Integrity.*—As might have been foreseen, Napoleon's old ascendency over the French army asserted itself more strongly than ever; the intermediate state of things and the humiliations to which the country was unavoidably forced to submit during the process of restoring the stolen property and possessions to the rightful owners had increased the national animosity with which the troops and the people continued to regard the foreign invaders, friends, allies, and upholders of *Louis le Desiré*. The more martial spirits, wearied of a restoration with which France felt no sympathy, began to languish for the presence of their great

captain, under whose military empire their laurels had been won. The fickleness and instability of the Gallic race are set forth in the present caricature. A trooper has abjured his allegiance to the Bourbons, and is hailing his Corporal with a pinch from his snuff box; his hat is still garnished with the white cockade, *Vive le Roi!* above it is a red one, *Vive le Diable!* and, on the other side, the famous tricolor, and *Vive l'Empereur! French Constancy* is illustrated in these interchanged emblems. *French Stability* appears figuratively likened to the sails of a windmill; as to *French Integrity*, the emblems of a monkey and cat, kissing and fondling, pictorially sets forth the 'union between the National Guard and the troops of the line.'

April 12, 1815. *Scene in a New Pantomime, to be performed at the Theatre Royal, Paris. With entire new music, dances, dresses, scenery, machinery, &c., &c. The principal characters to be supported by most of the great potentates in Europe. Harlequin by Monsieur Napoleon; Clown by King of Wirtemberg; Pantaloon, Emperor of Austria. To conclude with a comic song, to be sung by the Pope, and a grand chorus by the Crowned Heads. Vivant Rex et Regina.* Published by R. Ackermann.—The wonderful exhibition is taking place in the state rooms of the Tuileries. The great throne is empty, and the sceptre and crown are temporarily laid on the steps waiting for their owner. *Presto!* and in flies Harlequin Bonaparte, pursued at once by all the Powers of Europe, tumbling over one another in confusion, but all armed and aiming at the nimble sprite, who had given them so much trouble to capture and secure, and who is once more to be chased, caught, and bound down again. Clown Wirtemberg is letting off a brace of pistols; Dutch Mynheer and a Prussian grenadier are discharging their blunderbusses; Austria, as Pantaloon, is too startled to be effective; the Cossack is giving the fugitive a prog with his long lance; the King of Spain has drawn the sword and aimed such a blow that it has capsized the swordsman and shaken off his crown; the Pope is armed with an axe; and all the other potentates are crowding in, an irregular mob. The portrait of the Empress, as Columbine, is being taken off the walls. As to the Harlequin, his eye looks dangerous; a dagger is held in either hand—he evidently means mischief; one tiger-like spring, and he has eluded all his pursuers, and the blows they are intending for him recoil on themselves. The portrait of Louis the Eighteenth is in the pathway for which he is making, and the nimble Corsican, in his character of Harlequin, is jumping clean through the huge paunch of the tranquil Bourbon and regaining the security of his old strongholds.

April 16, 1815. *The Corsican and his Blood Hounds at the Window of the Tuileries, looking over Paris.* Published by R. Ackermann.—Boney, on his arrival in Paris, proceeded to his old quarters in the Tuileries, whence Louis the Eighteenth had but just departed. Napoleon, in spite of his fatigue—for he

had barely rested since his landing—sat up all night, concerting fresh measures with his supporters; and in the morning he held a grand review in the Champ de Mars, where his presence excited the most frantic demonstrations of fidelity. France showed herself intoxicated with joy at the chance of receiving back a leader with whom she had, inconsistently enough, parted without expressing much emotion or regret, except so far as the Emperor's more immediate personal adherents were concerned. In the picture we have the streets of Paris represented as being filled with a surging multitude of enthusiasts, while standards, eagles, and heads of enemies are held up on pikes, by the wilder fanatics, as signs of encouragement. *Death* and the *Devil* are tempting the Corsican from the balcony of the Tuileries; in 'return for more horrors,' and in exchange for 'death and destruction,' all that he sees is offered the conqueror. The bony skeleton is pointing out the bargain with his dart; but Time's hourglass is standing unperceived at Napoleon's side and the sand is running forth. The figure of the Devil is resting his arms fraternally on the shoulders of Boney and Marshal Ney and drawing them into an ill-starred embrace. The other marshals and adherents are in the rear; but a marked expression of apprehension is shown on the faces of the entire party, with the exception of the two supernatural visitors, who are grinning at the anticipation of fresh iniquities and increasing deadly horrors, with which they entertain the certain prospect of being gratified by their pet *protégé*.

May 10, 1815. *The Carter and the Gipsies.* Published by T. Tegg.

1815. *R. Ackermann's Transparency on the Victory of Waterloo.*—The loyal supporters of the Government and that indomitable British nation which had declared '*no surrender* to the Corsican,' and, either in victory or defeat, had persevered, while their allies were conquered and their subsidies wasted, were rewarded for the 'outpouring of blood and treasure abroad' and the hard times and anxieties at home by finding that at last, after Waterloo, their enemy was at their mercy. Rejoicings, fireworks, and illuminations became the order of the day; and our artist, who had traced the varying career of the dreaded bugbear Boney, now lent his assistance to commemorate his downfall. In Rowlandson's simple allegory Buonaparte, on his white Arab charger, is riding his hardest away from the British pursuit; he has lost his sword, and his crown is shaken off. Wellington, with his sword ready to smite, is rapidly coming up with the fugitive, whose flight, however, is unexpectedly brought to an end by finding old Blucher, on his sturdy charger, drawn up across the very path he is taking. The redoubtable veteran is discharging a huge blunderbuss full in the face of the common enemy. Incidents in the pursuit of the routed French legions are slightly indicated in the background, and a flight of certain gilded birds are scurrying out of the dangerous vicinity.

July 28, 1815. *Boney's Trial, Sentence, and Dying Speech, or Europe's Injuries Revenged.*—Napoleon is arraigned, as a criminal at the bar, before the Court of Europe and a crowded tribunal; the seat of chief judge is occupied by Prince Blucher, and the assembled potentates are seated on the bench, wearing their recovered crowns, which the prisoner, in his various triumphs, had so often caused to tremble and, in some cases, had carried off completely. The kings, it is true, do not make an imposing spectacle; with the exception of the Emperor Alexander, who is seated beside the Prince Regent, they still seem to look upon the lately dreaded foe with trepidation. The occupants of the court and the lawyers are regarding the criminal under sentence with abhorrence; a *posse* of tipstaves are drawn up below the prisoner's bar; and Napoleon, who is trying to move the compassion of his hearers by hypocritical humility, has a friend at his back, who is ready to seize his bond—the Black Fiend is his unseen attendant prompter in person. Old Blucher, clad in his field-marshal's uniform, with the addition of a judge's wig, is standing up, and, with emphatic gestures, is pointing to the act of accusation set forth at length on a screen in the court: 'Napoleon Bonaparte, the first and last by the wrath of Heaven, ex-Emperor of the Jacobins, and Head-Runner of Runaways, stands indicted: 1. For the murder of Captain Wright in the Temple, at Paris. 2. For the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, Pichegru, and Georges. 3. For the murder of Palm, Hofer, &c., &c. 4. For the murder of the twelve inhabitants of Moscow. 5. For innumerable robberies committed on all nations in Christendom and elsewhere. 6. For bigamy; and lastly for returning from transportation and setting the world in an uproar.' The inflexible judge is hurling forth his condemnation: 'You, Nap Bonaparte, being found guilty of all these crimes, it is fallen to my lot to pronounce sentence of death on you. You are to be hung by the neck for one hour till you are *dead, dead, dead*, and your body to be chained to a millstone and sunk in the sea at Torbay.' The fallen Emperor is naturally much moved at this final judgment, and he is interceding for a respite: 'Oh, cruel Blucher! oh, cruel Wellington! it is you that have brought me to this end. Oh, magnanimous Emperors, Kings, and Princes, intercede for me and spare my life, and give me time to atone for all my sins. My son, Napoleon the Second, will reward you for mercy shown me!'

November, 1815. *Transparency Exhibited at R. Ackermann's, in the Strand, on November* 27, 1815, *the day on which the General Peace was celebrated in London.*—As all England was exerting itself to display its loyalty and the universal delight occasioned by the conclusion of the Continental wars, Rowlandson contributed a characteristic cartoon, which appeared, like its predecessors, outside the Repository of Arts, allegorically commemorating the downfall of 'Boney' and the second restoration of the legitimate reigning house. The design of this

transparency was arranged in the form of a monument, capped by a throne; at the base is a trophy; the Prince of Wales's plume is waving above two gilt tablets, inscribed with the names of the two victorious generals, Wellington and Blucher, and surrounded by pieces of dismounted artillery and groups of standards, with the Union Jack and the Russian and Prussian flags in front. Above this group is a base, inscribed, 'Peace throughout Europe,' with a tablet, '*Charlemagne, Nassau, Capet, Bourbon*,' and two wreaths, dedicated to '*Humanity*' and '*Justice*.' Upon this platform a canopy is raised aloft, festooned above the throne of St. Louis, with the restored crown; a serpent, emblematic of eternity, and the three doves; the front of the seat is supported by bundles of fasces, with double axes, and classic wreaths and lyres. A flight of steps mounts up to the throne on either side. On the right is Wellington, supporting Louis XVIII., restored to his rights; his train are following the ascent of their sovereign, and the figure of *Justice* is floating on the clouds above the monarch's head. *Fame* is blowing her trumpet on the other side; while Bonaparte and his baffled supporters are effecting a rapid descent by the left-hand staircase; Blucher, standing on the top step, is making their defeat secure by a discharge from his huge blunderbuss. Bodies of the Allied troops are drawn up at the base; on the right a group of Cossacks, with Prussian and English cavalry; on the left is a gathering of the various foot-soldiers. A sturdy Highlander is putting the finishing stroke to a discomfited plotting Bonapartist with his bayonet, and summarily stamping out Imperialist intriguers.

July 14, 1815. *Easter Monday, or the Cockney Hunt.*—Designed, etched, and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi. In clearing a gate, after the hounds, a little antiquated sportsman has missed his seat and is going over his horse's ears; behind him is a dashing Diana, who is spurring her horse over the palings of a park in gallant style.

November 16, 1815. *My Ass.* Designed and etched by T. Rowlandson. Written by Mr. J. Tedir. Published by I. Sidebotham, 96 Strand.—The adventures of a hawker of vegetables and her faithful donkey, depicted in a series of six cuts, illustrating the invaluable qualities of the quadruped. The composition commences thus:—

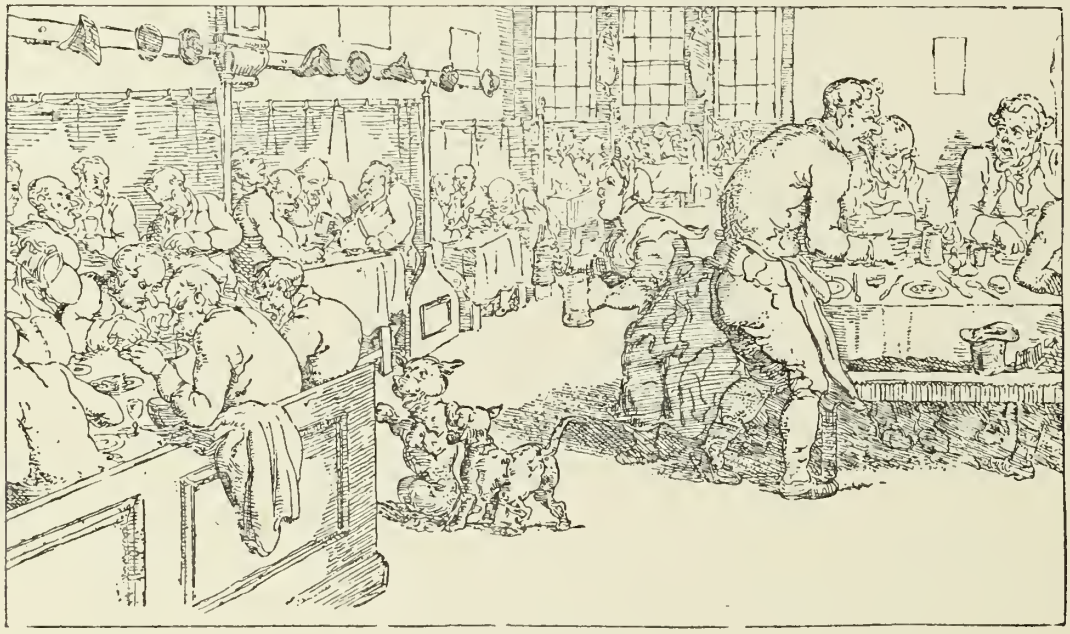
> Who followed me through street and lane,
> In spite of hurricane and rain;
> While I my daily bread did gain?
> My Ass.

The other verses being in the same strain.

1815. *Measuring Substitutes for the Army of Reserve.*—In 1815, owing to the French wars, soldiers were necessarily at a premium; and, from an advertisement in the justices' room, where the substitutes are being measured, we learn

that the bounty was fixed at 30*l.* per man. Those great functionaries, a country justice and his clerk, appear seated in state, to warrant the proceedings. A commanding officer and his sergeant are labouring prodigiously, for the needs of the service, to force certain stunted and misshapen rustics, who have been enlisted to serve their country, up to the military standard. Further relays of ungainly 'chawbacons' are waiting their turn without.

1815. *A Journeyman Tailor.*—A half-clad slave of the thimble is shown squatting on his board in a squalid hovel; his half-starved 'helper' is seated by his side; both are pressing garments with hot irons, and a rough and ragged urchin is heating a further supply of the article known as 'a tailor's goose' at the grate; while a street hawker, a blowsy Hibernian, is screaming her wares (cucum-



AN EATING-HOUSE.

bers and cabbages) in at the doorway. This picture bears some resemblance to a caricature published by Rowlandson in 1823, under the title *Hot Goose, Cabbage, and Cucumbers.*

1815. *Neighbours.* Published by T. Tegg (235).—The wooden casements of two windows, which turn on one post connecting the houses, are thrown back, and simultaneously a neat-looking young farmer and a well-favoured young damsel are stooping forward and their lips meeting in a cheerful salute, to the horror and scandal of two elderly witnesses, who are expressing their reprobation at the openness of the proceeding. The young swain at the same moment is trying to hang up a cage, which appropriately contains a pair of cooing doves.

1815 (?). *An Eating-house.*

1815 (*about*). *Banditti.*—The occupants of the house attacked, confined to the female members, are sleeping, without suspicion of the danger which is to surprise them. A band of ill-favoured and repulsive-featured freebooters, provided with a miscellaneous armoury of slaughterous-looking weapons, are stealing in on deadly mischief bent. The scene is dramatic.

1815. *Virtue in Danger.*

> Careful observers, studious of the town,
> Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown.—GAY'S *Trivia.*

An old boy who has ventured unprotected—beyond the guardianship of an umbrella which bears a family resemblance to the holder—amidst the dangers of the wicked town, is forcibly taken possession of by two shameless nymphs; one is stealing his money, while the other is helping herself to his watch. The elderly and corpulent stranger is too astonished at this barefaced iniquity to offer the feeblest resistance. The night watchman is going his rounds, and enjoying a laugh at the expense of the victim; this trustworthy guardian of the streets is too evidently a confederate of the predative fair, and is personally interested in the plunder.

1815 (?) *An Unexpected Return, or a Snip in Danger.*

1815 (?) *A Musical Doctor and his Scholars.*

1815 (?) *Slap-bang Shop.*—The interior of an eating-house in the city. A tall, well-formed, and comely waitress is bringing in the dinner of a wicked old reprobate, who is leering his admiration of her personal attractions. All the venerable sinners, amateurs of female loveliness, shown taking their meals in the various boxes, are turning their heads to gloat over the charms of this favoured handmaiden, who is followed by a 'help' carrying pots of beer for the various customers.

1815. *Jack Tar admiring the Female Sex.*

1815. *Accidents will Happen.*—This, and the following subjects, to the number of half-a-dozen, are selected from prints in some degree pirated from Rowlandson, and, although bearing his name in the corner, in many instances the incidents of well-known caricatures have been altered, and prints have been issued, engraved in an inferior style, as new caricatures. The principal of these adaptations, or poor renderings of drawings, were published by Marks. *Accidents will Happen* introduces a cellar incident. A maid has begun to descend the stairs to draw some beer, and has come to grief, probably from fright, as files of scared rats are scampering away, and a cat is tearing up the wall, while a mischievous monkey has broken loose from his chain. The shock has caused the damsel to lose her balance, her pitcher is broken, and she is sprawling in an attitude which has astonished her master, who, candle in hand, is coming down the winding stairs of the cellar to survey the scene of the disaster.

1815. *Sympathy.*—This emotion is rendered in the feelings of a stern functionary, evoked in favour of a lady in Bridewell, who is being led out of the cells by the warder to be flogged, a punishment which, it would seem, had not been abolished in Rowlandson's day. The eye of the coarse and elephantine jailer is gloating over the fair back of the unfortunate criminal, laid bare for the application of the cat.

1815. *Despatch, or Jack preparing for Sea.*—Jack Tar is making the most of his opportunities on shore; he is surrounded by the delights which constitute the sailor's elysium; punch and grog galore, a brace of fiddlers, and a bevy of beauties, florid Pollies of Portsmouth, towards whom he is making tipsy demonstrations of affection. In those days, when prize-money fell in golden showers, the valiant sea-dogs who defended our shores, and made John Bull's name redoubtable on the ocean, were able to command, in their short intervals on shore, luxuries after their own hearts, for which, after the dangers and hardships of active service, they threw away their 'yellow boys' with the recklessness which characterised their habits, and proved a rich harvest to the plunderers who were on the watch for seamen just 'paid off.'

1815. *Deadly Lively.*—The coarse humours of a spirit-cellar are served up with a tragic accompaniment. A young female is stretched incapable and asleep, sunk in all the degradation of dead drunkenness. A man who is no longer master of himself is raising his tumbler, with a tipsy desire to have it replenished. The apparition of King Death, bony, frightful, and sinister, is grinning over the back of the soddened tippler's chair, recruiting his legions from a fruitful source; he is supplying the rummer of the drunken wretch from his own vial, little more fatal than the fluid which is debasing and deadening its victims around. A stout woman, also sinking into tipsy apathy, is roused by the shock of finding the king of terrors added to the company; she is thrown off her balance with a start, and, falling backwards on the stone floor of the vault, she will probably break her neck —as the artist's intention seems to hint—and furnish Death with another customer.

1815. *The Fort.*

1815. (Officer.) *The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome, with an account of his Campaigns in the Peninsula, and in Pall Mall, with sketches by Rowlandson and notes by an Officer.* London: Printed for Patrick Martin, 198 Oxford Street. 8vo.

He jests at scars who never felt a wound.—SHAKESPEARE.

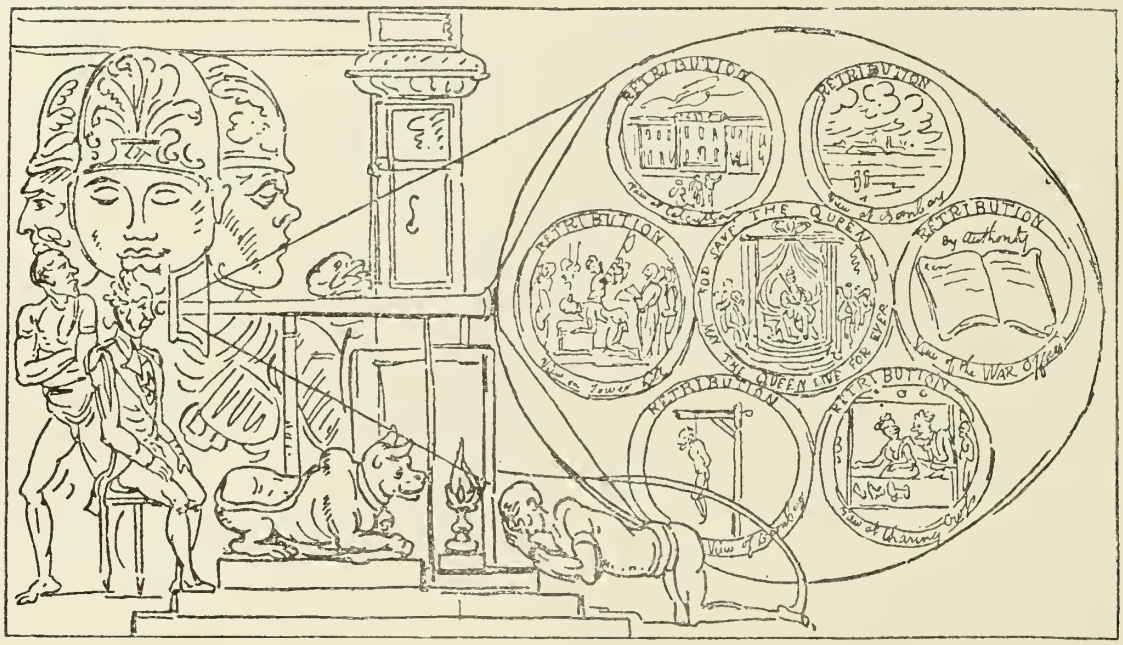
Frontispiece.—Johnny Newcome starting to join his Regiment.
Johnny Newcome going to lay in stock.
A Bad Billet.
Taking his Breakfast.

Introduced to his Colonel.
Smells Powder for the first time.
Johnny writes an Account of the action to his mother, which afterwards appears in the *Star*.
Half Rations.
Learning to Smoke and drink Grog.
Poor Johnny on the sick list.
Going sick to the rear.
Johnny safe returned to his Mamma.
Made an A.D.C. 'Dash'd with his suite for Santarem that night.'
Johnny on duty with his chief.
Presenting the Trophies (taken from Joseph Buonaparte) to the Prince Regent.

1815. *The Grand Master, or Adventures of Qui Hi in Hindostan. A Hudibrastic Poem in eight Cantos by Quiz. Illustrated with twenty-eight engravings by Rowlandson.* Plates dated October 1, 1815. (Quiz fecit, Rowlandson sc.) London: Printed by T. Tegg. The intention of this work seems an attempt to hold up the Governor-General (the Marquis of Hastings) to opprobrium, but whether deserved or not, Europeans have small chance of judging.

Frontispiece.—A new Map of India from the latest authority. The Governor-General (Marquis of Hastings) and his Council (Imbecility) mounted on an Elephant. Tusks (marked Monopoly and Ambition) fettered by Restrictions (Board of Control and House of Commons) &c.
Titlepage.—The End of the Pagoda Tree, and the ultimate fate of the Viceroy and his Council, &c. &c.
A Scene in the Channel.
The Modern Idol Juggernaut.
Miseries of the First of the Month.
The Burning System Illustrated.
Missionary Influence, or how to make Converts.
An Extraordinary Eclipse.
Labour in vain, or his Reverence Confounded.
Hindoo Prejudices.
John Bull Converting the Indians.
More Incantations, or a Journey to the Interior. (Nepaul War).
Miseries in India. (Insects.)
The Bear and Ragged Staff. (Viceroy and Council as Idols.)
Hindoo Incantations. A View in Elephanta.

The Guide declar'd that often here,
Things supernatural appear;
To prove it he produc'd a book,
From which Qui Hi a drawing took,
Of which the modern true translation,
Is simply 'Hindoo Incantation.'
It states that *some one*, years ago,
Had tried futurity to know,
And he employed an old Hindoo,
To get him but a single view
Of future things—and lo! an hour
Was fixed to show the Brahmin's pow'r,



HINDOO INCANTATIONS—A VIEW IN ELEPHANTA.

The place appointed was the spot
Where Qui Hi and his friends had got,
Under Great *Brahma's triple head*,
That then struck unbelievers dead.
The Brahmin, when the Ghurry's sound
Told *one*, was with the idol found,
Soliciting he would assert
His power, and infidels convert.
The stranger now approach'd the place,
With terror pictur'd in his face.
'Infidel!' said the Brahmin, 'now
I shall observe my sacred vow.
Come hither, and you'll shortly see
And tremble at *futurity*!'

Seating the man, he now applies
A magic glass before his eyes;
When, lo! the Elephanta shook,
And Brahma thus in thunder spoke—
'Mark, reptile! the decrees of Fate,
Which, *Brahma says*, he will complete:
Till then your destiny await!'
He said, and, with a stroke of thunder,
The sacred temple bursts asunder;
Seizes the caitiff by the hair,
And hurls him headlong thro' the air.
He tumbled down to whence he came,
Somewhere about the Hooghly stream.

Phantasmagoria. A View in Elephanta.
The Modern Phaeton, or the Hooghly in danger.
Qui Hi arrives at the Bunder Head.
Qui Hi in the Bombay Tavern.
Pays a Nocturnal Visit to Dungaree.
Attends General Koir Wig's Levee.
Qui Hi's Introduction and cool Reception.
Qui Hi shows off at the Bobbery Hunt.
Qui Hi at Bobbery Hall.
All alive in the Chokee.
Last Visit from the Doctor's Assistant.
Qui Hi's last March to Padree Burrows's Go Down.
Strange Figures *near* the Cave of Elephanta, 1814. *Auspicio Regis, et Senatus Angliæ.*

June 1, 1815. *Naples and the Campagna Felice, in a series of letters* (*by Lewis Engelbach*). *With Illustrations by Rowlandson, &c.* 8vo. Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand. (Reprinted from Repository of Arts, 1810–13.)

Frontispiece.—The Colonel (Don Luigi) awakened from a sleeping *tête-à-tête* by a serenade from his fair, and lately unconscious, companion.

Se tanto a me piace
Si rara beltà;
Io perdero la pace,
Quando si sveglerà.

If, while entranced in balmy rest,
His charms can give such pain;
When he awakes, my wounded breast
Will ne'er know peace again.

Don Luigi's baggage seized by four Lazzaroni.
Ancient Greek Paintings from Herculaneum: Ariadne, Bacchante and Satyr, &c.

Don Luigi meets Donna Anna in the Museum.
Ancient Greek Paintings from Herculaneum: Centaurs, Chiron teaching Achilles to play the lyre, &c.
Sleeping *tête-à-tête* at a first visit of Don Luigi.
Don Michele getting up the ship's side.
Don Luigi's Ball.
A Bacchanalian Scene at Don Luigi's Ball.
Don Michele preparing for his Triumphal Expedition.
The Letter Writer, Naples.

The Letter Writer.—'On our way to the mole we had some difficulty in passing through a crowd of people, who, with great eagerness, and with Neapolitan clamour, had assembled round a man, sitting with pen and ink before a frail table, busily employed in committing to paper the crude thoughts of a country clown in the attitude of dictating to him; for the noise was too loud to hear what was going forward. A board above the head of the engrosser proclaimed his calling: '*Qui si fanno memoriali, lettere, ed altre scritture, nel ottimo stilo moderno.*' (Here are drawn up memorials, letters, and other writings, in the best modern style.) Ever eager to seize any opportunity of observing the manners and national character of a people whom I have every reason to think better of than some of our superficial magpie-tourists, I pressed forward to obtain a nearer view of the transactions of this universal secretary, when my companion, Don Michele, pulling me back by the skirt of my coat, begged I would not demean myself by thus mixing with the vulgar.

. . . . . .

'The composer of letters was just receiving from an elderly woman the sum of six *grani* (about threepence) for an epistle he had indited to her son at *Bari*; after which a farmer, next in rotation, was admitted into presence. His business appeared to be on secret service, for the corresponding oracle politely requested some of the more curious auditors to step a little aside. At first, indeed, the farmer's instructions were conveyed in a whisper; but as a Neapolitan loves dearly to talk as loud as his lungs will let him, and to accompany his sermocinations with the most expressive gestures, it soon became less difficult to discover that the subject under present consideration was a horse which had been sold to a cavalry officer, and for which a balance was still owing; the prompt payment whereof was to be peremptorily insisted on by a respectful dun. As soon as a period was happily brought to paper, it was read over to the listening clod-hopper, who, in a manner, beat time to the emphatic and rhythmical reading of the professor by periodical nods of the head, and at the end of the sentence expressed his astonishment at the sagacity with which his obscure ideas had been caught up and classified. This literary production, owing probably to the im-

portance of the subject, was disposed of for the valuable consideration of eight *grani* (fourpence), paper included ; and its possessor, with inward satisfaction, left the oracular tripod, in order to make room for a Turkish captain of a *polacca*, whose literary necessities consisted in a memorial claiming the restitution of some goods illegally seized. . . . When the document was ready for signature, *Ibrahim Reis*, who could neither read nor write, was desired to make his *cross* at foot, which he refused with religious abhorrence ; but, dipping his little finger into the inkstand, imprinted on the paper a correct facsimile of the tortuous furrows of his cuticle by way of signet. To my great surprise, this state paper was valued at no more than one carlin (fivepence), although engrossed on a folio page and decorated with some fancifully flourished initials.

THE LETTER-WRITER.

'The Turk no sooner discharged his literary debt than a well-dressed young lass gained his place. (This interview is pictured forth in the artist's illustration.) The despatch, however, which was to be written for her, must have been on secret and confidential service, for the instructions she gave to the engrosser were communicated in so low a whisper that, from my observatory, the scene appeared one of purely pantomimical action. When I relate that the time employed by this universal author in the production of the farmer's dun and the Turk's memorial did not exceed half an hour, and that the contents, although somewhat fustian, were very much to the purpose, you will agree with me that Signor Bucatelli possessed talents far above his station. Indeed, Don Matteo

assured me that he was as good a poet as an epistolary writer, and that his sonnets on any particular occasion, such as for a wedding, a birthday, &c., may be obtained on the shortest notice, and at equally reasonable rates; in short, that he could wield his pen on any subject whatsoever.

'To a publisher in England a man like Signor Bucatelli would be an invaluable treasure, a host within himself, by the versatility of his genius and the despatch of his literary labours: his charges of *authorship*, as you have seen, are consonant with the modesty of true genius. His elevated style of writing (truly *nel ottimo stilo moderno*) would soon render him a most popular author with us. I was just going to step down to give him the substance of a poetical epistle as a specimen of his abilities, when a little girl brought him a small dish of stewed Windsor beans, a large raw cucumber, and a crust of bread. This frugal fare, and a glass of iced water from the neighbouring stall, well calculated to preserve his intellectual powers unclogged, Don Matteo informed me, was the whole of his dinner; which, together with a cigar by way of dessert, interrupted his official duties for about half an hour, after which, if matters of pressing service remained to be despatched, he would resume his quill, and suspend his *siesta*, or afternoon nap, to a late hour of the day.'

Don Luigi's Ball.—Before leaving his apartments on the *Infrescata* the writer was anxious, as a slight return for the kindness of his host and the hospitalities he had received in Naples, to give a dance to a few friends of his own and of his entertainer, his host and friend Don Michele undertaking the entire responsibilities of inviting the guests, ordering refreshments, decorating the chambers, and other preliminaries.

'"First, as to the company," reports the Don, "there will be ten couples, besides our family and odd ones, if they all come, of which there is little doubt; and what is more, *gente di garbo* (people of quality), such as you might suppose my friends to be. Three or four will come in their own carriages; and some of the lasses will show you what is called dancing at Naples. Care, too, has been taken that they should not want for good music; you will have, Signor Don Luigi, the first oboe of St. Carlo, two excellent violins, a flute, tenor, and violoncel; my son will play the tambarine."

'"Six musicians, Don Michele, for this little dance! Why, that's out of all reason. Half the number——"

'"Are *hired*; and the others, gentlemen high in the profession, who for *my* sake have promised to assist as friends at your party. Money, of course, is out of the question. You see, good sir, Don Michele can command a thing or two. As many more would have come if I had asked them, but these will be sufficient to begin the evening with a little concert; my friend will give you a concerto on the oboe; one of the ladies will sing a *scena* from an opera, to which we may add a duet or

two ; and at ten o'clock the dance shall begin. As to the refreshments, I have almost run my legs off to get you the rum (the ladies were to be treated with ice punch, as a rarity). Seventy ices are ordered, cakes and sweetmeats as you desired, and a friend of mine will lend us a dozen of wall chandeliers." These lights, connected with festoons of artificial flowers, and a number of pots of flowers exhaling their fragrance over the rooms, gave the place an elegant appearance.

'The musicians arrived in good time, and the company dropped in fast after eight o'clock. To receive such a number of strange faces appropriately was a most irksome task,' continues the writer ; 'but it was alleviated by the sight of

DON LUIGI'S BALL.

many a good-looking young lass, and two or three real beauties, and one especially, Donna Carlina. My English friends from the city, and the lieutenant and doctor from the frigate, likewise made their appearance in due time ; and healthily as their countenances shone forth, and well-dressed as they were, they greatly eclipsed my Neapolitan bucks, and found much grace among the ladies. I could not help remarking the contrast of manners between two Christian countries. In a more northern latitude, persons coming to the party of a perfect stranger would have conducted themselves with that cautious, anti-social reserve which some people call good manners ; some of the ladies would have sat down on their chairs as prim and as stiff as so many hop-poles, cast down their modest looks until spoken to by charity, and then rebuffed a second attempt by a mono-

syllabic reply, a "Yes, sir," an "Indeed, sir?" a "You are very good, sir," &c. Now I will just tell you how matters went on in the *Infrescata*. Monstrous bows and introductory compliments: this over, all these people seemed as though they had been twenty times in my company.' The Don describes the improvised introductory concert, at which nearly all the company assisted, the Neapolitans having a natural taste for melody, and most of them being fair musicians; the entertainer next gave orders to prepare for the dance, and to hand refreshments in the interval.

'My punch,' he continues, 'found much favour with all present, the ladies not excepted, who emptied their glasses as rapidly as if it had been lemonade. Although not dancing, I was fully employed in another way. With all our windows open, the strains of my numerous orchestra propagated their sound over the whole neighbourhood, some of whose inhabitants, impelled by the attraction of sweet sounds, could not resist favouring me with their company. The circumstance of their not being invited to the feast appeared to them a mere trifle not worthy of their attention; and an extraordinary celerity in decorating their exterior (which is all the essential part of a Neapolitan's full dress), would soon enable them to appear in company with Neapolitan decency. To my great surprise, therefore, Don Michele and I had to receive, from time to time, an influx of these unbidden guests, who in most submissive language begged a thousand pardons for their freedom and intrusion. As Don Michele, my master of the ceremonies, seemed to know them all, and, moreover, as I could neither help their coming, nor, when once arrived, turn them out, I thought it best to put a good face on the matter, and receive every one, especially the ladies, with a hearty welcome (as pictured forth in the plate), assigning them places in the adjoining room, where I contrived to form another set of dances; for the number of these parasitical guests soon grew nearly equal to that of my standard company. As my company were now capering away in two of my apartments, I blush to confess that my resolution to keep my toes in a state of quiet quiescence was shaken at last. I could have withstood the pressing solicitations of half-a-dozen of these exhilarated damsels, but for the irresistible temptation of their animated example, and of the excellent music. Fancy the loving smiles, the glistening eyes, the seducing attitudes of these pretty Neapolitan bacchantes, and then ask your conscience how long any Christian, were he even a Quaker or Moravian, could have stood proof against such attraction? The worst of the thing was, that having once broken my vow by dancing with Miss Carlina, a kind of rivalry ensued among the other ladies, most of whom now laid a successive claim to be led down a country dance by *il Signor Colonello*.

'In the course of these pedestrian evolutions I thought I observed in several of my fair partners, cheerful as they had been before, an unusual and extraordinary

access of spirits and gaiety; which, with every allowance for the southern latitude and the ice punch (now administered to them the more frugally by reason of the unlooked-for increase in my numbers), I was at a loss to account for, till I saw my man Benedetto whisper something into Don Michele's ear, which the latter telegraphed into mine.

'But before I let you into this secret it is proper that, like a skilful general, I should in my report give a correct description of the localities of the field of battle. The kitchen belonging to my apartments is on the same floor with them, and in this particular the Neapolitan system of domestic architecture is not different from what you may have observed in a set of chambers, or in many old-fashioned mansions in England. Right opposite to the entrance of this kitchen of mine there is an elevated shelf, on which stand (I had better say *stood*) my three wine-bottles, of immense calibre; the first (having been emptied since my stay in the *Infrescata*) then, and now, containing from six to eight gallons of excellent atmospheric air (such as you breathe at this altitude); the second, of similar dimensions, about half full of delicious old *Pozzuoli* wine; and the third, not less in size, brim-full of the like grape-juice, with its fluid oil-bung floating at the top.

'No sooner did one of the damsels espy the forbidden shelf than the assault thereon was a settled matter: *veni, vidi, bibi*, was the word; and my delicious *Pozzuoli* wine fell an easy prey to their sacrilegious hands and palate. *Implentur veteris Bacchi*, or, in plain English, mesdames tippled till they had their fill, and what they left was very nearly finished by four or five half-starved footmen and other hall rabble in attendance on their worthy masters; for when Don Michele went into the kitchen he found but a small remnant in one of the bottles, which he secured in his own room.

'Inspired with the juice and further excited by the agitation of dancing, most of my fair guests became still more exhilarated; some grew ecstatically merry, and a few scarcely manageable. Surrounded by these voluptuous "bacchæ," I feared the fate of Orpheus. Their frolics, however, I must say to their credit, were chiefly levelled at Don Michele, probably because he had spoiled the continuation of their sport. The poor man had now to suffer all sorts of mischief for refusing to join in their revels, till at last, for the sake of peace, he consented to dance *one* minuet, and no more. All was hushed in an instant, when he placed himself with his fortunate partner in the middle of the room, as stiff as buckram and as serious as if he were occupied with the solution of an algebraic problem. But no sooner had he performed the first step or two, than, in turning his body with grave elegance on the pivot of his toe, a pair of white silk garters were seen gracefully dangling down his back, and describing, at every turn of his automaton body, a variety of flowing irregular curves in the circumambient air. The merriment

which this unusual sight occasioned, was in vain attempted to be stifled in a muttered titter ; it soon burst out with increased violence, his wife not excepted, who heartily joined the general laugh, but informed her better half of the cause of the satisfaction he gave the company. When I learned the extent of the spoliation committed upon my bin, I did not so much regret the actual loss I thereby sustained, as apprehend some unpleasant scenes of interruption to our festivity and mirth from the excessive indulgence in the forbidden juice. However, whether it was owing to the excellence of the vintage, or to strength of constitution in the fair partakers, only one casualty occurred.

'The dawn of morn was the signal for the gradual separation of the company, from all of whom, whether of the establishment or extra guests, I had received in the course of the evening the most pressing requests to make their house my own ; and to their credit I must say that, as far as I have yet had time or inclination to try the sincerity of their invitations, I have had no cause to regret my complaisance.

'When I relate that five leaden ice-moulds and eight of the confectioner's pewter spoons were missing, you will scarcely suppose that any of the good things, such as cakes, sweetmeats, &c., were suffered to remain on the sideboard at the departure of my guests. Whether this practice not to "leave a wreck behind" is as general here as in Malta, I am unable to decide. At the latter place, let the provision be ever so abundant, what the stomach cannot compass the pockets are sure to hold, and in stuffing those no great nicety is observed ; so the article is portable at all, it finds its way into one or the other of the pedestrian saddle-bags as by instinct. I have been assured by one of our officers that, at a great fête which General Fox recently gave at Malta, one of the inhabitants (of sufficient rank to be of the party) very dexterously, and, as he fancied, unobserved, slipped a small pullet, wrapt in his pocket-handkerchief, into one of his side receptacles. Unfortunately, an officer near him, seeing the sleight-of-hand transaction, poured a dose of parsley and butter after it, saying very coolly, "Allow me, sir, to help you to a little sauce at the same time."'

1815. *The Dance of Death.* With illustrations, 2 vols., royal 8vo. Published by R. Ackermann. (See 1816.)

1816.

January 10, 1816. *Exhibition at Bullock's Museum of Bonaparte's Carriage taken at Waterloo.* Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.—Bullock's museum of natural curiosities was the receptacle for most of the novelties introduced to the British public at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. It was here that the sight-seer might view the Laplanders with their deer and sledges, the Hottentot Venus, the Polish dwarf, the Irish giant, and other marvels for the curious which happened to hit the capricious taste of the hour. It seems that the relics of the first Napoleon, made familiar enough to our generation at Madame Tussaud's Baker Street Museum, were the chief attractions held out by the earlier Bullock in 1816. The central point of the collection is the Emperor's travelling carriage; ladies are swarming and climbing over the vehicle, being pushed, dragged, and lifted into the inside, on to the driving-box, over the roof, into the boot behind, on the wheels, and, in fact, wherever a foothold can be secured. There is an animated attendance of visitors; the fair sex are particularly distinguishing themselves. Other personal relics of the Corsican are spread about, much as we see them in our day; the bust of the exile is placed by the side of a monkey, an illustration of the prejudice in which Napoleon was held at that period, which, by the way, is not unnatural, considering the exertions which the European bugbear had employed to ruin English commerce and to alienate our possessions abroad.

1816. *Bullock's London Museum, Piccadilly.*[1]—'Mr. Bullock, having purchased Bonaparte's carriage of Major von Keller, has here exhibited it. It was taken by him at the entrance of the small town of Jenappe, at eleven o'clock on the night of June 18, 1815. A full account of the carriage and its ingenious contents is to be found in the *Repository of Arts* for February 1816.'

March 31, 1816. *The Attempt to Wash the Blackamoor White. In the Whitehall, City of Laputa.*—There is no publisher's name on this plate, and the explanation of the subject, a military scandal, is not so clear as could be desired. An officer, dressed as a hussar, is standing in the centre, while being submitted

[1] Now known a the Egyptian Hall.

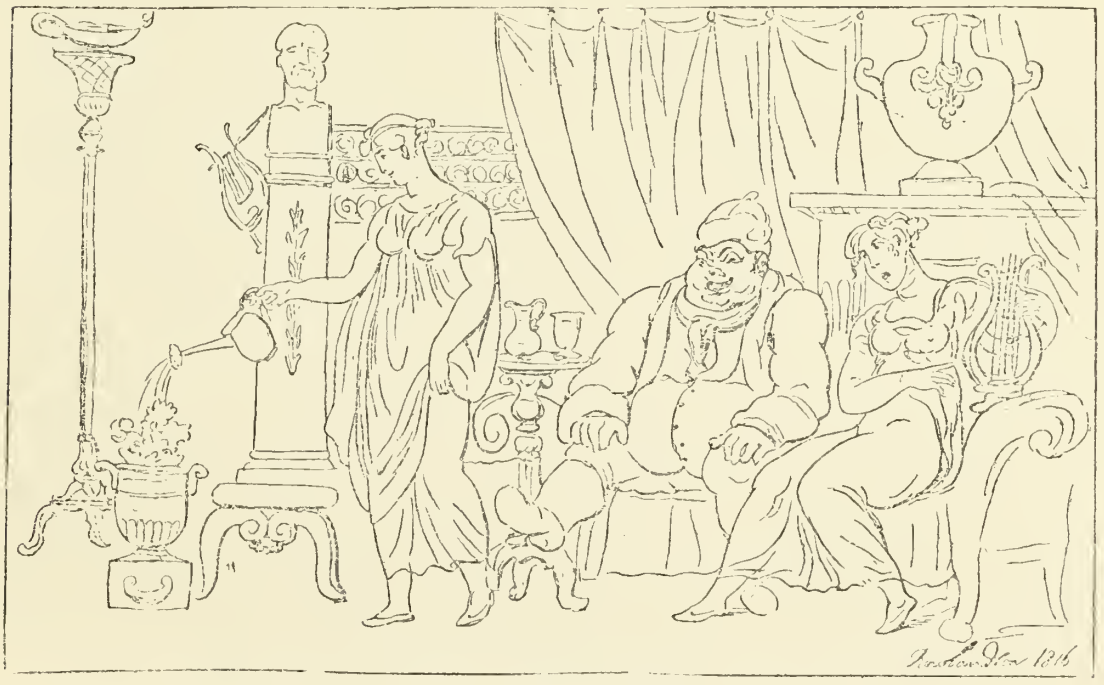
to the whitewashing process; he wears no sword, and is holding a written defence in one hand. Above his head appears an arm, also belonging to an officer, which is menacing the hussar, who is appealing to his friends: 'O save my honour. Rub away, my friend, rub it *home*. O, 'tis the phantom of a horrid dream.' Another officer, from his uniform apparently in the Guards, is treading on a written 'oath,' and, with a pail of whitewash, is doing his best for the so-called 'Blackamoor,' declaring, 'We'll say nothing about your honour!' Another friend, in a Highland uniform, evidently a person of rank, since he wears a red riband, and has a star on his breast, is trying to obliterate the mark of a kick, which has left an ugly outline of a foot on the white pantaloons of the injured individual, but the impression is ineradicable: 'Deel o' me saul, mon, but the stain of the foot will ne'er come oot.'

1816 (?) *Bostonian Electors of Lancashire.* Published by W. Holland.

1816. *Lady Hamilton at Home, or a Neapolitan Ambassador.*—The outline of this subject, which is not without its interest as a contemporary sketch of a celebrated trio, is from an original drawing in the collection of the present writer. There seems some discrepancy about the date, since Sir William Hamilton died in 1803, and the sketch evidently belongs to the latter period of the ambassador's life. Sir William Hamilton, whose collection of antiques formed a valuable addition to the national collection in the British Museum, was, it will be remembered, successful in rendering such services to Admiral Nelson, by his influence with the court of Naples, where he resided as British ambassador, that our naval hero was enabled to refit and victual his fleet entirely, without losing the time which would have been sacrificed in returning to England, and thus contributed in a marked degree to assist Nelson in surprising the French fleet in Aboukir Bay, resulting in the famous victory of the Nile, which first checked the tide of Napoleon's career, crippled the power of France, and finally compelled the armies of the Republic to withdraw from Egypt. Lady Hamilton's exertions with the Queen of Naples, over whom she had gained considerable ascendency, were not without their national importance, although her services were entirely ignored in the lady's last days, at a time when the Government left her without that future provision which Nelson, in falling fighting in his country's cause, and bequeathing her claims as a legacy to the nation, imagined he was securing for the support of his friend, who, it is reported, died in abject poverty, if she did not perish of actual want, as it has been hinted. In Rowlandson's drawing, Lady Hamilton, in classic garb, is watering a plant placed in a classic vase; ancient busts, candelabra, and urns are standing about; the furniture, implements, and accessories are all fashioned after the antique. The caricaturist has taken certain freedoms with the person of the Neapolitan ambassador, and Sir William is travestied as a stout personage, suffering from the gout. Another female figure,

also draped after the antique, is touching a lyre, and chanting certain ditties of her own composition ; this lady represents Miss Cornelia Knight (an authoress of some repute in her day, whose small notoriety rests on her *Continuation of Rasselas*, and her *Private Life of the Romans*)[1] who travelled in the suite of the ambassador with his lady.

A familiar description of Lady Hamilton and her party occurs in a diary by Mrs. Colonel St. George, written during her sojourn among the German courts, 1799 and 1800, and privately printed. The traveller happened to be stopping in Dresden in October 1800, when Lord Nelson, Sir William Hamilton, Lady



LADY HAMILTON AT HOME.

Hamilton, her mother Mrs. Cadogan, and the poetess arrived, and were received by Mr. Elliot, the English ambassador.

The portrait of Lady Hamilton is firmly drawn. Mrs. St. George thus describes the famous 'Emma,' of whose features so many admirable paintings exist limned by the hand of Romney. 'Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne : the shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head, and particularly her ears ; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white ; her eyes light blue, with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from their beauty and expression. Her eyebrows

[1] *Marcus Flaminius ; or, the Life of the Romans*, 1795.

and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked, variable, and interesting; her movements in common life ungraceful; her voice loud yet not disagreeable. Sir William is old, infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her. Miss Cornelia Knight seems the decided flatterer of the two, and never opens her mouth but to show forth their praise; and Mrs. Cadogan, Lady Hamilton's mother, is what one might expect. After dinner we had several songs in honour of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight, and sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face, but he receives it with pleasure, and sniffs it up very cordially.

'*October* 7.—Breakfasted with Lady Hamilton, and saw her represent in succession the best statues and paintings extant. She assumes their attitude, expression, and drapery, with great facility, swiftness, and accuracy. Several Indian shawls, a chair, some antique vases, a wreath of roses, a tamborine, and a few children are her whole apparatus. She stands at one end of the room with a strong light on her left, and every other window closed. Her hair is short, dressed like an antique, and her gown a simple calico chemise, very easy, with loose sleeves to the wrists. She disposes of the shawls so as to form Grecian, Turkish, and other drapery, as well as a variety of turbans. Her arrangement of the turbans is absolutely sleight-of-hand, she does it so quickly, so easily, and so well. It is a beautiful performance, amusing to the most ignorant, and highly interesting to the lovers of art. The chief of her imitations are from the antique. Each representation lasts about ten minutes. It is remarkable that, coarse and ungraceful in common life, she becomes highly graceful, and even beautiful, during this performance. After showing her attitudes, she sang, and I accompanied. Her voice is good and very strong, but she is frequently out of tune; her expression strongly marked and various; but she has no flexibility, and no sweetness. She acts her songs.'

1816. *Adventures of Johnny Newcome.* Republished. (See 1815.)

1816. *Relics of a Saint, by Ferdinand.* Frontispiece by Rowlandson, 12mo.

1816. *Rowlandson's World in Miniature, consisting of groups of figures, for the illustration of landscape scenery, drawn and etched by T. Rowlandson. To be completed in eight monthly numbers, price* 2*s.* 6*d. each.* London: Published by R. Ackermann, Repository of Arts, 101 Strand.

Richardson's Show.

March 1, 1816. *A Lying-in Visit.*

March 1, 1816. *A Round Dance.*

March 1, 1816. *Recruiting.*

April 1, 1816. *The Ale-house Door.*

July 1, 1816. *A Landing Place.*

August 1, 1816. *A Flying Waggon.*

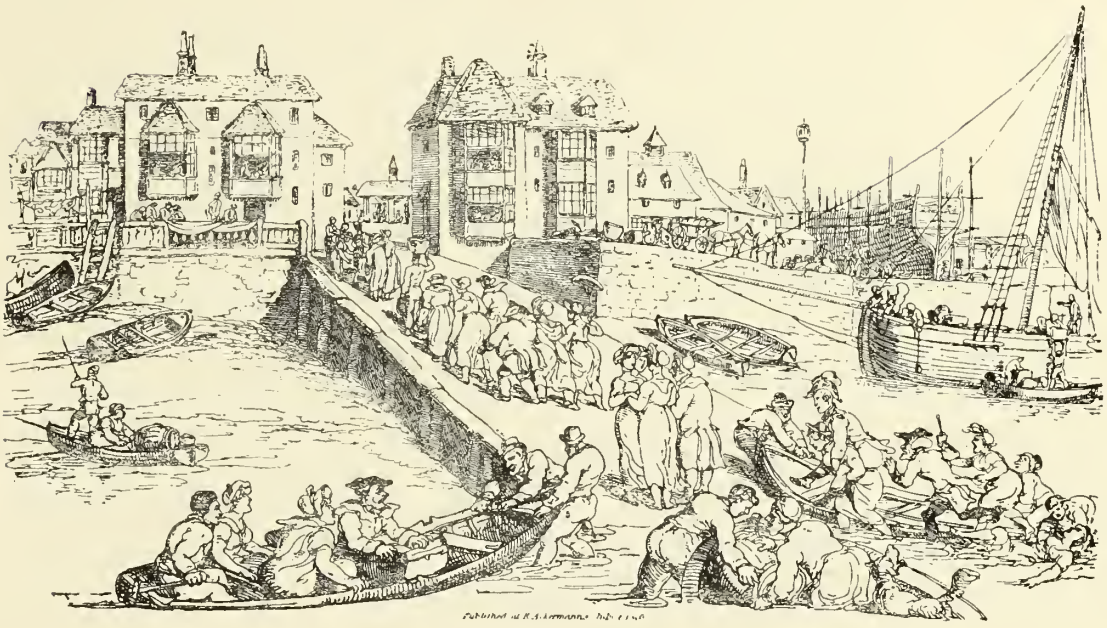
RICHARDSON'S SHOW.

A LYING-IN VISIT.

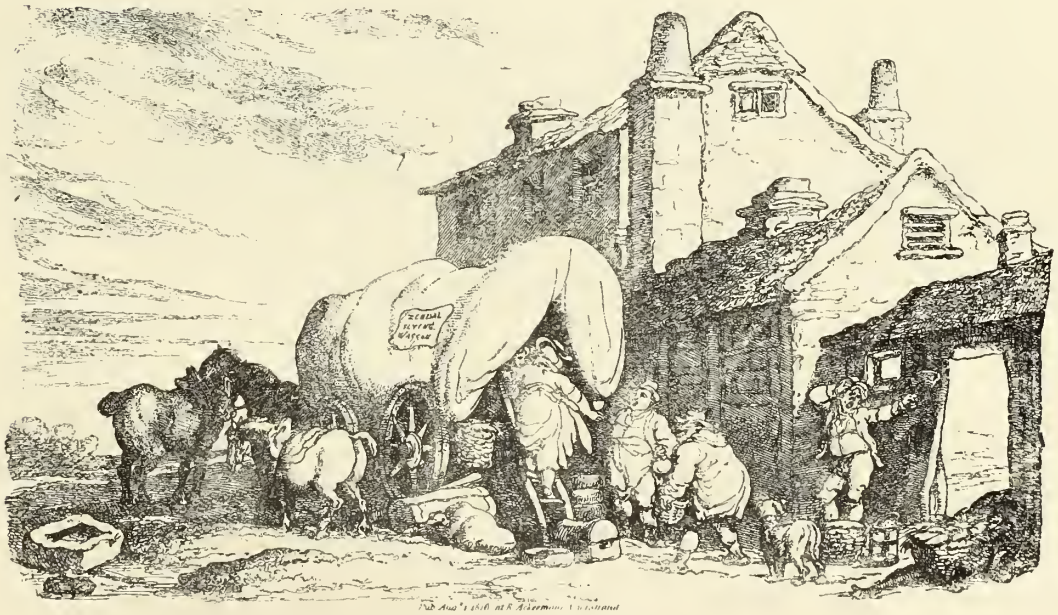
A ROUND DANCE.

RECRUITING.

THE ALE-HOUSE DOOR.



A LANDING PLACE.



A FLYING WAGGON.

THE SOCIAL DAY.

RUSTIC RECREATIONS.

August 1, 1816. *The Social Day.*

September 1, 1816. *Rustic Recreations.*

1816. *The Relics of a Saint. A Right Merry Tale, by Ferdinand Farquhar.* Frontispiece by T. Rowlandson. London: Printed for T. Tegg, Cheapside.

'Relics!' roar'd Jaconetta, holding both her sides
To give her ease,
'Sir, if you please
They're only what you gentlemen would call
A pair of *Galligaskins,* and that's all.'

1814–1816. *The English Dance of Death.* Published at R. Ackermann's, 101 Strand.—A selection from Rowlandson's famous illustrations to the *Dance of Death*; an ingenious series, quite suited, in spite of the grimness of the performance, to the artist's humour. The publication secured great praise during the designer's lifetime; in point of execution the set leaves nothing to be desired; in regard to picturesque action and easy grouping, the illustrations will bear comparison with any of the artist's works. As in the well-known series by Holbein, Della Bella, &c., Death appears at the most unexpected and inopportune moments, with that stern and ghastly reminder of the futility of human pleasures, successes, and pursuits, of which the most playful satirists have never been able to lose sight.

Death, in Rowlandson's series, displays his acknowledged ubiquity; he knocks without ceremony at everyone's portal, and none can deny him admission. Both artist and author seem to have appreciated the resources of their subject so thoroughly, and have worked out its grotesque spirit with such appropriateness, that the *Dance of Death* must remain a fitting monument of their genius. A large circulation could hardly be anticipated for a work conceived in this realistically fearful vein. Rowlandson has drawn the various episodes which his invention suggested with a completeness of detail rarely found in his later designs, and the plates are executed with the fulness and attention of finished drawings; the figures are delineated with power and spirit, and the backgrounds are most delicate and suggestive. The impressions are also coloured by hand with a judicious eye to effect and harmony. Combe has worked with a vigour worthy of the occasion; and for wit, point, and felicity we are inclined to believe the versification to the *Dance of Death* surpasses all his other contributions to literature in this branch. The entire series may be accepted as a work of higher character, in all respects, than its popular predecessors, the better recognised *Tours of Doctor Syntax*; and it is superior, beyond comparison, to the works which followed it.

THE ENGLISH DANCE OF DEATH,

FROM THE DESIGNS OF THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

With Metrical Illustrations by the Author of 'Doctor Syntax.'

LONDON: PUBLISHED AT R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY OF ARTS.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regúmque turres.—HOR. lib. i. od. 4.

With equal pace, impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace, as the Cottage Gate.

This series was begun in 1814, and finished in 1816; being issued from the Repository of Arts in monthly parts, like the *Tour of Doctor Syntax* and successive works.

The circumstances of its publication are set forth by 'the anonymous author' (William Combe) in one of his brief explanatory 'introductions.'

'*The Dance of Death* is a subject so well known to have employed the talents of distinguished painters in the age of superstition, that little is required to recall it to the recollection of the antiquary, the lover of the arts, and the artist.

'Holbein is more particularly recorded as having employed his pencil upon a work of this kind; but, without entering into a detail of those masters who have treated the subject of the *Dance of Death*, the present object is merely to attract the public attention to the subject itself. Few remains are now visible of the original paintings which represented it, but they have been perpetuated by the more durable skill of the engraver, and the volumes which contain them in the latter form are to be found on the shelves of the learned and curious collector. The subject is the same in them all, but varied according to the fancy of the painters, or perhaps from local circumstances attached to the places which they were respectively intended to decorate. The predominant feature is, without exception, the representation of one or more skeletons, sometimes indeed in grotesque attitudes, and with rather a comic effect, conducting persons of all ranks, conditions, and ages to the tomb.

'Mr. Rowlandson had contemplated the subject with the view of applying it exclusively to the manners, customs, and character of this country. His pencil has accordingly produced the designs, which, in the order they were delivered to me, I have accompanied with metrical illustrations, a mode of proceeding which has been sanctioned by the success of our joint labours in the *Tour of Doctor Syntax*. The first volume, therefore, of the English *Dance of Death*, which has appeared in twelve successive numbers, is now presented to the public in a collected form. The second volume will follow in the same mode of publication.

Though the name and tenour of the work is borrowed, it may, perhaps, be allowed some claim to local and characteristic originality. The most serious subject attached to our nature is, indeed, presented with a degree of familiar pleasantry which is not common to it. But in this particular the example of the painters who first suggested and propagated the idea has been followed, and no other vivacity has been displayed in these pages than has been found on the walls of edifices dedicated to religion, and was thus represented in the cloisters of St. Paul's, before the sacrilegious pride of the Protector Somerset caused the dilapidation of that appendage to the metropolitan church of the kingdom. But I am not afraid of being accused by reflecting minds of having introduced an unbecoming levity into the following pages, for that writer may surely claim the approbation of the grave and the good who familiarises the mind with Death by connecting it in any way with the various situations and circumstances of life.

'THE AUTHOR.'

The *Frontispiece* represents the grim form of the spectral foe, his skeleton frame calmly seated on the globe, his grim jaw resting on his arm, and his elbow on his knees; at his feet is the hourglass he has borrowed from Time; he wears the crown, which indicates his universal sovereignty, and in his grasp is the dart which must touch all humanity in turn, and speed them hence. A pipe and tabor are suspended overhead, and bats are flitting above. Round the effigy of destruction are strewn the means wherewith his ends are wrought. A portly register, '*Death's Dance*,' is open; beside it are the symbolical instruments of his decrees—pistols, bullets, daggers, guns, dice, cards, the executioner's axe, a barrel of gunpowder, compounds, drugs, opium, arsenic, mercury, and the various fatal agencies arrayed against the natural preservation of life.

A vignette on the engraved *Title-page* further elucidates the uses of Death's pipe and tabor. The grim King is enjoying himself in his own fashion, dancing his rattling bones right merrily to his own music, which he is congenially piping forth in a cemetery; while the fatal hourglass and dart are laid aside upon the slab of a grave. Death's grim legions, the skeleton messengers of his decrees, are dancing fantastic figures with fiendish gaiety among the tombstones, performing ghastly quadrilles sufficient to scare an involuntary beholder out of his senses.

Plate 1. *Time and Death.*

> Time and Death their thoughts impart,
> On works of Learning and of Art.

The first scene, which we presume is simply introductory, and that Death and his comrade, old Time, have dropped in unprofessionally or as critics, repre-

sents two youthful students of the past. The apartment is surrounded with shelves, loaded with piles of busts and figures of the illustrious dead, the effigies of renowned poets, generals, philosophers, statesmen, and all classes of the community, from the earliest times, being presented indiscriminately. From these memorials the artist is sketching the portrait of a departed worthy. A literary gentleman, of a somewhat conventional type, with an open collar, a flowing dressing-gown, slippers, and general easy looseness of attire, having papers before him, and various manuscripts and ponderous volumes scattered around, is about, with a flourish of his quill, to record his impressions of the past; old Father Time, with his bald crown, and grey beard and spectacles on nose, is leaning on his scythe; while the grim King of Terrors is grinning by his side, curiously peering over the shoulders of the unconscious workers, and suggesting—

The time-worn burden of the song
That Life is short—but Art is long.

Plate 2. *The Antiquarian and Death.*

Fungus, at length, contrives to get
Death's Dart into his Cabinet.

The second plate introduces us to the apartment of an elderly antiquary, who, nightcap on head, is propped up on his couch, with learned tomes littered around him, trying to peer into the pages, with the light of a candle held in a gilt sconce. The chamber of the invalid is surrounded by trophies and relics, and apparatus implying a diversity of tastes, and the means of humouring them. Suits of armour, suits of costume, weapons, busts, ancient plate, musical instruments, vases, urns, idols, &c., are mixed up with sketches, folios of prints, palettes, books, architectural instruments, mortars, retorts, chemicals, and other appliances. A bull-dog is chasing rats, which are invading these richly lumbered domains. Wine, and a flask of vain 'elixir,' are at the antiquary's elbow; but his candle is flickering, and he is already sinking into stupefaction, while the grim King of Terrors,—to the horrent affright of a cat perched on the invalid's bed,—has stealthily stolen into the chamber; and the last unique curiosity, '*Death's dart*,' is about to become the property of the semi-conscious collector.

Plate 3. *The Last Chase.*

Such mortal sport the chase attends.
At Break-neck Hill the hunting ends.

The chase is a stag, the dogs have just run the noble beast down; the hunters are making alarming efforts to come in 'at the death,' and accordingly they are piloted by the grim hunter in person, mounted on a skeleton steed, over the edge of a cliff which they perceive too late. The frightened horses rear and plunge, and dash themselves and their riders headlong to destruction.

DEATH follow'd on his courser pale,
Up the steep hill, or through the dale:
But, 'till the fatal hour drew nigh,
He veil'd himself from ev'ry eye.
'Twas then his horrid shape appear'd,
And his shrill voice the hunters heard:
With his fell dart he points the way,
Th' astonish'd hunters all obey;
Nor can they stop the courser's speed,
Nor can they shun the deadly deed;
But follow with impetuous force,
The potent phantom's mortal course,
Down the steep cliff—the Chase is o'er—
The hunters fall—to rise no more!
. . . . . .
Still fate pursues—still mortals fly,
The chase continues till they die.
Howe'er they live, where'er they fall,
DEATH—MIGHTY HUNTER—earths them all!

Plate 4. *The Statesman.*

Not all the statesman's power, or art,
Can turn aside Death's certain dart.

Death, according to another picture, has asserted his supremacy in the presence of that very exalted personage, a statesman—whose table, covered with deeds and bags of money, and whose office, attended by numerous suitors, bearing heavy contributions, seem to indicate that the owner has not failed to provide for himself. The portrait of Midas tops the book-case. A footman is pouring out a glass of wine for the great man's refreshment, when the Universal Ruler, the 'King of Terrors,' who in this instance, out of respect possibly to the object of his call, has assumed his crown—is peering forth on the pair from behind a screen; the ghastly summons has driven the colour from the cheeks of his victim, and drawn the power from his limbs.

Plate 5. *Tom Higgins.*

His blood is stopp'd in ev'ry vein,
He ne'er will eat or drink again.

The story of Tom Higgins is instructive. He began life as a bricklayer's lad, rose gradually, by care and industry, to a position of influence, and then turned his means to account.

A more important line he sought;
Houses he jointly built, and bought;
Nay, he had somehow learn'd to waste
The gay man's wealth in works of taste.

After a life devoted to various building schemes and other speculations, whereby Tom Higgins has grown into a man of great estate, he is persuaded to become a squire, and to retire to the country, where his new position and state of being fail to afford him the gratification he had anticipated, and he sighs for the simple joys of his early days. Coombe's easy verses best describe the artist's picture, in which the end of wealth and consequence is graphically set forth, when Death finally drops in and discovers a passive and not unwilling victim in Tom Higgins.

At length, wheel'd forth in easy chair,
His sole delight was to repair
To a small, shaded inn, that stood
Contiguous to the turnpike-road:
There he could eat, and drink, and smoke,
And with the merry curate joke:
For though so chang'd in form and feature,
He still retain'd his pleasant nature:
And, as he took his brimming glass,
Was pleas'd to see the coaches pass:
Nor did he hesitate to own
He envied those who went to town,
And long'd to be at Islington.
'Nay, there I'll go once more,' he said,
'But that won't be till I am dead:
For wheresoe'er fat Tom shall die,
At Islington his bones shall lie.
There, where, when I was young and poor,
I smok'd my pipe at ale-house door;
And now, nor can I Fortune blame,
When old and rich, I do the same;
And all the good that pass'd between,
Will be as if it ne'er had been.
But still, I trust, whene'er it ends,
Death and Tom Higgins will be friends.'
He spoke, and straight a gentle sleep
Did o'er his yielding senses creep.
The pipe's last ling'ring whiff was o'er,
The hand could hold the tube no more;
It fell, unheeded, on the floor.
Death then appear'd, with gentle tread;
Just show'd his dart, and whisp'ring said,
'Spirits, to your protection take him:
For nothing in this world can wake him.'

Plate 6. *The Shipwreck.*

The dangers of the ocean o'er
Death wrecks the sailors on the shore.

The good ship is sunk in the deep; all is lost; a few fragments of a longboat are thrown upon the beach; the coast is rocky and inaccessible; two exhausted and starving mariners, the remnant of the crew, are the sole survivors, and they have only escaped the dangers of the deep to face a more lingering fate from exposure and want. They are cast down without strength to assist themselves, or encouragement to prolong their miserable existence. Seated on a rock before them, confronting their blank, hopeless, starved faces, sits the grim foe, from whose clutches by sea they have barely escaped. Death in this case is merciful, for he is welcomed as the deliverer. Cries Joe:

'Come, Death, and ease me of my pain,
Oh plunge me in the stormy main:
Hear my last prayer, and be my friend:
Thus let my life and suff'rings end!'
He spoke; and lo! before him sat
The summon'd messenger of fate.
'Ah! thou art there (the seaman said),
I know thee well—but who's afraid?
I fear'd thee not, when, at my gun,
I've seen the mischief thou hast done!
Upon the deck, from helm to prow,
Nor, old one, do I fear thee now;
But yield me in thy friendly power,
And welcome this my final hour.'
Death wav'd his arm:—with furious shock,
The billows dash'd against the rock!
Then, with returning force, they bore
The helpless victims from the shore:
There sinking, 'neath the foaming wave—
The sailors found—the SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Plate 7. *The Virago.*

Her tongue and temper to subdue
Can only be performed by you.

Death is shown, in another plate, as the advocate of peace. It is night, and roysterers are staggering home, assisted by friends, or plundered by the harpies of darkness, according to their fortune. The watch is calling the hour, when good souls should sleep in peace. A fury of an old wife, kicking, fuming, and tearing, is considerately taken in hand by Death, the most effective tranquillising agent; her husband is bowing and lighting his reviling spouse, and her trusty keeper, to the door, while she is vainly screaming for the assistance of the watch. Her departure is viewed with rejoicing.

Her husband follow'd to the gate
Submissive to the will of fate.

'Farewell (he cried), my dearest dear!
As I no more shall see you here,
To my fond wish it may be given
That we may meet again in Heaven;
And since your daily clamours cease,
On earth I hope to live in peace.
Death, far away, my cares has carried.
Molly,—to-morrow we'll be married!'

Plate 8. *The Glutton.*

What, do these sav'ry meats delight you?
Begone, and stay till I invite you.

A well-to-do gourmand has taken his place at a plentifully supplied table, whereon is spread all kinds of fare; attendants are ministering to his wants, and a handsome and elegantly dressed female is at his side; the arch-jester, Death, has suddenly dropped into a vacant arm-chair at the festive board; joints are scattered, plates are thrown down, the founder of the feast is starting forward in consternation; a male cook, and serving maids, bringing in fresh dishes, are losing their grasp of delicacies which will never, as it now appears, regale the gluttony of their master. The foot of the ghastly skeleton has touched an over-fed spaniel, and the dog lies stiff. Death is politely handing forth his hourglass like a goblet, wherein to pledge his host, and enjoying a cruel pleasantry at the expense of the master of the house.

When the knight thought 'twere best be civil,
And hold a candle to the devil,
'Do lay that ugly dart aside;
A knife and fork shall be supplied;
Come, change your glass for one of mine,
That shall appear brimfull of wine;
Perhaps you're hungry, and may feel
A hankering to make a meal,
So without compliment or words.
Partake of what the house affords.'
'Avaunt,' cried Death, 'no more ado;
I'm come to make a *meal* of *you*!'

Plate 9. *The Recruit.*

I list you, and you'll soon be found
One of my regiment under ground.

A party of farm labourers, wearing bunches of ribands in their caps, are being recruited for the wars; they are led by a drummer, with whose steps they are clumsily attempting to keep time. One fine, tall, healthy-looking young fellow

is taking leave of his sweetheart; his father, mother, and the rest of his family and friends, grouped around—down to a grotesque-looking dog—are plunged into grief at his departure. Death, who is wearing a plumed hat, a jaunty cloak, and who carries his dart like a halbert, is clutching the shoulder of the recruit, and hurrying forward his legions; the universal captain is reminding his followers of the everlasting burden—*Death* and *Glory*.

Plate 10. *The Maiden Ladies.*

Be not alarm'd, I'm only come
To choose a wife, and light her home.

Death, with an air of awful gallantry, wearing a gay cap, rakishly set on one side of his grim bare skull, with his dart put up guitar-wise, and laying a bony hand on the part of his structure where his heart should be, has arrived, unannounced, with a lantern to offer the courtesies of his escort to a large gathering of elderly spinsters—a 'tabby party' of weird and wizened-looking ancient anatomies—who are met for the joint distractions of scandal and gambling. The cards, the stakes, and the play-table are capsized; a fat footman is gazing with wonder at the guest last arrived, but the old maids are sensible of the nature of his attentions, and they are fluttering about in consternation and terror, as to whose turn has come. Death, it seems, is making a jest of offering what these frozen old maids have lacked through life—a husband.

'Tis Fate commands, and I with pride,
Embrace Miss *Mustard* as my bride.
A well-appointed hearse-and-four,
Attends her pleasure at the door.
The marriage ceremonies wait
Her presence at the churchyard gate:
My lantern shines with nuptial light;
The bells in muffled peal invite;
And she shall be—*A bride to-night.*

Plate 11. *The Quack Doctor.*

I have a secret art to cure
Each malady which men endure.

Apothecaries' Hall, it might reasonably be hinted by the satirists, was a likely spot for Death's visitations. In Rowlandson's print we find the grim foe in the full exercise of his privileges, pounding away with fatal energy. An apothecary is dispensing various noxious drugs to a considerable crowd of patients, who are disfigured by various sufferings. They will not be kept waiting long apparently, for behind a curtain, Death, grinning at himself with a satisfied air in a mirror, and surrounded by the seeds of mortality, is grinding slow poisons with a will;

the motive power of the situation; as an able assistant to the quacks, whose master he knows himself to be.

Plate 12. *The Sot.*

Drunk and alive, the man was thine,
But dead and drunk, why—he is mine.

Veteran topers are soaking at the sign of *The Goat* on the village green; they are bloated and gouty, but convivial and careless. The landlord is looking somewhat horrified to find one of his best and most unwieldy customers carried off by his enraged and scolding wife, for whose assistance Death has himself brought a wheelbarrow in which to cart away her incapable spouse, and in reply to the railings of the vixen the grim death's-head is comically wagging his nether jaw, and logically stating his just claim to this burden of well-saturated clay.

Plate 13. *The Honeymoon.*

When the old fool has drunk his wine
And gone to rest,—I will be thine.

A wealthy old dotard, already half in the grave, has committed the last supreme folly of decrepitude, and married a young, beautiful, and blooming maid, whose troth and affections are plighted in advance to a more suitable but less prosperous suitor. The artist has drawn the enjoyments of the honeymoon; the imbecile and antiquated 'happy man,' nightcap on head, is plunged in an invalid chair; a well-stuffed cushion gives ease to his gouty extremities; a table at his side is spread with a costly dessert service. The palsied hands of the venerable idiot are vainly striving to steady a goblet for a bumper; the eager toper does not distinguish the hand which is filling his last glass. The grim skeleton, Death, stooping over a screen, is supplying the final dose from his own fatal decanter. The blushing fair, who has been trying to soothe the gouty torments of her superannuated spouse with music and poetry, is awakened to the sound of a window opening at her back, her name is pronounced; 'tis the gallant and dashing young officer, the man of her choice. Nothing abashed, and without disturbing her attitude beside the invalid, or turning her head, her rounded arm and taper hand are leant over the casement by way of encouragement to her lover, who is availing himself of the opportunity and is embracing her fingers.

Think me not false, for I am true:
Nay, frown not—yes,—to Love and you.
Reason and int'rest told me both,
To this old man to plight my troth.
I had but little—you had less;
No brilliant view of happiness:

And though, within the lowest cot,
I would have shar'd your humble lot,
Yet, when the means I could possess
Which would our future union bless,
I gave my hand, th' allotted price,
And made myself the sacrifice.
When I was to the altar led,
Age and decrepitude to wed,
The old man's wealth seduc'd me there,
Which gen'rous Hymen bid me share ;
And all, within a month or two,
I hope, brave boy, to give to you.
Behold, and see the stroke of Fate
Suspended o'er my palsied mate :
For Death, who fills his goblet high,
Tells him to drink it, and to die.
And now, my Henry dear, depart
With this assurance from my heart.
I married him, by Heaven, 'tis true,
With all his riches in my view,
TO SEE HIM DIE—AND MARRY YOU.

Plate 14. *The Fox Hunter Unkennelled.*

Yes, Nimrod, you may look aghast.
I have unkennel'd you at last.

A party of fox-hunters, getting ready to start for the chase, are refreshing themselves from substantial joints, and potent stirrup-cups. Death, the grim hunter, uninvited and unannounced, has joined the party, to the consternation of both men and dogs ; one disconcerted Nimrod, in palsied affright, has vainly sought concealment under the table ; Death, with true sportsman's instinct, is raising the cloth, and simultaneously striking the refugee, 'run to cover,' with his weapon.

While Jack, as quick as he was able,
Sunk, slyly, underneath the table.
The phantom drew the drap'ry back,
And, in a trice, unkennell'd Jack :
When, after crying Tally-ho !—
He pois'd his dart and gave the blow :
Then told his friends to shove Jack Rover
Into the hearse which he leap'd over.

One or two prints of the series are not treated from a grotesquely horrible point of view.

Plate 15. *The Good Man, Death, and the Doctor.*

No scene so blest in virtue's eyes,
As when the man of virtue dies.

In this picture the artist has been at the pains to illustrate, without travesty, the end of a good man, stretched stiff on his last couch. By the side of his bed kneel various members of his family, plunged into the deepest affliction; at the head of the bed stands a benevolent-visaged pastor of the church, who has evidently just administered the last consolations of religion to the departed. The burlesque element, which does not interfere with the main group of the sketch, is settled on the action of Death, who, emblematic as usual, is thrusting before him an evil-looking and overfed quackish practitioner, the extortionate physician, who has boldly declared 'he has no time for praying, but demands his honorarium.' The arch foe has fixed his unrelaxing grip upon the shoulder of Doctor Bolus, who it may be presumed has received his last fee.

Plate 16. *Death and the Portrait.*

Nature and Truth are not at strife,
Death draws his pictures after life.

A gouty and decrepit corpulent sitter is propped up by cushions and pillows in an arm-chair placed on a raised stage in a painter's studio. From the canvas it appears that the original of this last act of vanity is a judge. The sitter has evidently reached a state of dotage, and the artist has left his slumbering subject to enjoy a more congenial occupation; he is showing a blushing young damsel, who has accompanied the gout-ridden old judge, certain designs, groups of cupids, and the young couple have seemingly established a very agreeable understanding. Death has fantastically perched himself in the artist's seat, and having assumed his brush and palette, is putting the finishing touches both to portrait and sitter.

The painter brings the promis'd aid,
And views the change that has been made.
He sees the picture's altered state,
And owns the master-hand of Fate.
'But, why,' he cries, 'should artists grieve
When models die,—if *pictures* live?'

Plate 17. *The Genealogist.*

On that illumin'd roll of fame
Death waits to write your lordship's name.

In the escutcheon-panelled ancestral hall of the peer, surrounded by the evidences of antiquity and wealthy ease, the sepulchral visitor, unbidden, lays down his hourglass, and is shown displaying to the affrighted gaze of a fashion-

ably apparelled old couple, the family genealogical table which he has taken the liberty of unrolling for an unexpected addition he is about to make.

On that illumined roll of fame
Death waits to write your lordship's name.
Whether from Priam you descend,
Or your dad cried—*Old chairs to mend*,
When you are summon'd to your end,
You will not shun the fatal blow ;
And sure you're old enough to know,
That though each varying pedigree
Begins with *Time*, it ends with *me !*

Plate 18. *The Catchpole.*

The catchpole need not fear a jail,
The undertaker is his bail.

A bailiff is serving a writ outside the Debtors' Prison, the barred windows of which are filled with the faces of persons captured by one *Catchpole, Sheriff's Officer*. The unfortunate prisoners, crowded behind the bars of their jail, are enjoying a grim instance of retributive justice. While the bailiff is startling his victim with his unexpected capture-bespeaking tap, Death, dart in hand, is lightly performing the same ceremony for the stalwart sheriff's officer, who is summoned in his turn, and conclusively.

Thus, as he told his stern command,
A grisly spectre's fleshless hand
His shoulder touch'd. It chill'd his blood,
And at the sight he trembling stood.
'You long have ow'd,' the Phantom said,
'What now must instantly be paid.'
'O give me time !' 'Thou caitiff dun,
You know full well you gave *him* none.
Your life's the debt that I am suing ;
'Tis the last process, Master Bruin.'
'I'll put in bail above.' 'No, no :
OLD NICK shall be your BAIL BELOW.'

Plate 19. *The Insurance Office.*

Insure his life, but to your sorrow
You'll pay a good round sum to-morrow.

A country squire, in the prime of life, has married a young bride ; he is persuaded by his frugal spouse to insure his life as a provision for her maintenance, from prudential reasons. As the young wife sensibly states the case :—

Nature, in all her freaks and fun,
Has never given us a son ;

And there's no jointure, sir, for me
Without that same contingency.
For your estate's so bound and tied,
So settled and transmogrified,
(A thing one scarcely can believe)
You've not a thousand pounds to leave.

The artist has represented the couple arrived in town, and visiting the insurance office, the 'Globe,' or 'Pelican;' the actuary, the secretary, and the doctor are there to pass the customer's life, and Death—spectacles on nose and dart in hand—is also one of the party; unperceived, he is stooping down behind the seemingly robust applicant, and gloating over the mischievous prank he has in contemplation.

To this the doctor sage agreed,
The office then was duly fee'd,
And sign'd and seal'd each formal deed.
Now Death, who sometimes loves to wait
At an insurance office gate,
To baffle the accountant's skill
And mock the calculating quill,
Had just prepar'd his cunning dart
To pierce *Ned Freeman's* tranquil heart:
But lest the stroke should cause dispute,
And lawyers conjure up a suit,
Death was determined to delay
Ned's exit to a future day;
And the dull moment to amuse,
He turn'd and kill'd a pair of Jews.
Thus was the husband's life insur'd,
And the wife's future wealth secur'd.
But *Death* had not forgot his fiat,
So bid a fever set him quiet;
And ere, alas, ten days were past,
Honest Ned Freeman breath'd his last.
The doctor call'd to certify
His glowing health now saw him die.
Thus she who lately came to town
With not a doit that was her own,
Weeping attends her husband's hearse,
With many a thousand in her purse,
And proves that she's of wives the best
Who knows her *real interest.*

Plate 20. *The Schoolmaster.*

Death with his dart proceeds to flog
Th' astonished, flogging pedagogue.

The learned schoolmaster, whose years have reached a respectable longevity, is surprised in the midst of his tasks, while training the minds of the youths around him, to discover the grim skeleton Death, *mors pulsat*, concerning whose approach he is well stored with classic instances, seated astride of the terrestrial globe, to the consternation of the scared and flying scholars. The well-read pedagogue is inclined to give his visitor a lesson from Horace in good manners.

> That he at least should knock, and wait
> Till some one opes th' unwilling gate.

To which Death retorts in reply :—

> Doctor, this dart will neither speak
> In Hebrew, Latin, or in Greek,
> But has a certain language known
> In ev'ry age as in our own.

The pale spectre proceeds to remind his charge of the prolonged allowance of life which has been allotted to the pedagogue, although he finds his years have proved too short to allow him to complete the legacy of learning it was his fond ambition to leave behind him.

The doctor, who seems a kindly preceptor, and one whose self-composure it is difficult to disturb, while resigning his mind to his own fate, is interceding for his pupils.

> 'But you'll at least these urchins spare,
> They are my last, my only care.'
> 'I'll hurt them not, I'll only scare 'em :
> So die, and *Mors est finis rerum*,
> Which, for your scholars, I'll translate,
> Death strikes the learn'd, the little, and the great!'

Plate 21. *The Coquette.*

> I'll lead you to the splendid crowd :
> But your next dress will be a shroud.

A dashing belle, of majestic presence—according to Rowlandson's design—is standing before a toilette table which is elegantly fitted ; her costume is just completed, and her tire-woman is holding a light wrapper, when, in spite of the exertions made by a duenna to restrain his brusque invasion, an unexpected intruder is gliding into the handsome chamber. Bowing with the extreme of mock politeness, Death has come as cavalier to escort the lady, who was preparing for a masquerade ; his hourglass and dart are slung by his side, he sports a fashionable powdered wig, with a solitaire, a red coat, a cocked hat, dandified pumps, and a frill, which he is fingering with the air of a *petit maître*. According to Coombe's verses, we learn that Flavia, a young lady of *ton*, whose sister

is but recently dead, cannot resist the temptation to cast off her mourning for one evening, and apparel herself as the 'Queen of Beauty,' to appear at midnight at Lady Mary's ball.

But, as her lovely form receiv'd
The robe which Fashion's hand had weav'd,
A shape appear'd of such a mien
As Flavia's eyes had never seen.
'How dare you enter here,' she said,
'And what's this saucy masquerade?
Who are you? Betty, ring the bell.'
The Shape replied—'Twill be your knell.
I'll save you from the swelt'ring crowd,
Form'd by the vain, the gay, the proud,
For which your tawdry mind prepares
Its fruitless, its coquettish airs.
Lady, you now must quit your home
For the cool grotto of a tomb.
Be not dismay'd; my gallant dart
Will ease the flutt'rings of your heart.'
He grinn'd a smile; the jav'lin flies,
When Betty screams—and Flavia dies!

Plate 22. *Time, Death, and Goody Barton. A Causette.*

On with your dead, and I'll contrive
To bury this old fool alive.

Old Time, armed with his scythe, is driving his mortuary cart through a village; the horse is a mere skeleton, but the vehicle is heavily loaded, humanity is heaped up like carcases of no account, in fact the melancholy receptacle is as full as it will hold, and the wheel is passing over the neck of a frightened cur. Death is acting as collector, and has picked up one of the plagues of the village, a troublesome old man, who is kicking, fighting, and protesting against the violent illegality of Death's treatment in throwing his lot amongst the defunct. Stern Time, on the box, is turning round to remonstrate with his assistant.

Time.

While he shows that living face,
With me he cannot have a place.

Death.

'Tis true the fellow makes a riot:
There's one jerk more—and now he's quiet.

A young wife, who has a soldier-lad in attendance waiting for the shoes of her old husband, is dragging forth an ancient cripple, and pushing him on against his will :—

Death.

My goody, 'tis too late to-day,
Time's moving on, and will not stay ;
But be at rest and save your sorrow,
The cart will call again to-morrow.

Plate 23. *The Undertaker and the Quack.*

The doctor's sick'ning toil to close,
'Recipe coffin' is the dose.

A prosperous quack practitioner, meditating over his specific *sovereign pill to cure all ills*, is riding gravely through the streets of a picturesque country town. As his hack is passing Screwtight the undertaker's window, that worthy is thrown into consternation, for he recognises, immovably perched behind the cogitating empiric, the figure of a grim rider with whose presence he is too professionally familiar to be deceived.

And leaping on the doctor's hack,
Sat close and snugly at his back ;
And as they reach'd Ned Screwtight's door,
Death sneez'd—and Nostrum was no more.

The undertaker is plunged into sincere mourning for the loss of his great patron; his less far-seeing wife declares he ought to rejoice at his good fortune, since there's the job of burying the deceased doctor.

Screwtight hung down his head and sigh'd :
'You foolish woman,' he replied,
'Old Nostrum there stretch'd on the ground
Was the best friend I ever found.
The good man lies upon his back,
And trade will now be very slack.
How shall we undertakers thrive,
With doctors who keep folks alive ?
You talk of jobs ; I swear 'tis true,
I'd sooner do the job for you.
We've cause to grieve, say what you will,
For when quacks die, they cease to kill.

Plate 24. *The Masquerade.*

Such is the power and such the strife
That ends the masquerade of life.

A masked ball is represented at its height, gaily attended, and held in the Pantheon or some similar building. A dance is proceeding; the most diversified scenes meet the eye on all sides, and Rowlandson has given full play to

his humorous inventive faculties. In the front of the picture the crowd of merry-makers, all unthinking and unprepared, are horrified to discover a new turn abruptly given to the travesty; the tall figure of Death has suddenly cast away his disguising domino, and holding aside a demoniac mask, is revealing to the terrified spectators the actual figure of the skeleton-destroyer, armed with his dart, and in grim earnest to strike. Harlequins, nuns, monks, devils, Turks, toxopholites, bacchantes, jockeys, Punch, Falstaff, Jupiter, Ophelia, Friar Tuck, watchmen, magicians, fair enchantresses and Circassians, archbishops, Roman heroes, and Grand Signiors—characters in vogue in Rowlandson's day—are thrown down pell-mell and trampling one over the other in their eagerness to get as far away as possible from this unwelcome and awful addition to the excitement of the revelry; this ghastly joker who with unequivocal reality is threatening to extinguish their gaieties for ever.

Plate 25. *The Deathblow.*

How vain are all your triumphs past,
For this set-to will be your last.

Two prize-fighters have met on Epsom Downs to decide the championship of the 'Ring,' with umpires, bottle-holders, and all the paraphernalia of the 'fancy.' In the artist's picture one of the combatants has received a fatal blow, and he is stretched lifeless on the turf. The grim figure of Death, the bony personification which permeates the series, has suddenly joined the sport, and he is squaring up to the scared victor in a scientific and confident attitude; the horrified champion is unconsciously raising his strong arms to guard himself against this new opponent, though justly disinclined to continue such an unequal contest. Impressed by the fatal ending of the man he has beaten the winner has conscientiously registered a vow, on the spur of the moment, 'to never fight again.'

But Death appear'd! Once more, my friend,
Yes, one round more, and all will end.

The crowds of fashionable and sporting spectators are all dispersing at the top of their speed, running and driving away from this unexpected opponent, and turning their backs on this involuntary renewal of their favourite diversion.

Confusion reign'd throughout the scene,
And the crowds hurried from the Green.
The roads were quickly covered o'er
With chaise and pair and chaise and four,
While curricles and gigs display
The rapid fury of their way,
And many a downfall grac'd the day.
As *Playgame* claim'd a flying bet,
His new-built tilb'ry was o'erset:

Lord Gammon's barouche met its fate
In contact with a turnpike-gate ;
And *Ned Fly's* gig, that hurried after,
Was plung'd into a pond of water.
But, would it not be vain to tell
The various chances that befel
Horsemen and footmen who that day
From *Death's* dread challenge ran away ?
For when th' affrighted crowd was gone,
And DEATH and HARRY were alone,
The spectre hasten'd to propose
That they should forthwith come to blows ;
But Harry thought it right to say,
'As no one's here to see fair play,
I'll try your strength another day.
Besides, I know not how you're made,
I look for substance, you're a Shade,
A bag of bones ; for aught I know,
Old *Broughton*, from the shades below :
And though alive I should not dread
His power, I war not with the dead.'
Thus keeping well his guard he spoke,
When grinning Death put in a stroke
Which did the short-liv'd round decide,
And *Sheffield Harry*, in his pride,
Was laid by *Tom from London's* side.

Plate 26. *The Vision of Skulls.* (*In the Catacombs.*)

As it appears, though dead so long,
Each skull is found to have a tongue.

A party of the fashionably curious are carrying their taste for sight-seeing down into the catacombs, and the fragments of decaying humanity are lighted up for their ghastly entertainment. In the instance designed by Rowlandson the visitors are lost in horror at the spectacle of the grinning human skulls arranged in trim arcades ; they do not notice the person of their conductor, who is more fearful to look upon than the relics around. Death himself, dart in hand, is condescending to act as showman to the gallery of his own furnishing ; the torch he holds is whirled aloft in his grisly left arm, in an instant it will be flung into a well of water, which the holiday-makers have not distinguished ; darkness must succeed, and many of the spectators may follow the flambeau or lose their way in terror-striking and fearful labyrinths which extend for leagues under the city.

Plate 27. *The Porter's Chair.*

What watchful care the portal keeps !
A porter he who never sleeps.

Seated snugly in the hall-porter's easy-chair before the handsome mantel and cheerful fire in the marble-paved hall of a nobleman's mansion, with its statues and embellishments telling of ease, taste, and profusion, is our old friend the grim hero of the series. He is waiting quite tranquilly, impatience is foreign to his impassive temperament; his hourglass is on the ground at his side; his dart is held negligently, but in readiness; a nocturnal bird is hovering suggestively over his fleshless head; he has supplanted the night-porter, and is probably sitting there attending the return of the unprepared owner of these rich surroundings. Some sound has alarmed the servants; the butler has stolen down in his nightcap, armed with sword and pistol; he is collapsed with terror, and his defences are dropping from his hand on making the discovery that Death has established himself in the hall; and the fat cook, who is also paralysed with horror, has taken a false step, and is falling giddily down the staircase, whence her head will come in violent contact with the marble floor; and Death without turning in his seat may confidently count upon one victim in advance.

For at the time Death's pleas'd to come,
We all of us must be at home.

Plate 28. *The Pantomime.*

Behold the signal of Old Time,
That bids you close your pantomime.

A pantomimic scene is transpiring; according to the artist's picture, it is the very last place where Death's ghastly impersonation could be considered a diverting addition to the company. The background represents the sea-shore; Columbine, supported on the arm of Harlequin, is pirouetting and posturing in amorous poses; the other personages of the mimic theatre are thrown into actions which are entirely unpremeditated, while their countenances wear expressions which supply ghastly contrasts to their motley. Death once more has intruded his bony person on the stage, the inevitable dart is held slily behind him, and in the painted and terror-stricken faces of Pierrot and Pantaloon the tale-telling hourglass is held up, the sand has run through, and the mummers must away hence. The stage wizard is stretched at length on his back, and his wonder-working magic sword is mere lath and tinsel before the weapon of this grim supernatural actor, who has come, unengaged, to give a new turn to the show.

Thus may Death's image aid delight,
'Mid the gay scen'ry of the night:
But in the pantomime of years,
'Tis serious all when Death appears.
For then no grin can Pierrot save;
He finds the trap a real grave;

Old Pantaloon, with all his care,
Will cease to be an actor there;
Lun's magic sword, with all its art,
Must yield to Fate's resistless dart,
And when life's closing scene is o'er,
The curtain falls to rise no more.

Plate 29. *The Horse Race.*

This is a very break-neck heat;
And, squire jockey, you are beat.

The artist has pictured a race-course; in the distance the grand stand, a group of tents, and crowds of equestrians and equipages may be distinguished. A file of race-horses, with their jockeys and trainers, are being walked up to the starting point. A crowd of mounted 'sporting gents,' the *élite* of the patrons of the turf, are assembled round the 'betting post,' shouting the odds and eagerly making their engagements before the approaching start. Nearer the spectator is displayed some of the fun of the course, which never failed to strike Rowlandson's eye. An old dame has a table and an arrow, at which sundry juvenile rustics are gambling for cakes, and a Jew pedlar is tossing with two sportive urchins for nuts. The *Dead Heat* referred to in Coombe's lines is shown in the person of an anxious country squire, who, afraid of arriving at the betting post too late to speculate, is pushing his horse along madly to arrive in time, without noticing a skeleton steed, neck and neck with his own, whose jockey is the inevitable skeleton, *Mors*, wearing a gay cap and feather, and turning his dart to account as a riding-whip.

Now Jack was making to the post,
The busy scene of won and lost,
When to all those he saw around,
He cried, 'I offer fifty pound,
That to yon gambling place I get
Before you all.' Death took the bet.
The squire's mare was *Merry Joan*,
And Death rode *Scrambling Skeleton.*
They started, nor much time was lost
Before they reach'd the gambling host:
But ere they reach'd the betting pole,
Which was the terminating goal,
O'er a blind fiddler *Joan* came down,
With fatal force poor Jack was thrown,
When a stone on the verdure laid
Prov'd harder than the rider's head.
Death wav'd aloft his dart and fled.

Plate 30. *The Dram-Shop.*

Some find their death by sword and bullet,
And some by fluids down the gullet.

Death is discovered nefariously at work adulterating the spirit-casks with vitriol and aquafortis.

Plate 31. *The Gaming-Table.*

Whene'er Death plays, he's sure to win!
He'll take each knowing gamester in.

Death, the successful player, is shown stripping the table of the stakes and breaking the bank by force.

But Death, who, as he roams about,
May find the *Gaming Table* out;
. . . .
He enters; when the fearful shout
Echoes around of 'turn him out.'
'No,' he replies, 'that gold is mine:
Gamester, that gold you must resign.
Now life's the main,' the spectre cries:
He throws, and lo! the gamester dies.

Plate 32. *The Battle.*

Such is, alas, the common story
Of blood and wounds, of death and glory.

Death is engaged in serving a battery which is sweeping all before it.

Plate 33. *The Wedding.*

Plutus commands, and to the arms
Of doting age she yields her charms.

Death, with a wig, bands, and gown, is within the altar railings performing the marriage service with an air of mocking reverence; the actors in the marriage ceremony do not appear to have recognised the dread personage who is tying the nuptial knot, to be instantly cut asunder by the end of the effete bridegroom.

Plate 34. *The Skaters.*

On the frail ice, the whirring skate
Becomes an instrument of fate.

The scene represents one of the parks, the waters are frozen over and crowded with pleasure-seekers of both sexes indulging their amusement in the teeth of danger—nay, as it appears in the picture, in the very jaws of death. The skeleton foe is taking his pastime amongst the crowd, and combining relaxation with business. The ice is suddenly giving way in all directions, and the skaters

are tripped up by the grim evolutionist. They are falling headlong into the water, fatal casualties are occurring on all sides, and the distant crowds, who are scrambling away incontinently since the arch-enemy has volunteered to share their pastime, are coming into violent collision, and falling on the ice, breaking their limbs or suffering fatal concussions.

Plate 35. *The Duel.*

Here honour, as it is the mode,
To Death consigns the weighty load.

Nowhere could Death's presence be more suitably manifested than on the field of honour; and, as the artist has pictured the situation, the parties are met to settle some trifling dispute; seconds and surgeons are naturally in attendance. Death is promptly dashing in and dragging off a stout combatant in the prime of life, who, having just received his quietus, is caught in the arms of the omniscient and universal antagonist before his falling body can touch his mother earth.

Plate 36. *The Bishop and Death.*

Though I may yield my forfeit breath,
The Word of Life defies thee, Death.

The artist, with that talent which distinguished him above his contemporaries, has concluded the first volume of the *Dance of Death* with a nobler design; an occasion is presented with deeper purpose wherein Death is shorn of the majesty of terror. A venerable bishop, seated in a handsome Gothic apartment of the episcopal palace, with the Book of Life open before him, and his chaplain in attendance, is receiving an abrupt visitation from the ghastly spectre. The difficulty of frightening the reverend victim, whose mind seems well prepared for the end, however premature, has made Death put himself somewhat out of the way to appear sensationally startling; his grim humour seems to have been laid aside for once, and he is weakly seeking effect in a theatrical pose, striking a stagey attitude, poising his weapon, and holding on high his warning hourglass. The whole impression is admirably conveyed. The Destroyer's posture is pretentious without being imposing; he has missed his point; this bombastical terrorism has nothing of the terrific left in it, and Death looks somewhat disappointed on failing to produce more consternation. The bishop is calmly receiving his turbulent visitor, with an air which seems to demand, without perturbation: 'O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'

THE ENGLISH DANCE OF DEATH.

SECOND VOLUME.

Plate 1. *The Suicide.*

Death smiles, and seems his dart to hide,
When he beholds the suicide.

Upon a rock-bound shore, whose jagged boulders come down to the deep, dashes a troubled sea, the waters of which are settling down after a tempest. Upon the foam floats the form of a drowned man; above is seen the figure of a female, forlorn and reckless, who has come to meet her future husband, and finds only his corpse—his life lost in a valiant effort to succour a sinking fellow-creature from a wreck.

The tidings to the bride were brought,
In frantic haste the spot she sought,
And viewing from the heights above
All that remain'd for her to love,
She darted headlong to the tide,
And on her Henry's bosom died.

Death is present at this moving scene, lolling at his ease on the rock from whence the maiden is plunging; his dart is affectedly put aside, and he is pretending to wipe away a sentimental tear.

Plate 2. *Champagne, Sherry, and Water-Gruel.*

Have patience, Death, nor be so cruel
To spoil the sick man's water-gruel.

The verses intended to illustrate this picture of Death's visitations contain an argument between three friends on the best means of regulating their lives; the artist has worked out this theory in his plate. One member of the party assembled, a stout florid old gentleman, declares his golden rule in life has been to please himself, so he and his daughter are illustrating his text by drinking full bumpers of champagne; beside him, sipping his thimblefuls of sherry, is another theorist, who has passed his days in moderate indulgences. In an invalid chair beside the fire sits their host, a vaporous hypochondriac, who has passed his existence in humouring imaginary ills on a diet of sago and doctor's stuff. His nurse is preparing a saucepan of gruel, which the *Mortis Imago*, as his convivial friend has christened him, is preferring to more exhilarating beverages. Death has stepped in and settled the question as to which of these old schoolfellows shall last the longest; he has placed his bony hand on the shoulder of the great patron of doctors, and before departing with his 'meagre meal' he is giving the

friends, who are allowed to survive for the time being, this piece of gratuitous advice if they would put off his visits as long as possible :—

Extremes endeavour to forego,
Nor feed too high, nor feed too low.

Plate 3. *The Nursery.*

Death rocks the cradle : life is o'er :
The infant sleeps, to wake no more.

This picture may be designated a warning to fashionable mothers. A fine infant has been 'put out to nurse;' it is evident that the child would have been better at home. The 'foster mother' is a coarse sloven, and has neglected her charge for her self-indulgence. The natural parent, a handsome young woman, dressed in the height of the mode, and accompanied by friends of quality, has yielded to a sudden impulse to pay a visit to her offspring. The door of the cottage is opened, and this is what meets the horrified eyes of the party. The nurse sunk in a drunken sleep, her head on a cushion, another cushion at her feet, a flagon of spirits at her elbow and a glass in her hand, and a starved cat on her chair; the infant's food upset on the floor, the apartment neglected, a clothes-line and damp linen stretched over the infant's head, and Death sitting by, grotesquely rocking the cradle, and singing his mortal lullaby.

No shrieks, no cries will now its slumbers break,
The infant sleeps,—ah, never to awake !

Plate 4. *The Astronomer.*

Why, I was looking at the Bear :
But what strange planet see I there !

The astronomer, who from his surroundings would also seem a student of miscellaneous sciences, is seated in his observatory, deep in the contemplation of the planets. Grim Death has called to summon the 'learned Senex' hence, and he is playing his victim a final prank.

One evening, as he view'd the sky
Through his best tube with curious eye,
And 'mid the azure wilds of air
Pursu'd the progress of a star,
A figure seem'd to intervene,
Which in the sky he ne'er had seen,
But thought it some new planet given,
To dignify his views of heaven.
'Oh, this will be a precious boon !
Herschel's volcanoes in the Moon

Are nought to this,' old Senex said ;
'My fortune is for ever made.'
'It is, indeed,' a voice replied :
The old man heard it, terrified ;
And as Fear threw him to the ground,
Through the long tube Death gave the wound.

Plate 5. *The Father of the Family.*

The doctors say that you're my booty;
Come, sir, for I must do my duty.

Death, in this picture, has rather a hard tussle for it. His friends, the learned physicians, who are pocketing their fees, and turning their backs on their late patient, are hurrying away. Death, with a great show of force, has seized his victim, still in the pride of manhood, by the dressing-gown, and is seeking to drag him from the frantic embraces of those to whom his life is dear. The father and mother are remonstrating with this merciless abductor; the blooming wife and infants of the unfortunate are cast down in despair ; his sisters have seized him boldly round the waist, and, one behind the other, are making a sturdy stand against the fatal messenger ; the servants and all the inmates of the noble mansion have rushed out, and are endeavouring by their entreaties, or by a show of resistance, to stay the steps of the tyrant.

Plate 6. *The Fall of Four-in-Hand.*

Death can contrive to strike his blows
By overturns and overthrows.

Death has come again, in his irresistible shape, and he has found the occasion ready to his hand. A dashing charioteer, a man of wealth and fashion, with a gaily attired female by his side, is tearing along, eager

to leave behind
The common coursers of the wind,
In more than phaetonic state,
For every horse had won a plate.

But on arriving at a low bridge, which spans a torrent, the blood horses become unmanageable; the driver sighs for a 'tight postilion,' and behold on the 'leader' is seated one who will spur the whole team to destruction ; the horses are sent over the narrow bridge, the tall curricle is capsized, and eternity is instantly opened to the careless pleasure-seekers.

Plate 7. *Gaffer Goodman.*

Another whiff, and all is o'er,
And Gaffer Goodman is no more

Gaffer Goodman is a selfish sybarite, who has secured a charming rustic maiden for his wife, as being a proceeding more economical than engaging a nurse. The gaffer, whose existence is centred on creature comforts, is seated in his huge easy-chair, under a row of goodly hams, a provision for the future, before his Brobdingnagian fireplace, with a cosy nightcap, dressing-gown, and slippers for ease, meditating over the good things preparing for dinner, his beer jug ready to hand and warming, sunk in the tranquil enjoyment of his pipe. Another smoker has, unperceived by the gaffer, planted himself by his side, burlesquing his enjoyment, and timing his whiffs to the final puff. The neat and pretty wife, sacrificed to the selfishness of the old yeoman, is cheerfully spinning her flax at the open window, leaning through which the artist has introduced a well-favoured youth, her late sweetheart, discarded by necessity, but soon to be consoled, as the lady is assuring the lad of her heart.

'When I declare that I'll be true
To Gaffer Goodman, and to you:
And when he does his breath resign,
Be wise—and Strephon, I'll be thine.'
'Then take her, Strephon,' Death replied,
Who smoking sat by Goodman's side:
'Her husband's gone, as you may see,
For his last pipe he smok'd with me.'

Plate 8. *The Urchin Robbers.*

O the unconscionable brute!
To murder for a little fruit!

The plate represents a pretty, trimly kept garden, belonging to a mansion of some pretensions. A group of young marauders have been stripping the orchard. They are suddenly scared by the apparition of the gardener, whose person is disclosed over a bush beside his greenhouses, where, gun in hand, he has been lying in ambush, to teach his troublesome tormentors a lesson. Some of the marauders have gained the wall, and are dragging up their comrades. Others are following, loaded with well-filled bags of plunder; a bigger lad is seized in the rear by the gardener's dog. The man has no deadly intentions, he merely wishes to frighten the urchins as a warning; but the grim figure is lurking undiscovered by his side; the musket is discharged, and to the affright of the custodian of the fruit, a youth falls lifeless to the ground. 'Twas not his aim which had wrought this mischief; the whole affair was pre-arranged by his unperceived companion, with the most plausible motives, as Death himself confesses.

I drove the boy to scale the wall,
I made th' affrighted robber fall,

I plac'd beneath the pointed stone
That he had crack'd his skull upon.
I've been his best and guardian friend,
And sav'd him from a felon's end :
Scourging and lectures had been vain !
The rascal was a rogue in grain,
And, had I lengthen'd out his date,
The gallows would have been his fate.
You living people oft mistake me,
I'm not so cruel as you make me.

Plate 9. *Death turned Pilot.*

The fatal pilot grasps the helm,
And steers the crew to Pluto's realm.

The sea is in a tempest, and the wrecks of two good ships are battling with the foaming waters. A number of unfortunate creatures are endeavouring to escape in a longboat, pulled by the rowers with the vigour of despair ; but the struggle for life is cut short ; grim Death has taken his place in the stern, he is exultingly flourishing Time's hourglass before the horrified survivors, and wilfully steering the bark to destruction ; the head of the boat is dipping beneath the waves, and a watery grave completes Death's handiwork.

Plate 10. *The Winding-up of the Clock.*

No one but me shall set my clock :
He set it, and behold the shock.

The picture represents a general scene of downfall. A stout clergyman has obstinately insisted on his right to attend to his own timepiece over the chimney-glass. His fat body has lost its balance, the steps are overturned, the breakfast table and its equipage are brought to ruin ; the shock, aided by the sly hand of Death in ambush, has upset his portly wife in her arm-chair, and a general destruction is hinted of persons and property alike.

Plate 11. *The Family of Children.*

'Twere well to spare me two or three
Out of your num'rous family.

In this plate we are introduced to a scene of extensive domestic felicity ; at a breakfast-table is seated the father of a numerous family, surrounded by fourteen pledges of conjugal affection ; another child is in a nurse's arms, and in the apartment beyond may be perceived the worthy and prolific partner of his joys, who has lately presented her husband with their sixteenth infant. Death proposes to take one or two of these children under his charge, but the good father

will not hear of it. 'Well then, let it be the infant,' proposes the greedy fiend. 'No, 'twould break the mother's heart!' 'Whom shall I strike then?' Death demands. The benevolent parent can only suggest 'the nurse.'

Plate 12. *Death's Door.*

In this world all our comfort's o'er,
So let us find it at Death's door.

Death's bony person is half thrust through his portals—which lead to the grave—as he has been disturbed by a boisterous summons thundered at his gate. He seems quite shocked at the importunities of a crowd of unfortunates who are clamorous in their demands for instant admittance to the unknown realms. Madmen, the extremely aged, the gouty, the bereaved, those afflicted with poverty, disease, scolding wives, the hungering, cripples, forsaken ones, and a multitude of various sufferers to whom the buffets of life have proved insupportable, are supplicating refuge from an unkindly world.

Plate 13. *The Fire.*

Let him go on with all his rigs;
We're safe; he'll only burn the pigs.

Death in this plate is represented as a reckless incendiary; he is flourishing a brace of flaming torches, and is bent on doing all the mischief within his power. A farmhouse is the object of his destructiveness; the cattle are escaping, and the family, disturbed from their slumbers by fire, are huddled together with such articles as could be secured in a hurried flight when their own lives were endangered. The unfortunate pigs may count on being roasted, as nothing can save the farm from the flames.

Plate 14. *The Miser's End.*

Old dad at length is grown so kind,
He dies, and leaves his wealth behind.

The miser is laid out prone, half-starved, his stiffening hands are still grasping bonds, notes, and a bag of money; his body is propped up by a 'book of interest,' and he has died, without the ease of a bed, on a mattress placed on the floor of his strong room. His iron boxes and money chests are opened by Death, who is leading the miser's delighted heirs into the treasure-chamber, where the bags of wealth, heaps of coin, and files of securities have banished all remembrance of the miserable corpse, lately the self-denying hoarder of these superfluous riches.

Plate 15. *Gretna Green.*

Love, spread your wings, I'll not outstrip 'em,
Though Death's behind, he will not clip 'em.

A coach-and-four, driven by two postilions, is speeding off to Scotland ; it contains a fair ward, and a captain, her abductor. This hopeful pair are eloping to Gretna Green ; the ward is escaping from the house of her old guardian, who had a desire to marry her himself for her wealth ; the baffled and avaricious tyrant is riding his hardest to overtake the fugitives, who are threatening him with pistols held out of either window. Death, mounted on a skeleton steed, is riding step for step with the pursuer, whose horse will presently stumble, the chase will be over, and the greedy guardian's schemes will be abruptly brought to an end.

Plate 16. *The Waltz.*

> By Gar, that horrid, strange buffoon
> Cannot keep time to any tune.

A French dancing-master, while playing on the fiddle, is exercising a pretty and graceful maiden in the dance ; the professor is out of temper with the fair pupil's partner, although the lady seems absorbed in the excitement of the motion. 'Tis Death waltzing his delicate victim—entranced and unsuspicious—into a consumption, which will end in the churchyard.

Plate 17. *Maternal Tenderness.*

> Thus it appears a pond of water
> May prove an instrument of slaughter.

The picture in this instance represents a lake situated in a noble park. Two youths have been tempted to bathe; one is lifted out of the water apparently lifeless. His mother, who has been alarmed by the intelligence of her son's danger, has just arrived, at the instant that the seemingly dead body is borne to the bank. The sudden shock has proved too much for nature to withstand. The tender parent falls back overpowered and unconscious, and Death, with an air of solicitude, is ready there to catch her falling form in his bony support, since she has become his charge.

Plate 18. *The Kitchen.*

> Thou slave to ev'ry gorging glutton,
> I'll spit thee like a leg of mutton.

While dinner is just prepared for my lord's table the stout *chef* and his attendant myrmidons are thrown into disorder by the appearance of an unwelcome intruder. Dishes are dropped, everything is forgotten but personal security. The fat first male cook is the object of Death's attack, and the grim skeleton, armed with a long roasting spit, is trampling over the fallen person of a frightened kitchen-maid, and is proceeding to impale the great *chef*, who is the only person present that is making a stand against the assassin.

Plate 19. *The Gig.*

Away they go, in chaise and one,
Or to undo or be undone.

A sporting tradesman, driving a highly spirited horse, is taking his lady out for exercise on an excursion. Frightened by a dog, the mettlesome horse is dashing away distracted ; another object, the figure of Death seated on a milestone, has completed the scare ; the steed is tearing wildly towards the margin of a cliff which overhangs the sea ; the driver is trying to pull up, the reins snap, and he is dashed out on his head, while his companion leaps off, to fall a corpse at the feet of the grim figure perched on the milestone.

Plate 20. *The Mausoleum.*

Your crabbed dad is just gone home ;
And now we look for joys to come.

The heroine of this adventure is an heiress who is loved by a certain lord, but in spite of the daughter's inclinations and the quality of the suitor, the crabbed father will neither part with his child nor his wealth while he retains his place in life. This impediment is removed in the picture. While the unreasonable parent is hobbling on his crutches into the entrance of a mausoleum, the door of which Death is assiduous to open for the reception of his expected visitor, the happy couple, overjoyed, are walking, locked in a tender embrace, to his lordship's equipage, at the door of which two footmen are standing in readiness, while the coachman is waiting to drive the delighted pair to be married.

Plate 21. *The Courtship.*

It is in vain that you decide :
Death claims you as his destin'd bride.

Another fair heiress forms the subject of this fresh whim of Death's fancy. The lady is what the author terms a 'philosopher in love,' and she cannot decide to quit her state of independence. A conclave of her suitors are assembled to argue the marriage question, and, by the maiden's wish, to allow her a chance of judging by comparison. The array of aspirants is comprehensive ; there is a colonel, a lawyer, a parson, a doctor, a quaker, and a baronet. Each pretender to her hand and fortune in turn argues the inducements he has to plead ; this done, it rests with the lady to reply to the respective arguments and examine their motives. While logically disposing of all their fine persuasions, the intractable fair is claimed by a suitor who will take no denial. The reasoning of the arch-enemy is unanswerable :—

She is not fit, strange maid, to wed
With living wight, but with the dead :

I therefore seize her as my bride.
Belinda trembled, gasp'd, and died.

Plate 22. *The Toastmaster.*

'The end of life,' the chairman cries ;
'Tis drank—and many a toper dies.

A scene of gross intoxication is proceeding. A convivial company is assembled ; the effort of every individual's ambition is apparently the downfall of his neighbour by successive toasts ; bowl succeeds bowl, and half the assembly are *hors de combat.* A new chairman has, uninvited, installed himself at the head of the table, and he is making the liquor circulate with such hearty goodwill that the topers have received him, in spite of his repellant exterior, as one of themselves. Death has ordered in fresh supplies of steaming punch, which he is ladling out to the fascinated tipplers ; it is the final toast, and no one dares refuse to pledge it. 'One bumper more,' and the jovial meeting will be dissolved for ever.

Plate 23. *The Careless and the Careful.*

The careful and the careless led
To join the living and the dead.

The picture introduces us to the gate of Vauxhall Gardens ; the light-hearted visitors are quitting the entertainment. The wise virgins are carefully wrapped up with cloaks, hoods, scarves, and muffs, and duly lighted home by cautious guardians carrying lanterns. In the foreground the foolish revellers are portrayed. They have left the heated dancing-room in their light attire ; a couple of giddy maidens, who are too careless to wait for their coach, are skipping off into the damp and chilling atmosphere without a wrapper, their thin dresses blowing in the wind, and running home under the escort of a gallant major. Death, with a jaunty cap on his head, and muffled in a cloak which disguises his ghostly frame, is dancing before, a very 'will-o'-the-wisp,' dangling about a flickering lantern, a dangerous guide whom they fail to recognise.

'Twas Death, alas, who lit them home,
And the fools' frolic seal'd their doom.

Plate 24. *The Law Overthrown.*

The serjeant's tongue will cease to brawl
In every court of yonder Hall.

A busy lawyer, hastening away from Westminster Hall, where he has been exercising his lungs, has jumped into a chariot without noticing the driver on the box-seat. In this case Death is officiating as charioteer ; he is whipping his horses with a vengeance. The serjeant's coach is endangering the life of a

brother counsel, a dog is running between the frightened barrister's legs, and his end seems imminent. Death has chosen to wreck the carriage over a pile of stones and a heavily-loaded wheelbarrow which the paviours have left in the course of road-mending. The serjeant, brief in hand, is thrusting his angry face through the front of the capsizing vehicle, vehemently threatening penalties and vowing to bring an action against his coachman.

Fate to the stones his head applies;
The action's brought—the serjeant dies.

Plate 25. *The Fortune-teller.*

All fates he vow'd to him were known,
And yet he could not tell his own.

In this instance we are introduced to the 'chamber of mystery' of a pretended fortune-teller. The empiric seer is surrounded by the paraphernalia of his profession; a crocodile is suspended to the ceiling, above a mystic string of orbs, and the globes have an uncanny black cat perched thereon, a witch at the least. Two credulous ladies of fashion have called to consult the pretentious impostor, who rejoices in the fur cap, flowing robes, long beard, and divining rod of a magician; a book of nativities is open before him:—'To me all fates, all fortunes known;' to which Death retorts, in hollow voice: 'Vain boaster, tell your own.' A greater conjuror is present concealed behind Merlin's seat; a jerk, and the wizard is no longer above deception; he is overturned, his neck is broken amidst the wreck of his mummeries scattered around.

Plate 26. *The Lottery Office.*

To trust to fortune's smiles alone,
Is the high road to be undone.

The evil of permitting lotteries, which were still in existence and flourishing at the time this plate was projected, is set forth in a graphic design. A crowd of needy adventurers have hurried to the lottery office, eager to know if fortune has assigned them lucky numbers. Jews, misers, and all sorts of gamblers, including a mob of hardy rogues who have purloined their employers' property to tempt the smiles of the fickle goddess, are darting from the office in dismay. An unlucky female, who has ventured her all, and even risked the means and belongings of others on the chance of winning a prize, has come to inquire her fate. The grim foe has exultingly taken his place among the clerks; he is holding out two blanks with an air of fiendish malice, and the shock is proving a deathblow to the unfortunate fair gambler, she is expiring in the office.

Plate 27. *The Prisoner Discharged.*

Death, without either bribe or fee,
Can set the hopeless pris'ner free.

Death in this case is still shown interfering with the course of others' business. The picture represents a debtors' prison ; a wife and two daughters have come to visit an unhappy captive, the head of the family, who is detained by a relentless creditor. They just arrive in time to see their relative released beyond the resistance of mortal detainers. The deadly foe has called at the gate, the prisoner is summoned forth, warders and turnkeys dare not refuse to let him free in such company. A mortified Shylock and his disappointed lawyer are furiously pointing to their bonds, and dancing with rage to find their ends defeated by the grim joker, who is grinning at their manifest discomfiture.

Plate 28. *The Gallant's Downfall.*

Th' assailant does not feel a wound,
But yet he dies—for he is drown'd.

A military Don Juan is the unfortunate hero of this adventure. He loves the beauteous daughter of a fire-eating superannuated colonel. Full of romantic gallantry, he has planted a ladder at his mistress's window, and is mounting nimbly where Cupid invites him, without observing the grim figure which has hold of his scaling-ladder. The sturdy colonel, awakened by the unaccustomed and suspicious sounds in his grounds, has fired his evening gun into the darkness, at most expecting to startle the cats. Death capsizes the ladder, the youthful lieutenant loses his balance and falls headlong into a pond on the lawn, whence his body is fished out in the morning, to the surprise of the household.

Plate 29. *The Churchyard Debate.*

'Tis strange, but true, in this world's strife,
That Death affords the means of life.

The picture in this instance gives a philosophic view of the end of man, and represents a snug assembly of the fortunate individuals who prosper professionally by the influence of the grim foe's assistance. Seated convivially on tomb-slabs, awaiting the arrival of a hearse and mourning *cortége*, is the author of the mischief hobnobbing with his friends and allies. Death and the doctor are blowing a cloud together in cheerful company, for the parson, the lawyer, and the sexton are pleased with his society. The undertaker is no less grateful to his useful patron, and even the distant bell-ringer acknowledges the value of his acquaintanceship.

Plate 30. *The Good and Great.*

What heartfelt tears bedew the dust
Of him whose ev'ry thought was just.

The funeral of a great and benevolent man is the subject of this cartoon. The venerable lord of the manor is dead ; the stately funeral is setting out with its doleful attendants from the lordly hall. The coffin, with its emblazoned pall, is followed by a long train of mourners, whose sorrow is sincere ; Death is congenially employing himself as bearer of the funeral plumes ; and in this capacity, bending under the melancholy feathers, he is taking the lead of the procession. The tenants and villagers are standing uncovered as the body of their best friend is borne past ; aged and young alike are giving way to unaffected grief, and it is evident that they regret the loss of a respected and kindly landlord, who has made himself loved by his neighbours.

Plate 31. *The Next Heir.*

'Tis not the time to meet one's fate,
Just ent'ring on a large estate.

The *Next Heir* forms a pendant to the *Good and Great*, and exhibits a picture the contrast of the foregoing. The nephew, a dashing London blade, has succeeded to the title and the estates. He is supposed to arrive post haste at the mansion, which is still plunged in mourning for the late owner. The pastor and the tenants are drawn up to receive their new master. The approach of the departed lord's successor is filling their faces with dismay. The devil-may-care 'blood' is tearing up to the hall in a tandem, his followers are clothed in deep black, but beyond this he displays no regard for the dead; his servants are dashing up on horseback, his huntsman is giving a blast of his horn, his grooms are shouting 'Tally-ho!' and a pack of hounds are barking on all sides. Death is acting as postilion, and as this unthinking heir drives up to the entrance-court his head is caught by the hatchment put up to the late lord, and his mad career is cut short at the very threshold.

Plate 32. *The Chamber War.*

When doctors three the labour share,
No wonder Death attends them there.

The case of the invalid who forms the principal figure in the present subject must indeed be a desperate one, since the doctors, after a wordy warfare disputing over the case of the patient and the proper treatment, have come to blows in real earnest. Medicine bottles, and all the accessories of a sick chamber, are thrown to the ground, the table is overturned, wigs are sent flying, and a regular scrimmage with fisticuffs is taking place. Four practitioners are cuffing one another in the presence of their victim, with professional energy, and the sick nurse is cutting in, attacking the shaven crowns indiscriminately with the utensils which first come to hand. The sufferer is thrown into a mortal fright, but Death has

very considerately called in to attend to his wants, and his disquietude will soon cease beyond the fear of a relapse.

Plate 33. *Death and the Antiquaries.*

Death, jealous of his right, stands sentry
Over the strange burglarious entry.

A party of ardent archæologists are holding a meeting in the abbey. They have obtained permission to open a royal grave, and the sexton has performed his part, and raised the slab of the vault in which the body of a king has reposed undisturbed for centuries. The coffin is raised, the lid removed, and the corpse, with its regal trappings, is laid open to their inspection. Full of enthusiasm, the antiquaries are clustering round the coffin in crowds, eager to get a sight of the decaying monarch. Nor do they heed the risk they run, for Death, jealous of this interference with his rights, is prepared to resent their intrusion; and, mounted on an adjacent tomb, he is about to plunge his dart into the thickest of the learned throng.

Plate 34. *The Dainty Dish.*

This fine hot feast's a preparation
To some for Death's last cold collation.

A sumptuous feast is represented: the handsome dining-room is filled with voracious guests; footmen are waiting on the diners, or attending to side tables; butlers are drawing corks, course is following course, the cook and his assistant train are hurrying in with fresh dishes. Among the waiters, undetected, is our friend the grisly skeleton, who is busying himself with a dish he is conveying to the table. It is the favourite delicacy of the corpulent host, and he has expressed a desire for 'just one slice more' of his esteemed dainty. The grim foe is determined to take the entertainer at his word, and that 'one slice more' will be his last indulgence.

Plate 35. *The Last Stage.*

From hour to hour, from youth to age,
Life's traveller takes th' uncertain stage.

The sketch in this suggestive plate introduces us to the court-yard of the *Dolphin Inn*, a famous posting-house. The life to be found in these coach-yards was attractive material to our artist, and he has delineated with rare skill all the bustle and preparation of a departure. The coach is 'braced' up, the horses are put-to, the guard and his 'helps' are busied in loading luggage on the roof, and stowing parcels in the boot and under the box-seat. Bills are being settled, and farewells said by the passengers, who are booked to travel by the 'stage.' Death is assiduously attending to the loading of the coach, and he is

courteously wedging a stout lady through the doorway. It is likely that he will not quit the travellers yet, but will ride, unobserved, a part of the journey, until, perhaps, in the night he will contrive some fatal upset, and his evil whim will be accomplished.

Plate 36. *Time, Death, and Eternity.*

> The song now bursts beyond the bounds of time,
> And Immortality concludes the rhyme.

After tracing Death's farcical pranks through seventy-one plates, in nearly all of which the mischief projected by the arch-foe is crowned with success, the artist has thought proper to abandon Death's triumphs and to show the enemy at a disadvantage. The scene is allegorically set forth in the despair and overthrow of Time, and the banishment of Death before the Everlasting Angel. The Spirit of Eternity is blowing the last trump. Time is vainly tearing out his forelock; his wings are useless; he is cast on his back, the scythe and hourglass broken, amidst the crumbling monuments around him; pyramids and temples are melting away; the monuments raised by vain man are dissolving, and Death has forfeited his fell sovereignty of destruction. The slayer is slain in turn; his crown has fallen into the abyss, his fatal dart is harmless and snapped asunder, and he, abashed and disconcerted, is crouching from his doom, and falling through to the bottomless pit. So much for the pictorial allegory.

We have specially dwelt on the illustration which Rowlandson designed to finish the first part of the *Dance of Death*, wherein the spectral tyrant is displayed shorn of his terrors. The artist on occasions could sink the ludicrous and rise to the sublime.

The author, as we are inclined to believe, was elevated by the subject brought under his treatment, and, finding the theme congenial to his talents, he exerted himself to bring out its stronger points. In the last picture which concludes the series we are still more impressed with the sense of his fitness for the task. Coombe, when he wrote the concluding verses to this diversified poem, was on the verge of four score; he had fought the battle of life, and found little glory and less profit in the struggle. Nature had endowed him with an agreeable person and sound health, and he was by disposition studious. He had been the idol of an hour, and (rare chance for a scholar) had found a large sum of money at his command, and dissipated sufficient wealth to realise to the full the emptiness of gratifications which depend on mere monetary advantages; he had been taught the worthlessness of fair-weather friends, the hollowness of flatterers, and knew the folly of trusting in the great; he had learned other lessons of life, and could, from his own heart, read many a homily on the deceptiveness of beauty and the quickly withered flowers of passion. He had

incessantly pursued happiness through life; he had been rich, courted, cultivated, temperate, and a discriminating judge of most things that are counted desirable in the world; a ripe scholar and a perfect gentleman—if we may believe contemporary accounts—and he found all this led him to disappointment and the confinement of a debtor's prison.

> When evil tongues hiss forth the foul abuse,
> When Fortune turns away, and friends prove false,
> Man's peaceful refuge is the tomb.

From the depths of his rich experience he had realised that the harbour of refuge 'from life's frequent storms' is found, *not*—

> In the flowery vales where Pleasure sports,
> Nor where Ambition rears the tottering seat;
> 'Tis not within the miser's gloomy cave;
> 'Tis not within the roseate bowers of Love,
> Nor where the pale lamp lights the studious sage
> To midnight toil: alas! it is not there.
> And while we seek in vain amid the great,
> Or on the gorgeous thrones where monarchs sit,
> It often may be found in humble cot
> Where Virtue with the honest peasant dwells.
> And what is virtue? 'Tis the conscious power
> Of acting right in spite of every foe
> That may oppose its base, malicious aim
> To check the pure designs which it inspires.
> It is to stem the tide Corruption rolls
> O'er half the world, to curb the impetuous will
> Of lawless passion, and, on life's vast stage,
> To act that noble part which will attain
> The good man's praise and the applause of Heaven.
> Yes, virtue, potent virtue, can secure
> 'Gainst every peril; 'tis a triple shield
> To him who has it 'gainst the pointed darts
> Of ev'ry enemy; the hour of death,
> With all its gloom, gives not a fear to him
> Who triumphs o'er the grave; he stands secure
> Amid the ruins of a fallen world.
> Virtue will listen to the trumpet's sound
> With holy awe, yet hear it unappall'd,
> And feels ETERNITY its destin'd sphere:
> When all the works of man shake to their base,
> And the world melts away whereon they stood;
> When TIME'S last agonising hour is come,
> And DEATH, who from Creation's pregnant hour
> Has made the world a grave, himself shall die;

When man from his long slumber shall awake,
And the day breaks that never more shall close;
Then Virtue shall its promis'd glory claim,
And find it, too, at the o'erflowing source
Of Heaven's stupendous and eternal joys.

1817.

1817–1823. *The Vicar of Wakefield, a Tale, by Doctor Goldsmith.* Illustrated with twenty-four designs by Thomas Rowlandson. Etchings dated May 1,

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

1817. London, published by R. Ackermann, at the Repository of Arts. Republished 1823.

Sperate Miseri, Cavete Felices.

Frontispiece.—The Vicar of Wakefield, a character eminently calculated to inculcate benevolence, humanity, patience in sufferings, and reliance on Providence.

2. The Social Evening.
3. The Departure for Wakefield.
4. Sophia Rescued from the Water.
5. The Welcome.
6. The Squire's Intrusion.
7. Mr. Burchell's First Visit.
8. The Dance.
9. Fortune-telling.
10. The Vicar's Family on their Road to Church.
11. Hunting the Slipper.
12. The Gross of Green Spectacles.
13. The Vicar Selling his Horse.
14. The Family Picture.
15. The Vicar in company with Strolling Players.
16. The Surprise.
17. The Stage. George Primrose as 'Horatio.'
18. Attendance on a Nobleman.
19. A Connoisseur Mellowing the Tone of a Picture.
20. The Scold, with News of Olivia.
21. The Fair Penitent.
22. Domestic Arrangements in Prison.
23. The Vicar Preaching to the Prisoners.
24. The Wedding.

The Family Picture.—'My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner who travelled the country and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us; and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner—for what else could I do?—our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste—no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style; and after many debates at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel, for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical

figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting on a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indi-

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

cation of his desire to be introduced into the family; nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work; and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours, for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and

painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's longboat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it got in.'

THE DANCE OF LIFE: A POEM.

By the Author of 'Doctor Syntax' (William Coombe).

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-SIX COLOURED ENGRAVINGS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, REPOSITORY OF ARTS, 101 STRAND. 8vo.

'*Advertisement.*—The eight monthly numbers to which this work was limited being completed, it is presented to the public in an accumulated volume. Though an acquaintance has taken place between the artist and the writer, the same principle has in a great degree, if not altogether, predominated in the originality of the designs and attendant illustrations of them as produced the *Tour of Doctor Syntax* and the *Dance of Death*.'

Illustrations.

Frontispiece.—*The Dance of Life*; a panoramic scroll, on which Rowlandson's pictures which illustrate the series are represented in miniature. Father Time, with his accessories of scythe, hourglass, and globe, is acting as showman and pointing out the subjects of the work to a group of spectators, whose faces and attitudes are expressive of the admiration and interest which the pictorial history is exciting.

Titlepage.—The vignette of a lightly touched and gracefully drawn female dancing figure, with a scarf airily floating from her shoulders. The nymph is encircled by a ring of pretty children, hand in hand, who are dancing round her; while roses are scattered at the feet of the group.

1. *Infancy.*—The hero is introduced to the world as an infant.

> The Dance of Life begins, with all its charms
> In the fond dandling of the nurse's arms.

2. *Childhood.*—The first tutor.

> The tender nurse's care is now resign'd
> To the first grave instructor of the mind.

3. *Boyhood.*—The public school.

> The stern preceptor, with his threat'ning nod,
> Calls in the wise correction of the rod.

4. *Youth.*—An undergraduate at Oxford.

Wine makes the head to ache; but will the art
Of the grave, solemn lecture reach the heart?

5. *Foreign Tour.*—Setting forth on his Continental travels. The parting from home.

To part with thee, my boy, how great the pain!
How great the joy to see thee once again!

6. *Foreign Tour.*—Posting in France.

'Tis hop'd, midst foreign scenes some power he'll find
To mend his manners and improve his mind.

7. *Foreign Tour.*—A scene in the Palais-Royal.

He pays his lively court, as 'tis the *ton*,
To the fat Princess of the Mille Colonnes.

8. *The Return.*—The traveller hurries home on the death of his father.

The widow'd mother hastens forth to meet
Her son, Sir Henry, at his ancient seat.

9. *The Chase.*—A fatal fall; his affianced bride is thrown and killed.

The hounds the flying stag pursue;
But Dian does the hunting rue.

10. *Fashionable Life.*—Plan for new buildings. The architect, &c.

At the first step in folly's wanton waste
He pulls his mansion down, to show his taste.

11. Coaching on Hounslow Heath.

Of four-in-hand he gains the vulgar rage:
Wields his long whip, and overturns a stage.

12. The Midnight Masquerade.

The mask, that scene of wanton folly,
May convert mirth to melancholy.

13. The Billiard-table and its votaries.

By gamblers link'd in Folly's noose,
Play ill or well, he's sure to lose.

14. The Ring, Newmarket Heath.

The victim of the betting-post:
His bets as soon as made are lost.

15. A Mistress *à la mode.*

For such a wild and placid dear
He pays two thousand pounds a year.

16. The Election : close of the poll : chairing the member.

For my own good, and yours, I'm bent,
My worthy friends, tow'rds Parliament.

17. Imprisoned for debt, the hero resists the temptations held out by a Jew and a scrivener.

In his oppress'd and adverse hour
Virtue assumes its former power.

18. A change of circumstances : coming into an unexpected fortune, left the hero by the father of his affianced bride, whose death is shown (plate 9).

The wild exuberance of joy
May reason's sober power destroy.

19. A social gathering in the new mansion. Ladies and a musical evening.

Sweet is the voice whose powers can move
And call the vagrant heart to love.

20. The hero selects a wife. The nuptial ceremony.

Blest Hymen, whose propitious hour
Restores to Virtue all its power.

21. Dragging the lake.

Rural sports are better far
Than all his former pleasures were,

22. A case of poaching. Sir Henry is sitting as magistrate at Graceful Hall. His wife is pleading for the unfortunate prisoners (poachers).

To soothe the rigours of the laws
Let beauty plead the culprits' cause.

23. Worshipping on the Sabbath. The Squire in his pew.

By piety's due rights 'tis given
To hold communion with Heaven.

24. Sir Henry, surrounded by his children and his friends, is tranquilly passing his declining years.

Here Virtue views, with smiling pride,
The pleasures of her fireside.

1817. *Grotesque Drawing Book; the World in Miniature, consisting of groups of figures for the illustration of landscape scenery.* Forty plates, 8vo. London.

1817. *Journal of Sentimental Travels in the Southern Provinces of France.* Illustrated with eighteen plates by T. Rowlandson. 8vo. Published by R. Ackermann. (See 1821.)

1817. *World in Miniature.* Containing fifty-eight etchings. 4to. (See 1816.)

1817. *Pleasures of Human Life.*

1818.

January 20, 1818. *The Last Jig, or Adieu to Old England.* Published by T. Tegg.

1818. *Wild Irish, or Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind.* Designed, etched, and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi. Republished 1818.—One of the series published by the artist, to the finish, execution, and colouring of which he devoted extra care. The scene pictures a haymaking festivity. Paddy from Cork, hayfork in hand, has literally turned his coat hind part before; he is dancing in company with another swain, who is holding a whisky-jug, and a fellow Patlander, fiddling and capering for very life, beside two buxom lasses, who are flourishing hayrakes and throwing themselves into the most attractive attitudes. Groups suggestive of both rural felicity and a terrific combat in combination are figured in the distance, as the true Patland ideal of finishing a day's pleasure.

1818 (?). *Doncaster Fair, or the Industrious Yorkshire Bites.* Designed, etched, and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—The principal figure in the foreground group is a buxom but hardly gentle keeperess of a *knock-'em-down* stand. The lady, clad in a soldier's old jacket, with ragged skirts and defective hose, is holding in one arm an instalment of sticks—'three throws a penny'—and is demanding her fee, a trifle boisterously, from a smock-clad yokel, who is diving into his short-clothes pocket for the coppers which do not appear to be forthcoming. Other rustics are taking their pastime at the same amusement, and one, in perplexity, is scratching his head. The bustle of a country fair is set forth in the distance; there is the usual display of booths and mountebanks, countrymen on horseback, love-making in carts, stalls, and struggling groups of sightseers.

1818. *The Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy.* A Poem, in four cantos, with Plates by Rowlandson, from the Author's designs. By Alfred Burton. Published by W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Court, Ludgate Street.

Frontispiece.—Asleep on the Masthead.
Leaving Home.
'The Admiral has made it sunset, sir!'
Turning in—and out again.
Seasick.
Sent to hear the dog-fish bark.
Seized up in the Rigging.
Cobbed—Watch! Watch!
Crossing the Line.
Sheerness Boat.
Plymouth Playhouse.
Going to Ivy Bridge.
In the Grocer's Shop.
Johnny and Maria.
Mast-headed.
'The Captain's going out of the ship, gentlemen!'

1819.

May 9, 1819. *A Rough Sketch of the Times, as delineated by Sir Francis Burdett.* Published by T. Tegg (15).—Sir Francis Burdett is shown standing in the centre of the picture, a scarf thrown over his shoulders is marked *Magna Charta* and *Bills of Rights*; he holds the Genius of *Honour* and *Integrity* firmly clasped by the hand, and, pointing to *The Monster of Corruption*, observes: 'Look here upon this picture, and on this, and then judge for yourselves.' The persons of both patriot and monster are mapped out with inscriptions, their several parts being typically labelled: '*The Genius of Honour* rejoices in a sound mind;' 'An eye ever watchful to the welfare of his fellow-citizens;' 'A tongue that never belied a good heart;' 'An upright breast and an honest heart;' 'A shoulder that never shrinks in trouble;' 'A plain liver and a lover of peace and plenty;' 'Pockets ever open to the necessities of fellow-creatures;' 'A knee to religion;' 'Legs ever steady in his country's cause;' and 'Feet to crush tyranny;' while in his 'Hand of Justice' is displayed a declaration of these principles: 'A staunch supporter of the Bill of Rights; an advocate for a fair representation of the people, and an enemy to bribery and corruption.' The attributes of the corrupt candidate are less flattering. The head of the monster is marked 'Professions and promises;' his nose has 'a scent for Interest;' his huge eye is devoted to Interest, and his mouth to Guile; he bears the 'Collar of Corruption;' 'a cringing soul,' 'a pampered appetite;' 'a rotten borough,' and 'secret service money' mark his trunk; his 'arms of power' end in 'hands of extortion,' which grasp 'pensions, reversions, perquisites of office, and bags of bribery;' he is supported on 'legs of luxury and feet of connivance.'

1819. *Who killed Cock Robin? A Satirical Tragedy, or Hieroglyphic Prophecy on the Manchester Blot!!!* (Pamphlet.) London: Printed and published by John Cahnac, 8vo., p. 23. Plate of *Manchester Massacre*, by T. Rowlandson.

1819. *Female Intrepidity, or the Heroic Maiden.* (Chap-book) With a folding frontispiece by T. Rowlandson.

1820.

1820 (about). *Chemical Lectures.* Designed and published by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.—Sir Humphrey Davy is exhibiting experiments at the Royal Institution before a highly respectable audience of visitors and members of both sexes. An antiquated fogey, who has evidently no opinion of the brilliant young lecturer, is snarling at the demonstrations. A treatise of the period, *Accum's Lectures,* is shown in his coat-pocket.

1820. *Rowlandson's Characteristic Sketches of the Lower Orders, intended as a companion to the New Picture of London. Consisting of fifty-four plates, neatly coloured.* Printed for Samuel Leigh, 18 Strand, London.

'*Advertisement.*—The British public must be already acquainted with numerous productions from the inimitable pencil of Mr. Rowlandson, who has particularly distinguished himself in this department.

'There is so much truth and genuine feeling in his delineations of human character, that no one can inspect the present collection without admiring his masterly style of drawing and admitting his just claim to originality.

'The great variety of countenance, expression and situation, evince an active and lively feeling, which he has so happily infused into the drawings, as to divest them of that broad caricature which is too conspicuous in the works of those artists who have followed his manner. Indeed, we may venture to assert that, since the time of Hogarth, no artist has appeared in this country who could be considered his superior, or even his equal.'

Frontispiece.—Menagerie. A Beef-eater exhibiting the Royal Wild Beast Show at the Tower.

Drayman.
Chairs to Mend.
Cherries.
Wine Cooper.
Cucumbers.
Singing Birds.
A Peep at the Comet.
Grinder.
Bagpipes.
Roasted Apples.
Distressed Sailors.
Sweeps.

Matches.
Coalheavers.
Oysters.
Cooper.
Sweet Lavender.
Last Dying Speech.
Old Clothes.
Curds and Whey.
'Pray remember the poor Sweeper.'
Butcher.
Itinerant Musicians.
Door Mats.
Earthenware.
Raree Show.
Images.
'All Hot.'
Strawberries.
Dog's Meat.
Rhubarb.
Baker.
Tinker.
Flounders.
Baskets.
Milk.
Hot Cross Buns.
Walnuts to Pickle.
Hackney Coachman.
'Buy my sweet Roses.'
Poodles.
Firemen.
Ballad Singer.
Shoeblack.
Placard. (Lottery Prizes.)
'Past One o'clock' (Watchman).
Postman.
Billet-doux.
Bandboxes.
Great News.
Saloop. (Stall of Saloop-tea seller.)

1820. *The Second Tour of Doctor Syntax, in Search of Consolation.* Illustrated with twenty-four plates by T. Rowlandson. Royal 8vo. Published by R. Ackermann, Repository of Arts. (See description of *Doctor Syntax's Three Tours*, 1812.)

1821.

May, 1821. *A Smoky House and a Scolding Wife.* Published at 22 Marylebone Street, Portland Chapel.—A suffering mortal is seated at an unfurnished dinner-table; the man's hands are clasped, his brows are knit, and his lips tightly closed, in an effort to maintain his patience and his temper under two exasperating provocatives to violence. Placed before the bent-down martyr to domestic infirmities is a phantom bone of mutton; presumably the husband has taken exception both to the insufficiency of the joint and the superabundance of smoke, which is eddying round in volumes, and is filling the apartment with dense blackness; while his better half, sailing like a fury out of the gloom, is an object to inspire terror in the boldest heart, and the stings of the sharp tongue are apparently even more intimidating than her nails or her knuckles, all of which weapons of offence are enlisted against her pitiable helpmate.

1821. *Tricks on the Turf, or Settling how to Lose a Race.* Published by T. Rowlandson.—A scene on a racecourse; the race-horses, led round to be saddled, are seen in the background. A smart young jockey, with his saddle strapped across his own back, and whip in hand, in readiness to begin the race, is receiving the parting instructions of a wily old turfite, who wears a cocked hat, a pigtail, a triple-caped coat, top-boots and spurs. This shrewd trickster is evidently giving his rider certain secret instructions which he would probably not like to hear published abroad on his own authority. The subject of this satire, together with the scandals about the Prince of Wales's horse *Escape* and his jockey, prove that even in the early days of the Turf its reputation was not immaculate nor its patrons above suspicion.

1821. *Journal of Sentimental Travels in the Southern Provinces of France shortly before the Revolution, embellished with seventeen coloured engravings from designs by T. Rowlandson, Esq.* London: Published by R. Ackermann, 101 Strand.

'We travellers are in very hard circumstances. If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull and have observed nothing. If we tell anything new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantic.'—*Lady M. W. Montague's Letters.*

Frontispiece.—The Tribunal at Avignon.
Table d'hôte.
Searched by Douaniers on the French Frontiers.
Consulting the Prophet.
The Prophet discovering himself and exposing the deception.
The Arrival in Paris. Offers of services
Liberality to infirm Beggars on leaving Yvri.
Rural Happiness at Caverac.
Pleasures of a *poste aux Anes.*
The Embrace.
At Avignon. First Sight of Clara.
At the Tomb of Laura.
Auction of Relics at Avignon.
A Prisoner at Avignon.
Mistakes at Cavaillon.
A Tragic Story at Avignon.
The Sacred Page displayed.
The Inn at Marseilles.

The Douaniers.—'No native of the German side of the Rhine can pass from the territory of Baden to that of France without carrying along with him a certain respect for his country, which he will act wisely to conceal, like any other contraband commodity. This precaution I impressed upon myself as soon as the four horses, whose neighing seemed to express the same feeling, were put to the carriage at the last post-station at Kehl.

'This little place, situated partly on one, and partly on the other side of the Rhine, possesses an equivocal sort of character, which, like the modest, innocent look of a frail fair one, is of great advantage in the way of its trade.

'The reflections on that extraordinary genius Voltaire, whom the mercantile spirit of Beaumarchais contrived to banish to this intermediate spot between Germany and France—excited as I passed the extensive printing office established here for promoting the circulation of his works—were too multifarious for the shortest of all stages; for the life of this extraordinary mortal would afford abundant matter for contemplation during a tour round the globe, without being even then exhausted. My mind standing before him, like a dwarf before a colossus, was about to measure his greatness, when I was under the disagreeable necessity of turning the looks of my admiration another way, in order to cast them with contempt upon the most miserable of all the *employés* of the King, who waited my arrival at the barriers of Strasburg. The postilion seemed to be thinking no more about them than myself, but the cry of "Stop, scoundrel!" from the

throats of ten of these varlets suddenly arrested the smart trot at which he was about to pass them. I was instantly surrounded by the rascals, who enquired what I would give to save my baggage from examination. "Nothing ! nothing !" cried I, in a tone that would have scared the nymphs of the Rhine. "Nothing ?" re-bellowed the incorruptible agents of the Custom House. "Nothing !" I re-iterated. "I never make bargains with such fellows." With a profusion of curses and oaths they fell to work upon my baggage, which they ransacked with all the avidity of rats that have got scent of a savoury piece of bacon.

SEARCHED BY DOUANIERS ON THE FRENCH FRONTIERS.

'Indeed, a small bribe would have prevented all this, but I was too much out of temper to submit to give alms to these beggars who had so rudely disturbed my meditations; for this reason my obstinacy—why should I not call the child by its right name ?—had received a severe reproof.'

1821. *Le Don Quichotte Romantique, ou Voyage du Docteur Syntaxe à la Recherche du Pittoresque et Romantique.* 28 Illustrations drawn on stone (after the designs of Rowlandson) by Malapeau. Lith. de G. Engelmann. Paris. (See description of *The Three Tours of Doctor Syntax*, 1812.)

1822.

1822. · *The History of Johnny Quæ Genus; the little Foundling of the late Doctor Syntax. A poem by the author of the Three Tours* (William Combe). Embellished with twenty-four coloured engravings by T. Rowlandson. 8vo. London : Published by R. Ackermann, at the Repository of Arts.

What various views of our uncertain state
These playful, unassuming rhymes relate !—ANON.

Introduction to the history of *Quæ Genus*.—'The favour which has been bestowed on the different tours of Doctor Syntax has encouraged the writer of them to give a "History of the Foundling," who has been thought an interesting object in the latter of those volumes, and it is written in the same style and manner, with a view to connect it with them.

'This child of chance, it is presumed, is led through a track of life not unsuited to the peculiarity of his condition and character, while its varieties, as in the former works, are represented by the pencil of Mr. Rowlandson with its accustomed characteristic felicity.

'The idea of an English *Gil Blas* predominated through the whole of this volume, which must be considered as fortunate in no common degree, if its readers, in the course of their perusal, should be disposed to acknowledge even a remote similitude to the incomparable works of Le Sage.

'THE AUTHOR.

'*Johnny Quæ Genus !* What a name
To offer to the voice of Fame !
. . . . .
But howsoe'er the thing we view,
Our little Johnny's title's new :
Or for the child, or for the man,
In an old phrase, 'tis *spick* and *span*.
Besides, as most folks do agree,
To find a charm in novelty,
'Tis the first time that grammar rule,
Which makes boys tremble when at school,

Did with the name an union crave
Which at the font a sponsor gave.
But whether 'twas in hum'rous mood
Or by some classic whim pursued,
Or as, in Eton's Grammar known,
It bore relation to his own,
Syntax, it was at Whitsuntide,
And a short time before he died,
In pleasant humour, after dinner,
Surnam'd, in wine, the little sinner.
And thus, amid the table's roar,
Gave him, from good old Lilly's store,
A name which none e'er had before.'

This quotation from the opening of Combe's Hudibrastic narrative will account for the originality of the hero's eccentric title.

Rowlandson's illustrations are as follows :—

Quæ Genus on his Journey to London.
,, in search of Service.
,, relating his History to Sir Jeffery.
,, at Oxford.
,, Conflict with Lawyer Gripeall.
,, with the Sheep-shearers.
,, assisting a Traveller.
,, in the Sports of the Kitchen.
,, in the Service of Sir Jeffery Gourmand.
,, with a Quack Doctor.
,, with a Spendthrift.
,, attending on a Sporting Finale.
,, in the Service of a Miser.
,, and the Money Lenders.
,, officiating at a Gaming-table.
,, with a Portrait Painter.
,, gives a grand party.
,, interrupts a *tête-à-tête.*
,, committed, with a riotous dancing party, to the Watchhouse.
,, engaged with jovial friends, or who Sings best.
The party breaking up, and *Quæ Genus* breaking down.

Quæ Genus turned out of a House which he mistakes for his own.
„ and Creditors.
„ discovers his Father.

1822. *Rowlandson's Sketches from Nature.*

A View near Richmond. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
A View near Newport, Isle of Wight. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
Temple at Strawberry Hill. Rowlandson del., 1822. Stradler aquatinta.
Stamford, Lincolnshire. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
Taunton Vale, Somersetshire. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
The Seat of M. Mitchell Esq., Hengar, Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
West Loo, Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson.
Village of St. Udy, Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
A view in Devonshire. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
View near Bridport, Dorsetshire. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson.
Fowey, Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
View on the River Camel, Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson.
A View in Camelford, Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
A Cottage in the Duchy of Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson. Stradler aquatinta.
View at Blisland, near Bodmin, Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson.
Clearing a Wreck on the north coast of Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson.
Rouler Moor, Cornwall. Drawn and etched by Rowlandson.

1822. *The Third Tour of Doctor Syntax. In Search of a Wife.* Royal 8vo., with 25 Illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. Published by R. Ackermann. (See description of *Doctor Syntax's Three Tours*, 1812.)

1822. *Die Reise des Doktor Syntax, um das Malerische aufzusuchen. Ein Gedicht frei aus dem Englischen ins Deutsche übertragen.* Lith. v. F. E. Rademacher, Berlin. (See description of *The Three Tours of Doctor Syntax*, 1812.)

1822. *Crimes of the Clergy.* 8vo. Two plates by Thomas Rowlandson.

1823.

June 13, 1823. *Not at Home, or a Disappointed Dinner-hunter.* Published by John Fairburn, Broadway, Ludgate Hill.—The dinner-hunter, evidently a well-to-do but miserly person, to whom avarice dictates the pursuit of the victuals of his acquaintances, has called at the well-appointed house of a friend at the exact dinner-hour, since a boy from an adjacent public-house is handing in the beer; but the footman, who recognises the visitor's object, is prepared with the chilling information, 'Not at home.' On the opposite side of the street is represented an *à la mode* beef shop, to which sundry stout diners are resorting. The execution of this plate is above the average, the etching being worked out with both care and spirit. A companion print, executed with similar finish, was issued by the same publisher.

June 19, 1823. *An Old Poacher Caught in a Snare.*—The old poacher has evidently come on a dangerous quest, and is fairly trapped. The object of his snares, a handsome and elegantly-drawn lady, is thrusting the old sinner, suddenly disturbed by the unexpected return of the husband, into the embrasure of the fireplace, and endeavouring to conceal the marauder with the board which was used to close the chimneypiece. The injured spouse has evidently been out hunting, and has purposely returned on a more particular quest; whip in hand, he is bursting into the room. The hat and stick of the hoary poacher are thrown to the ground, and the hunter's hounds are tearing in on a good scent which promises fitting retribution to be dealt on the head of the detected evil-doer.

1823. *Hot Goose, Cabbage, and Cucumbers.*

September 18, 1823. *The Chance-seller of the Exchequer Putting an Extinguisher on Lotteries.* Published by Tom Brown, Peter Street, Westminster.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer is literally extinguishing Fortune, who is represented as a comely and youthful winged female holding a well-filled purse in one hand and a lottery prize for 2,000*l.* in the other. At her feet are caskets of gems and jewels; she is seated on well-filled sacks; behind her is the wheel of fortune. A crowd of Bluecoat Boys are urging their entreaties. 'Come, madam,' cries the Chancellor, 'put on your nightcap.' A chorus of cries of

disappointment proceeds from a mob of persons in front. One agonised lady of elegant exterior is praying: 'Stop; let me get a prize first.' A laundress, pointing to the washing-tub, cries, 'Let her alone; take off the soap tax.' 'Shut up the subscription houses,' urges another. A cobbler shouts, 'Give us a lottery, and no leather tax;' another cries out, 'No tax on tallow,' and a parson denounces horse-racing. On the column behind Madame Fortune suggestive placards are pasted: 'Races, King's Cup,' 'Reform Parliament, Public Morals,' and '*Fudge: a Farce.*' Various Ministerial and Parliamentary critics are discussing the new measure. One is saying, 'Little Van [Vansittart] knew better than to abolish a voluntary tax;' another is pointing out, 'He's only a young Chancellor;' while a third, alluding to the popular outcry in relation to existing imposts, remarks, 'Hear, hear! I knew they'd grumble.' A less disinterested party is taking the opportunity to secure prize bags, gold-dust 'pickings and fillings' from the upset of Fortune's cornucopia; he cries, 'Persevere, and the saints shall praise you.'

1823. *Third Tour of Doctor Syntax.* Royal 8vo.

1823. *The Three Tours of Doctor Syntax.* Pocket edition, 3 vols. 16mo. (See description of *The Three Tours of Doctor Syntax*, 1812.)

1823. *Oliver Goldsmith. The Vicar of Wakefield.* 8vo. Illustrated with 24 plates by Thomas Rowlandson. (See 1817.)

1823. *C. M. Westmacott. The Spirit of the Public Journals for the years* 1823-4-5. 3 vols. 8vo. (See 1825.)

1823. *The Toothache, or Torment and Torture.*—The village Jack-of-all-trades, a very imposing, grave, and learned professor in appearance, is drawn in the exercise of one branch of his multifarious vocations. A stout wench has called in to have an obstinate grinder dragged out of her head; '*torment and torture*' are mild terms for the operation. The patient is seated in the chair of agony. Factotum's assistant, a lad whose offices seem as diversified as those of his master, has brought an elegant pair of horse-pliers for the delicate process of extraction. A dog is setting up a sympathetic howl; this animal is one of the grotesque nondescripts which Rowlandson delighted to depict after his own theories, careless whether literal critics, unfamiliar with his admirable studies after nature, took upon themselves to assert that he could not master the drawing of animals. From the agonised expression which the artist has succeeded in throwing into the canine features it would appear as if Toby was also a patient attending the dentist's tender offices in his turn. An old country dame who is also distracted with a raging molar is waiting without. One branch of our friend's business is obviously flourishing. Although the rustic practitioner does not display his diploma from the College of Surgeons, or his licence to kill by authority, he has nailed up a certificate with which, it is probable, he is equally satisfied: '*Barnaby*

Factotum ; Draws Teeth, Bleeds and Shaves ; Wigs made here ; also Sausages. Wash Balls, Black Puddings, Scotch Pills, Powder for the Itch, Red Herrings,

THE TOOTHACHE, OR TORMENT AND TORTURE.

Breeches Balls, and Small Beer by the Maker. '*In Utrumque Paratus.*' There is an air of verisimilitude about this advertisement which reads like an actual transcript.

1825.

1825. *Bernard Blackmantle. The Spirit of the Public Journals for the Year* 1824. *With Explanatory Notes by C. M. Westmacott.* With illustrations on wood by T. Rowlandson, R. and G. Cruikshank, Lane, and Findlay. London: Published by Sherwood, Jones, & Co., Paternoster Row.

Advertisement.—In the preliminary notice the editor, Mr. Westmacott, specially alludes to the assistance given by our artist: 'It is with some degree of pride the editor requests his reader's examination of the illustrations to this volume, combining as they do specimens of the first graphic humour of the time; not the least admirable of which are eleven original designs by the veteran Rowlandson, whose facetious pencil appears to acquire additional richness with his lengthened years. For these the editor is more indebted to *personal friendship* than *motives of interest*, and they are therefore in his estimation doubly valuable.'

Designs by T. Rowlandson.

Vignette to title.—A group of little Cupids, harnessed, and drawing a car of classic shape, loaded with contributions from the newspapers—

> The choicest fancies, grave and gay,
> They register'd from day to day.

Mrs. Ramsbottom in the Packet. ('Mrs. Ramsbottom's Tour,' *John Bull.*)

Ill-requited Love, or Miss Hannah Maria Juliana Shum. ('Sketches at Bow Street,' *Herald.*)

Two at a Time, or Irish Accidents. ('Sketches at Bow Street,' *Bell's Life in London.*)

The Petticoat Whip, or a Lift for Love. ('Sketches at Bow Street,' *Bell's Life in London.*)

The Charley's Mistake, or Royalty Doubly Endangered. (*Bell's Life in London.*)

Teddy the Tailor, or a Troublesome Customer. ('Sketches at Bow Street,' *Bell's Life in London.*)

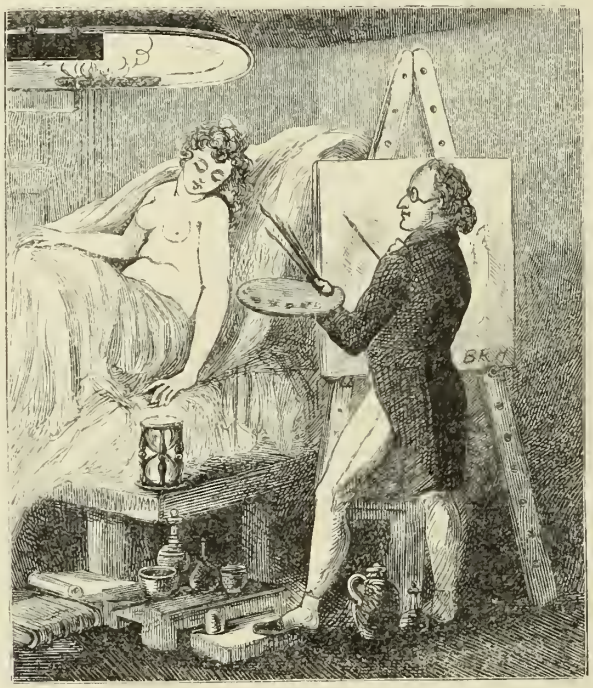
The Man-of-War's Man, or Sketches of Society. ('Greenwich Hospital,' *Literary Gazette.*)

The Mayor of Portsmouth and the Horse Witness.

The Bold Dragoon, or the Adventure of my Grandfather. ('Tales of a Traveller,' *News of Literature and Fashion.*)

Sporting Extraordinary, or Cockney Comicalities. By Charley Eastup. (*Annals of Sporting and Fashion.*)

1825. *Bernard Blackmantle* (Charles Molloy Westmacott). *The English Spy.* The illustrations designed by Robert Cruikshank. In two volumes.



R.—A.—YS OF GENIUS REFLECTING ON THE TRUE LINE OF BEAUTY

London, 8vo. Plate 32. *R.—A.—ys of Genius Reflecting on the True Line of Beauty at the Life Academy, Somerset House.* By Thomas Rowlandson.—This plate, which is dated June 1, 1824 (published by Sherwood & Jones), was not, we fancy, designed expressly for the *English Spy*, as we cannot fail to recognise it as an adaptation of a very spirited caricature by the artist belonging to a considerably earlier period, and described as *Drawing from the Nude.* In the original the students are dressed in the costume of some forty years anterior to 1824; their quainter persons are delineated with more grotesque spirit and boldness of treatment. Be this as it may, whether Rowlandson has obliged his friend Westmacott by adding new figures, or whether the original design has

been otherwise supplemented with later portraits, the female model remains much as she is found in the larger drawing. The artists, who are working from the life in this more modern version, are chiefly Royal Academicians, as far as the privileged circle is concerned, and the portraits are studied with care. M. A. Shee is seated on the ground ; one of the Landseers is above him ; the person of Benjamin West, arrayed in decorous black, with his knee-breeches, silk stockings, and laced frill, bears a resemblance to a Court physician ; Westmacott, Jones, Chantrey, and half a dozen other artists, evident likenesses, are portrayed with a certain attention to securing resemblance. In the right-hand corner, standing at an easel, is the figure of B. R. Haydon ; and seated between this unfortunate artist and the fair model is another student, on whose drawing-board are the initials 'C. W.,' which may be intended as a complimentary introduction of the person of Charles Westmacott, the author of the publication in question. This plate, which is a highly interesting addition to Blackmantle's *English Spy*, is the only full-page illustration due to the caricaturist ; and Mr. William Bates, B.A., commenting on this contribution in an interesting sketch of Rowlandson's works, pronounces it decisively 'the best plate in the work.' The first volume contains numerous vignettes on wood, which the index describes as being 'from original designs by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and Finlay, engraved by Bonner and Hughes.' These engravings are neither signed nor ascribed to the respective designers mentioned in the index ; but, as far as we can trace, very little is offered of Rowlandson's beyond the advertisement of his name.

1831.

THE HUMOURIST.

A COMPANION FOR THE CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE. BY W. H. HARRISON.

Embellished by Fifty Engravings, exclusive of numerous Vignettes from Designs by

THE LATE THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

LONDON : PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, 96 STRAND ; AND SOLD BY R. ACKERMANN, JUN., 191 REGENT STREET, 1831.

The author, in his preface, thus refers to the circumstances under which these illustrations by a deceased artist have been imported into an annual :—

'Of the embellishments to which, after the manner of annuals in general, the matter has been adapted, it will be a sufficient recommendation to state that the designs have been carefully selected from a great variety of original drawings by the late Mr. Rowlandson, the humour of whose pencil has been long universally acknowledged, and no expense has been spared to render the engravings worthy of the subjects.'

The principal illustrations are as follows :—

Frontispiece. *The Humourist and her Crew.*—The model of a ship, drawn by a donkey, followed by an escort of seamen, who have severally lost a leg in the service of their country ; they are singing lustily, and appealing to the charitably inclined.

Vignette. *The Doctors Puzzled.*—A circle of grave practitioners.

,, ,, ,, A learned consultation.

,, Death pounding a mortar, as the apothecary's assistant. ('Great allowance to dealers in quack medicines.') This subject occurs in the *Dance of Death* (1814).

I have a secret art to cure
Each malady which men endure.

Uncle Timothy.—A fat equestrian trying to mount a restive steed.

Vignette. Umbrella flirtations on horseback.

The March of Intellect.—A bibliophilist doctor rummaging a bookstall.

The Man of Business.—A grave curmudgeon turning his back on the beguilements of certain pretty oyster-wenches at their stall.

The Rivals.—A scene outside the premises of Dorothy Dump, clear-starcher, and the box of a tailor. The knight of the thimble has thrust his head out of his narrow window, while he listens in consternation to the railings of the elderly clear-starcher, who is jealously disputing the right of a young and buxomly-developed fair to the attentions of the 'snip' their neighbour.

An Enemy bearing down: Hope in the distance.—An enraged bull is throwing various rural pedestrians into commotion. A stout lady is endeavouring to escape over a stile; a one-legged veteran is hurrying her movements, as his own position is becoming precarious; and a young damsel is left sprawling on the grass; meanwhile the infuriated brute is receiving a check from a dog, which he is endeavouring to toss.

Too Hot and too Late.—Several stout Sunday excursionists, at various distances apart, are toiling up a hill in the broiling midday sun to reach a suburban tavern, where is held, as was the custom at that period, an ordinary on holidays for the benefit of Cockney travellers. A stout pedestrian, mopping his forehead, and followed by his panting dog, who takes after his master in obesity, is at the bottom of the hill; the pair are evidently epicures, and the prospect of the ascent with the probability of arriving only to find the viands swept away by the eager appetites of earlier arrivals is evidently filling their minds with dread.

Fire and Water.—A riverside alehouse; customers on benches, indulging in pots and pipes. A waterman, who is probably indebted to the alewife, is receiving a warm reception on the ground of unliquidated scores of long standing which he has attempted to increase.

Steering.—An old admiral, driving his wife in a curricle, has some difficulty in restraining the skittishness of a pair of badly-trained steeds, whose eccentric career is threatening the whole concern with annihilation.

Bar Practice.—Interior of a tavern, guests at tables; in the front of the picture is the saloon; a showy counter-maid is compounding a bowl of punch for a brace of customers, a military and a sporting buck, who are leaning over the bar and exchanging pleasantries with the landlady.

Getting Cash for Notes.—A blind Scotch bagpiper, going his rounds of the country, is passing a cottage; certain charitable damsels, who are clustered about the portal are acknowledging the piper's notes with coppers.

A Timekeeper.—A Doctor of Music, in his robes, is beating time with a roll of music, and conducting a mixed choir of girls and lads; all the members of the party are evidently bawling their utmost and straining their tuneful throats.

The Italian Scribe. An out-of-doors Amanuensis.—A similar subject to that represented in the *Letters from Italy*, republished as *Naples and the Campagna Felice* (1809–13). (See *The Letter Writer*, 1815.)

Love in a Box.—A Hebrew gentleman, evidently a Shylock, is gravely trudging along the ways of some Continental city—it may be Venice—with a bunch of keys in his hand; three picturesque and Masaniello-like looking porters are in his train, one is bearing a trunk, and two are carrying, suspended on a pole, a large square receptacle, the contents of which are implied to be of a romantic nature.

The Pleasures of Solitude.—An old gourmand is solacing his solitary state of dining by an excess of creature-comforts; his servants are bringing in fresh courses to add to a selection of dishes already amply sufficient for the needs of an individual, and his butler is supplying him with wine on an excessive scale.

Rich and Poor.—A pensioner, minus a leg, and otherwise under the 'slings of adverse fortune,' has called to solicit some trifling assistance from a wealthy sybarite; the poor man's exertions in the representation of his case seem thrown away, as the person solicited is so deaf to his eloquence that, even with the assistance of a trumpet, he fails to hear the appeal of the suitor.

Village Politicians.—The wiseheads of the hamlet are portentously discussing the contents of a news sheet in the vicinity of the sign of the 'Bugle Horn.'

A Disciplinarian.—A Zantippe of a wife, with a flood of invective, is driving her cowed husband before her, whose advance is further accelerated by the liberal exercise of a stout cudgel, which is raining strokes on the bent back of the unmanned and overawed victim.

An Admirer.—A comely maiden, standing with her pitcher beside a pump, is asking assistance to raise her load of an idiotic rustic dandy, who is staring and grinning his imbecile admiration with a face marvellously well fitted to fill a horse-collar, but who does not otherwise respond to the girl's request.

The Cow Doctor.—A consultation over the condition of a suffering cow.

Taking a Horse to Water.—In this case, it rather seems, the steeds are taking their riders there and leaving them—soused in the brook.

Lost and Won.—A gaily-apparelled nymph is leaning over the palings of a waterside landing-stage. A waterman is looking on in dudgeon; he is evidently the 'loser;' whilst the fickle fair is making tender demonstrations in favour of a dashing young soldier, whose uniform and martial trim have evidently won the changeable lady's heart.

A Man of Colour.—At the portico of a villa stands the black butler, who is emptying a plateful of victuals into the apron of a comely female tramp, with a child slung on her back; the *darkie* is evidently moved by the attractions of the gipsy, since his face expresses the most unqualified admiration for her personal allurements.

Civic Enjoyments.—A dinner party assembled in a Guildhall. The health of the entertainer is being uproariously received as a 'standing toast' with full-charged bumpers.

A Siege.—A highly genteel, youthful, and elegantly clad lady—whether maid or widow it is difficult to determine—is surrounded by a crowd of suitors, recruited from pretty nearly all the professions, and of all ages and sizes. The object of this profuse idolatry, perfectly unmoved, is waving off her too presumptuous assailants, whose assiduities interfere with her comfort.

Recruiting.—A party of soldiers on 'listing' service in a country town have secured certain volunteers. One of the new recruits, a sprightly damsel, is creating no little consternation in the breasts of the villagers by joining the troopers' march; a cobbler and a tailor, armed with the implements of their trade, are offering some show of resistance to the abduction of this Helen by a smart young Paris 'in the line;' but these deserted swains are kept at a respectful distance by the bayonet of the gay Lothario's comrade.

Knowledge of the World.—A village pedagogue is instructing his pupils in that elaborate branch of fashionable education (according to school prospectuses at the beginning of the century), 'the use of the globes.' Certain mischievous urchins are taking advantage of the preceptor's preoccupation to insert quill pens into the 'Busby' wig of the learned Doctor.

Modern Antiquities.—A variation of the larger engraving on this subject published (by Tegg) under the same title.

A Man of Taste.—A fat old voluptuary, in a 'nautical rig,' in person not unlike (and probably expressly designed for) the convivial and yachting alderman, Sir William Curtis, is critically inspecting through his eyeglass a small selection of shellfish held out for his gratification by a pretty shrimper-maid of pronounced personal graces.

Looking a Broadside.—A stout party of the old school, of great breadth and solidity, is looking daggers at a dandified fop of the period, a mere scarecrow of a figure, who is 'quizzing' the substantial piece of antiquity through a spyglass. The indignation of the old boy is barely appeased by the soothing caresses of a tender and pretty maiden who is clinging to the incensed veteran.

Credulity.—A fashionable, elegant, and good-looking lady is seated at her breakfast-table, while her maid is arranging the apartment. A messenger or letter-carrier has just brought a *billet-doux*, which the confiding beauty is eagerly perusing.

Indecision.—An obese prebendary, his gouty limb supported on cushions, is in all the perplexities of *embarras de choix*; one maiden is bringing in poultry, as appropriate to the day's dinner, shortly to follow in due course; and a fish-girl has offered an equally attractive choice of fish. The arrival of these luxuries

and the necessity of selecting between them is vexing the soul of the good man.

Spoiling a Cloak and Making a Fortune.—Another version of the traditional episode of the gallant Raleigh laying down his mantle at the feet of his sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth to bridge over an undesirable crossing.

A Military Salute.—A gallant officer engaged in amorous dalliance with a tender-hearted fair, who is leaning out of a cottage window to receive the courtesies of the dashing warrior. Another version of *Kissing for Love, or Captain Careless Shot Flying by a Girl of Fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her Head out of a Casement* (May 1810).

A Bagman.—A tired commercial traveller, cloaked, booted, and spurred, is alighting at the 'Woolpack;' his horse is taken to the stable; his saddle-bag is under his arm; and the buxom and broadly-expanded hostess of the inn is standing at the portal to bid the weary pilgrim welcome.

Obtaining the Countenance of the Minister.—An Italian itinerant vendor of 'images' is offering a citizen the chance of purchasing the head of the Government on easy terms, as far as his plaster bust is concerned.

Training.—A jockey, with his saddle strapped on his back, ready to mount for the race, is receiving the final and special instructions of his patron, a venerable and evidently deep file, well versed in the iniquities of the turf, whose face wears an expression of experienced and long-trained cunning. Another version of *Tricks of the Turf, or Settling how to Lose a Race* (1821).

An Exhibition.—The fashionable attendants at a gallery of pictures. All the spectators are lost in wonder and admiration at the collection of paintings. The figure of the Duke of Gloucester is 'taken off,' with that of other visitors. A partial transcript of the *Portrait Painter's Gallery.—Adventures of Johnnie Quæ Genus.*

A Banquet.—Three *convives* are enjoying their soup, seated in a sort of supper-box; the French *chef* is prominently shown before his cooking-range, busied in the compounding of some extensive *pot au feu.*

The Ratcatcher.—As the title expresses, the figure of a professional ratcatcher, with a cage full of prisoners, which he is exhibiting to a venerable couple—probably his employers; his dogs are excited at the prospect of the sport. Another version of Rowlandson's *London Characters.*

A Court Day.—A small rendering of *A Levée at St. James's Palace.* The Beef-eaters are on duty, and crowds of courtiers and distinguished representatives, clerical, military, diplomatic, civil, foreign, &c., are proceeding through the reception-room for the privilege of making their bow to royalty.

A Dark Prospect.—A master-sweeper and his lad are seated, on their soot-bags, by the can of a pretty and picturesquely-attired dairymaid, who has supplied the dark customers with cups of 'clean milk from the cow.'

Symptoms of a Dinner.—A meeting of dignified prelates of the Church; amongst the company are certain bigwigs, bishops, who are received with flattering deference by the lower clergy. Two eager members of the cloth, more set on the serious gratifications of a Convocation festival than the empty ceremonial courtesies of the hour, are examining a sun-dial in the foreground and comparing it with their watches, in expectation of dinner-time.

The Studio.—A painter, in Court costume, is daubing away boldly at his picture, surrounded at a respectful distance by a circle of *dilettanti* connoisseurs, all of whom sport spectacles or eyeglasses; these critical spectators are engaged in cold contemplation of the work before them.

Vignette.—A second group of *cognoscenti*, whose faces in this case express more interest and admiration, and justly so, since the work before them appeals to their tenderest susceptibilities; it is one they can all appreciate—a lively turtle, ready to be converted into real soup. A number of clergymen are following the lead of their bishop, who, excellent man, is evidently longing to bless the good things which beneficent Nature has here provided for the faithful.

Hydrophobia: the Church in Danger.—A pastor is running his hardest, pursued by a dog, which we are to suppose is suffering from *rabies*; the venerable prelate is doing his best to keep in advance of his pursuer, who in turn is followed by a *posse* of eager philanthropists, armed with pitchforks, flails, spits, pokers, choppers, shovels, and even pistols and guns, which are being discharged ineffectually, as the dog is managing to keep ahead of his would-be executioners.

The Way to Fill a Wherry.—A party, including the fair, have secured their places in a wherry at the riverside; the waterman is taking in one more customer before starting, an elephantine and venerable gentleman, whose advent has filled the occupants of the bark with alarm, the aquatic party evidently anticipating that they will be swamped at the very least by the ponderous weight of the last comer, who is vainly trying to find a seat in the boat without capsizing it.

A View of the Coast.—A village inn, with a blind fiddler and his daughter stationed upon the green outside; almost identical with the subject published by Ackermann in Rowlandson's *World in Miniature* (see April 1, 1816).

Operatives.—The title of this plate goes by contraries. *Inoperatives* should be the description. A pair of soakers are sunk in heavy slumber over the table of the taproom; a brace of industrious working-men, whose ambitions in the direction of exertion are limited to 'raising their elbows,' 'tilting measures,' 'reducing the liquid contents of receptacles for intoxicants,' and similar performances of an anti-temperance order.

Home, Sweet Home.—A drunken convivialist is, pipe in hand, unconsciously approaching the spot whose praises he is tipsily chaunting, quite unprepared for the reception that is awaiting his roystering at the hands of his outraged and

furiously indignant wife, who is anticipating his arrival with a cane prudently provided in advance for further arguments upon the *douceurs* of his rooftree.

The last print in Volume I. of *The Humourist* is a vignette representing a bench of fox-hunting justices, who have gone fast asleep in their respective arm-chairs, their legs on the table; bottles and bowls strewing the floor, and their dogs, scattered around, sunk in sleep as heavy as that indulged in by their masters. A transcript of the plate *Johnny Quæ Genus Attending on a Sporting Finale—Adventures of Johnny Quæ Genus* (1832).

The illustrations to Volume II. of *The Humourist* are supplied by another hand. It does not contain any further rendering of subjects after Rowlandson.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF SUBJECTS

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CARICATURES,

ENGRAVED BY OR AFTER

THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

WITH HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOOK ILLUSTRATION

IN THE ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

SUMMARY OF ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURES.

1774.

June 8. A Rotation Office. Pub. by H. Humphrey, Bond St.
,, The Village Doctor. Do.

1780.

Mar. Special Pleading. Pub. by A. McKenzie, 101 Berwick Street, Soho.

July 18. The School of Eloquence. Probably designed by Rowlandson, and badly etched by some one unknown. Pub. by Archibald Robertson, Savile Passage.

Scene at Streatham. Bozzi and Piozzi.

Sept. 1. Italian Affectation. (Real characters.) Pub. by T. Rowlandson and J. Jones, at 103 Wardour Street, Soho.

How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away.—*Brookes.*

18. Sir Samuel House. Do.
Do. Do.

Nov. 13. Naval Triumph, or Favours Conferred.

1781.

June 30. The Power of Reflection. I. Harris, Sweeting's Alley, Cornhill.

Oct. 28. E O, or the Fashionable Vowels.

Nov. 27. Brothers of the Whip. A. Grant del.

27. Charity Covereth a Multitude of Sins. H. Humphrey, 18 New Bond Street.

Dec. The State Watchman Discovered by the Genius of Britain Studying Plans for the Reduction of America.

(N.D.) Luxury.

(N.D.) Bob Derry of Newmarket.

1783.

Feb. 11. Long Sermons and Long Stories are apt to Lull the Senses. Pub. by W. Humphrey.

Oct. 17. Amputation. Republished. (See 1793.)

(N.D.) The Rhedarium. (1783?)

(N.D.) Interior of a Clockmaker's Shop. (1783?)

The Discovery. (Political.)

Dec. 22. Great Cry and Little Wool.

The Times. Regency of the Prince.

Scene in a farce called the Quaker.

Two New Slides for the State Magic Lantern.

1784.

Jan. 1. The Pit of Acheron, or the Birth of the Plagues of England.

4. The Fall of Dagon, or Rare News for Leadenhall Street.

7. The Loves of the Fox and the Badger, or the Coalition Wedding.

19. His Highness the Protector.

,, 23. The Times, or a View of the Old House in Little Britain.

24. A Sketch from Nature.

Feb. Long Sermons and Long Sieges are apt to lull the senses.

Feb. 3. The Infant Hercules.

,, Britannia Roused, or the Coalition Monsters Destroyed.

7. Billy Lackbeard and Charley Blackbeard Playing at Football.

Mar. 1. The Apostate Jack Robinson, Political Ratcatcher.

3. A Peep into Friar Bacon's Study.

8. Master Billy's Procession to Grocers' Hall.

11. The Champion of the People.

26. The State Auction.

29. The Drum-Major of Sedition.

30. Sir Cecil's Budget for Paying the National Debt.

31. The Hanoverian Horse and the British Lion.

April 1. The Duenna and Little Isaac.

3. The Two Patriotic Duchesses on their Canvass. (Duchesses of Portland and Devonshire.)

4. The Incurable. 'My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.'

8. The Rival Candidates.

10. The Parody, or Mother Cole and Loader. (*Vide* Foote's 'Minor,' p. 29.)

12. The Poll.

12. The Devonshire, or most Approved Method of Securing Votes.

12. The Westminster Watchman.

14. Lords of the Bedchamber.

20. The Covent Garden Nightmare.

22. King's Place, or a View of Mr. Fox's Best Friends.

22. The Wit's Last Stake, or Cobbling Voters and Abject Canvassers.

22. Madame Blubber on her Canvass. (See verses.)

22. Political Affection.

23. Reynard put to his Shifts.

29. Madame Blubber's Last Shift, or the Aerostatic Dilly.

29. The Case is Altered.

30. Procession to the Hustings.

May 1. Every Man has his Hobbyhorse.

4. *La Politesse Française*, or the English Ladies' Petition to his Excellency the Mushroom Ambassador.

4. Wisdom Led by Virtue and Prudence to the Temple of Fame.

11. The Westminster Mendicant.

11. A Coat of Arms. Dedicated to the newly-created Earl of Lonsdale.

12. A New Insect. A Buck. (It is not certain the print is by Rowlandson.)

18. The Westminster Deserter Drummed out of the Regiment.

18. Preceptor and Pupil—

Not Satan to the ear of Eve
Did e'er such pious counsel give.

18. The Departure.

18. Secret Influence Directing the New Parliament.

20. For the Benefit of the Champion.

25. Liberty and Fame Introducing Female Patriotism (Duchess of Devonshire) to Britannia.

28. The Petitioning Candidate for Westminster—

From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia I come.

July 24. 1784, or the Fashions of the Day.

Aug. 8. The Vicar and Moses. (Song heading.)

Sept. 5. Manager (Garrick) and Spouter. T. R. Smith, 83 Oxford Street.

25. Bookseller and Author. H. Wigstead del., S. Alken fec. Pub. by S. W. Fores. (Repub. July 1, 1802.)

25. The Historian Animating the Mind of a Young Painter.

(N.D.) English Curiosity, or the Foreigner Starcd out of Countenance. (Republished. See 1794.)
(N.D.) Counsellor and Client.
Nov. 1. New-invented Elastic Breeches. Nixon inv. Pub. by W. Humphrey.
8. Money Lenders.
8. Apollo and Daphne. (Broderip and Wilkinson.)
25. The Minister's A—— (*Vide* 'Gazetteer,' Nov. 11.)
25. A Peasant Playing the Flute. After J. Mortimer.
Opening a Vein.
Lunardi. (See 1785.)
Dec. 10. Anticipation. (Chr. Atkinson, Contractor, in the Pillory.)
10. The Rhedarium. (See 1783.)
10. Colonel Topham Endeavouring with his Squirt to Extinguish the Genius of Holman. (See 1785.)
10. Billingsgate.
(N.D.) John Stockdale, the Bookselling Blacksmith, one of the King's New Friends. (*Vide* 'Intrepid Magazine.')
Rest from Labour. Sunny Days.
Miller's Waggon. Pub. by E. Jackson.
A Timber Waggon. Do.
Country Cart-horses. Do.
Dray-horses, Draymen, and Maltsters. Do.
Higglers' Carts. Do.
A Postchaise. Do.
A Cabriolet. Do.
The Dead-alive. H. W. pl. 1; do. pl. 2.

Rowlandson's Imitations of Modern Drawings. (Folio) 1784-8.

F. Wheatley.	A Coast Scene. Fishermen and Fisherwomen.
Do.	Do. The companion.
Gainsborough.	A Sketch. Trees, Cottages, &c.
Do.	Cattle. Riverside.
F. Wheatley.	A Fair.
Bartolozzi.	A pair of Cupids.
Barret and Gilpin.	Mares and Foals, &c., in landscape.
Do.	Cattle, in landscape.
Gainsborough.	Landscape sketch.
Mortimer.	A Storm at Sea.
Gainsborough.	Cows.
Zucchi.	Harmony. Two nymphs singing, another playing a lyre.
Mortimer.	The Philosopher.
Barret.	Ruins; and a Park.
Mortimer.	A Study.
Barret.	Ruins, &c.
Gainsborough.	A Cottage, &c.
Do.	An open landscape.
Mortimer.	Scene in 'The Tempest,' from Shakspeare. Repub. 1801, by J. P. Thompson.
G. Barret.	Lake Scene.
Sawrey Gilpin, R.A.	Horses.
Geo. Holmes.	The Sage and his Pupil.
Michael Angelo.	Leda and the Swan.
G. B. Cipriani.	Sleeping Venus and Love.

1785.

The Times (George III. on throne, &c.).
A-going—a-going.
Gone.
Jan. 7. The Fall of Achilles.
24. Mock Turtle. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
Mar. 2. The Golden Apple, or the Modern Paris. Prince of Wales, Duchesses of Rutland, Devonshire, and Gordon. Pub. by J. Phillips, 164 Piccadilly.
3. The Admiring Jew. Etched 1784.
7. Defeat of the High and Mighty Balissimo and his Cecilian Forces on the Plains of St. Martin's.
Mar. 27. The Surprising Irish Giant of St. James's Street.
Apr. 12. The Wonderful Pig.
May 27. The Waterfall, or an Error in Judgment. Originally pub. May 27, 1784.
June 28. Vauxhall Gardens. Aquatinta by F. Jukes; eng. by R. Pollard. Pub. by J. R. Smith.
July 1. Comfort in the Gout. Repub. by T. R., July 1, 1802.
24. The Slang Society.
Aug. 11. Introduction.
11. Colonel Topham Endeavouring with his Squirt to Extinguish the Genius of Holman. (See Dec. 1784.)
Sept. 5. Aerostation out at Elbows. Vincent Lunardi.
30. Too Many for a Jew. S. Alken, Soho.
The Consultation.
The Convocation.
Oct. 1. An Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.
1. The Maiden Specch. (Companion.)
1. A Cully pillaged.
1. Copperplate Printers at Work.
1. A Bed-warmer. H. Wigstead del.
1. Temptation. Do.
1. Grog on Board. (Sec Jan. 1794.)
1. Tea on Shore.
5. Captain Epilogue (Cap. Topham) to the Wells (Mrs. Wells).
Nov. 24. Persons and Property Protected by Authority.
28. Doctors Differ. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
30. The Sad Discovery, or the Graceless Apprentice. Pub. by J. R. Smith, 83 Oxford Street.
30. Intrusion on Study, or the Painter Disturbed.
31. Jockeyship. Pub. by J. R. Smith.
31. An Italian Family. (Repub. 1792.)
31. A French Family. (Rep. 1790.)
Dec. 15. Courtship in High Life. H. Wigstead del.
15. Rustic Courtship. Do.
15. City Courtship.
15. Filial Affection, or a Trip to Gretna Green.
17. Reconciliation, or the Return from Scotland.
21. Botheration. T. R. Alken. Dedicated to the Gentlemen of the Bar. Pub. by W. Hunter.
21. The Loss of Eden, and Eden Lost. Gen. Arnold, and Eden, Lord Auckland.
Sympathy, or a Family on a Journey.
John Gilpin's Return to London. Designed and executed by H. Wigstead; aqua., F. Jukes.
Harmony. Effects of Harmony.
(N.D.) Discord (?)
Tastes Differ.
Nap in the Country.
Nap in Town. (Companion.)
Sea Amusement, or Commander-in-Chief of 'Cup and Ball' on a Cruize.
Dec. 26. French Travelling, or the First Stage from Calais.
26. English Travelling, or the First Stage from Dover.
(N.D.) Toying and Trifling.
1785 (?) Opera Boxes. (Four plates.)

1786.

Jan. 1. 'The Supplemental Magazine.' S. W. Fores.
1. Private Amusement. (Repeat.) Do.
5. Box-Lobby Loungers. Desig. H. Wigstead. Pub. by J. R. Smith, 83 Oxford Street.
13. Love and Learning, or the Oxford Scholar
Feb. 10. Sketch of Politics in Europe. Birthday of the King of Prussia. Toasts on the occasion.

Mar. 6. La Négligé. Desig. by 'Simplex Mundities.' Executed by T. R. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
7. Captain Epilogue. (Repeated, with the addition of a notice-board, 'A Prospectus for the World and Fashionable Advertiser.')
7. An Ordnance Dream, or Planning Fortifications.
7. Luxury. Misery.
8. The Morning Dram.
The Polish Dwarf (Borowlowski), Performing before the Grand Seigneur.
29. The Sorrows of Werter.
The Last Interview.
April 1. The Vicar and Moses.
1. The Dying Patient, or the Doctor's Last Fee. Pub. by H. Brookes, Coventry Street.
(N.D.) Brewers' Drays.
(N.D.) Youth and Age (?)--Contrasts.
(N.D.) Sailors Carousing (?)
Return from Sport.
May 1. The panting Lover. Pub. by J. Phillips.
6. A Theatrical Chymist. (Holman *versus* Topham.)
More of Werter. The Separation: Charlotte preserved from Destruction by Albert and Hymen, whilst Werter in an access of frenzy puts an end to his existence. Designed by Collings.
6. A Box-Lobby Hero: the Branded Bully, or the Ass Stripped of the Lion's Skin.
June 5. College Jockies: The Landlord sweating for his cattle.
5. Slyboots.
July 20. Covent Garden Theatre.
Sept. 1. *Outré* Compliments.
25. The Tythe Pig.
Oct. 1. The Jovial Crew. S. W. Fores.
20. A Visit to the Uncle. E. Jackson, Marylebone Street. (See 1794.)
20. A Visit to the Aunt. Do. (See 1794.)
20. The pretty Barmaid.
20. The Putney Disaster, or Symptoms of Ducking.
Nov. 20. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.
Dec. 30. The Word-cater. (Fox.) (See 1788.)
Scottifying the Palate.
Boswell, J., the Elder. Twenty Caricatures by T. R., in illustration of Boswell's Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides. Sm. folio. Pub. by E. Jackson, Marylebone Street.
Illustrations to Poems of Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot). 4to., ed., 1786–92. Printed for G. Kearsley.
Dec. 28. The Bachelor.
The Married Man. H. Wigstead: S. Alken fecit.

1787.

Jan. 1. London Refinement.
1. Country Simplicity.
Going out in the morning. Scene, Windsor Forest.
The Dinner. Drawing signed 'T. R.,' 1787. Repub. 1798. (See 1798.)
11. Uncle George and Black Dick at their New Game of Naval Shuttlecock.—
Cooks, scullions, hear me, every mother's son —*Peter Pindar.*
Is this your Louse?
And now his lifted eyes the ceiling sought.—*Peter Pindar.*
Peter's Pension. ('Peter Pindar.')
Odes for the New Year. do.
The Triumph of Sentiment. } Pub. by Jackson.
The Triumph of Hypocrisy. }
Transplanting of Teeth. Pub. by J. Harris, 37 Dean Street, Soho. (Baron Ron.)
Post Inn.
Country Inn.
A Blacksmith's Shop.
A Country Inn. Pub. by J. Harris.
The Fisherman's Family. Do.
Shoeing—The Village Forge.
A Stage Coach. Repub. 1803.
A Postchaise. Aquatint.
A Rural Halt.
Haymakers.
Brewer's Dray; Country Inn.
May 9. The Brain-sucker, or the Miseries of Authorship.
Aug. 1. A College Scene, or a Fruitless Attempt on the Purse of Old Square-Toes. Eng. by E. Williams.
Polygamy, ditto.
Oct. 15. Stage Coach Setting out from a Posting-house.
Cribbage Players.
18. Tragedy Spectators. Pub. by T. R. as the Act directs, 50 Poland Street. (Repub. Oct. 8, 1789.)
Comedy Spectators. Do.
Love in the East.
26. A Cribbage Party in St. Giles's disturbed by a press-gang.
Nov. 5. Reformation, or the Wonderful Effects of a Proclamation.
1787 (?) Art of Scaling.
Embarking from Brighthelmstone to Dieppe.
A Coast Scene. Rising Gale.
Deer Hunting. A landscape scene.
Fox Hunting. Companion.
Dec. 15. Post Boys and Post Horses at the 'White Hart
1787 (?) Inn.' Pub. by J. Harris.
Dec. 15. Modish. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
Prudent. Do.
18. A Travelling Knife-Grinder at a Cottage Door.
View on the French Coast.
A Peep at St. James's.
Civility.
Mad Bull on Westminster Bridge.
Going out in the Morning.
Returned from a Fox Chase.
The Welcome Home.

1788.

The Meet. Hunting Morning. (One of series.)
The Run.
In at the Death.
The Dinner.
Feb. 20. The Humours of St. Giles's. Pub. by Harmer, engraver, 161 Piccadilly.
Mar. 1. The Hypochondriac. Desig. by James Dunthorne. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, 50 Poland Street.
6. The Q. A. Loaded with the Spoils of India.
29. Ague and Fever. Designed by James Dunthorne. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, Poland Street.
'Ah! let me, Sire, refuse it, I implore.' ('Peter Pindar.')
Apr. 16. The Political Hydra. (Fox.)
July 9. Going to Ride St. George. A Pantomime lately performed at Kensington before their Majesties.
22. Old Cantwell Canvassing for Lord Janus (Hood).

July 27. Effects of the Ninth Day's Express from Covent Garden just Arrived at Cheltenham. (Lord John Townshend.)
Housebreakers. Repub. Aug. 1, 1791, by S. W. Fores, 3 Piccadilly.
(N.D.) Love and Dust.
Scavenger's Cart.
Aug. 1. The School for Scandal. Pub. by V. M. Picot.
Nov. 22. False Courage (a duel). S. W. Fores.
25. Filial Piety. (P. W. and George III.)
Englishmen in November.—Frenchmen in November. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
29. Lust and Avarice. Pub. by Wm. Rowlandson, 49 Broad Street, Bloomsbury.
Luxury and Desire. Do.
Dec. 20. The Prospect before us. (Half-a-Crown Regency.)
29. A Touch at the Times.
The English Address. Wigstead. (T. R.)
Stage Coach Setting Down at the Dolphin Inn.
An Epicure. (A Nice Fish?) Repub. 1801.
A Comfortable Nap in a Postchaise.
A Fencing Match.
30. The Word-eater. (Fox.) (See 1786.)
Sir Jeffery Dunstan Presenting an address from the Corporation of Garratt.
Dressing for a Birthday.
31. Blue and Buff Loyalty. (Dr. Munro.)
A Night Auction.
A Print Sale. (Hutchins, auctioneer, and his wife.)
1788 (?) The Pea-cart.
Simon and Iphigenia.

1789.

Jan. 1. The Vice-Queen's Delivery at the Old Soldiers' Hospital in Dublin.
8. The Modern Egbert, or the King of Kings.
16. A Coronation in Pall Mall.
21. Loose Principles.
28. Suitable Restrictions. (Traces of Rowlandson's style.)
The Pitt Fall.
State Butchers.
Neddy's Black Box.
30. The Propagation of a Truth. Long Slip. (13 figures.)
Grog on Board. Signed date 1789. (See 1785.)
Tea on Shore. Pub. by S. W. Fores. Do.
Feb. 1. Hare Hunting. S. W. Fores.
The Death.
The Breakfast.
1. Careless Attention. Pub. by J. Griggs, 216 Holborn.
7. A New Speaker.
7. Britannia's Support, or the Conspirators Defeated.
Chelsea Reach.
Bay of Biscay.
Hospital for Lunatics.
15. Going in State to the House of Peers, or a Piece of English Magnificence.
Mar. 6. A Sweating for Opposition. By Dr. Willis, Dominiswealy & Co.
7. The Irish Ambassadors Extraordinary: a Galantee Show.
10. Edward the Black Prince Receiving Homage. (Traces of T. R.'s style.)
Mar. 13. Agreeable Companions in a Postchaise. (Comp. to Comfortable Nap in a Postchaise) 1788.
15. Irish Ambassadors Extraordinary.
16. Do. do. Return, or Bulls without Horns.
Apr. 1. Interruption, or Inconveniences of a Lodging House. (1789?)
4. The Rochester Address, or the Corporation going to Eat Roast Pork and Oysters with the Regent.
29. The Grand Procession to St. Paul's on St. George's Day, 1789. Etched by T. R., aqua. by Alken. Pub. 1790, by Messrs. Robinson.
Don't he Deserve it? Pub. by W. Holland.
She don't Deserve it. Do., 50 Oxford Street.
Domestic Shaving.
A Penny Barber.
A Brace of Blackguards.
June 20. A Sufferer for Decency.
1789 (?) Racing Series. The Course.
" " The Betting Post.
" " The Mount.
" " The Start.
July 20. The High-mettled Racer. S. W. Fores.
(N.D.) Filial Affection, or a Trip to Gretna Green. (See 1785.)
Aug. 4. A Fresh Breeze.
A Cart Race. Plate dated 1788.
Oct. 8. Tragedy Spectators. } (See 1787.)
Comedy Spectators. }
23. An Antiquarian. Pub. by Wm. Holland, 50 Oxford Street.
A Visit to the Tombs in Westminster Abbey.
24. Sergeant Recruiter. (Duc d'Orleans.)
Nov. La Place des Victoires, à Paris. Aqua. by S. Alken.
A Dull Husband.
29. Mercury and his Advocates Defeated, or Vegetable Intrenchment.

1790.

Beatrice fishing for a Coronet.
Jan. 1. Tithe Pig.
1. A Butcher.
1. A Roadside Inn.
10. Frog Hunting.
Feb. 20. Repeal of the Test Act. Fores' Museum.
Toxophilites. Pub. by E. Harding, 132 Fleet Street. (See 1791.)
Dressing for a Masquerade (Cyprians).
Do. do. Birthday (Ladies).
A French Family. (See An Italian Family, 1792.)
Mar. A Kick-up at a Hazard Table. (Large plate.)
May 29. Who Kills First for a Crown.
Philip Quarrel (Thicknesse), the English Hermit, &c.
An Excursion to Brighthelmstone, made in the year 1782, by Henry Wigstead and Thomas Rowlandson, with eight engravings by T. R. Pub. by Geo. and J. Robinson.
June 1. Race Ground, Brighton. (Oblong folio, 1790). Alken fecit. Pub. by Robinsons, Paternoster Row.
1. Saloon at the Pavilion, Brighton.
1790 (?) Waiting for Dinner.
" At Dinner.
" After Dinner.
" Preparing for Supper.
" Fox-Hunters Relaxing.

1790 (?) Evening. (about 1790.)
A Christening.
The Duenna and Little Isaac. Engd. by W. P. Carey.
Aug. 6. Sheets of Picturesque Etchings.—Cattle at the River. The Horse Race. A View in Cornwall. The River, Towing Barges, &c. Rustic Refreshment. Winter Pastime: Skating on a frozen River.
Sept. 1. A Dressing Room at Brighton.
Oct. 20. Four o'clock in Town. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
20. Four o'clock in the Country. Do.
Vide 'Benevolent Epistle to Sylvanus Urban'—

> With anger foaming and of vengeance full,
> Why belloweth John Nichols like a Bull?

A series of miniature groups and scenes; pub. by M. L., Brighthelmstone, and H. Brookes, Coventry Street, London.
Smollett (Tobias) Miscellaneous Works, &c. Six vols. 8vo. Plates by Rowlandson. Edinburgh. (First collected edition.)
Rowlandson's Outlines, in 16 plates. Folio. Published at Fores' caricature warehouse, 'where may be seen the completest collection of caricatures in the kingdom, also the Head and Hand of Count Struenzee.—Admittance one shilling.'
Plates 1–4, dated March 8, 1790.
„ 5–8, „ June 18–20, 1790.
„ 27–30
„ 9–12, „ Jan.–Aug. 1791.
„ 13–14, „ June 1, 1792.

1791.

Jan. 13. The Prospect before us. (Pantheon.)
13. Do. do. (Companion.)
30. Toxophilites (large plate). Pub. by E. Harding. (See 1790.)
31. Sheets of picturesque etchings.—A Four in Hand. The Village Dance. The Woodman Returning. River Scene, Mill, Shipping, &c. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
31. Sheets of picturesque etchings.—Huntsmen Visiting the Kennels. Haymakers Returning. Deer in a Park, Cattle, &c. Shepherds. Horses in a Paddock. Cattle Watering at a Pond. A Piggery. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
Traffic ('Old Clo' men.') (See 1794.)
Feb. 4. Chaos is come again. (Companion.)
Mar. 1. The Attack.
22. Bardolph Badgered, or the Portland Hunt. (? Row.)
Apr. 12. An Imperial Stride. (? Rowlandson or West.)
25. The Grand Battle between the famous English Cock and Russian Hen. (? Rowlandson.)
May 16. The Volcano of Opposition.
17. The Ghosts of Mirabeau and Dr. Price Appearing to Old Loyola.
18. A Little Tighter. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
A Little Bigger. Do.
Cold Broth and Calamity.
June 28. The Grand Monarque Discovered, or the Royal Fugitives Turning Tail. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
Aug. 1. Housebreakers. (Etched, dated 1788.)
1. Damp Sheets.
Aug. 12. English Barracks. Pub. by S. W. Fores. Aqua. by T. Malton.
12. French Barracks. S. W. Fores. Aqua. T. Malton.
Oct. 28. Slugs in a Sawpit.
Nov. 22. How to Escape Winning.
How to Escape Losing.
1791 (?) Angelo's Fencing Room. (See Memoirs.)
(N.D.) 1791 (?) A Four in Hand.
1791 (?) Inn Yard on Fire.
„ A Squall in Hyde Park.
„ Illustrations to Fielding's 'Tom Jones.' Pub. by J. Siebbald, Edinburgh. (Repub. 1805.)
Delices de la Grand Bretagne. Two plates by by Rowlandson. Pub. by Wm. Birch, Hampstead Heath.

1792.

Jan. 1. St. James's and St. Giles's.
Oddities. Wigstead.
1. Do. do.
1. The Bank. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, Strand.
Feb. Work for Doctors' Commons.
Mar. A Dutch Academy. T. R., 52 Strand.
Apr. 1. A Lying-in Visit.
May 29. Six Stages of Marring a Face. Dedicated to the Duke of Hamilton.
29. Six Stages of Mending a Face. S. W. F. Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Lady Archer.
June. Ruins of the Pantheon after the Fire which happened Jan. 14, 1792. Rowlandson and Wigstead del., Strand.
July 18. The Chairmen's Terror.
Leaving a Levée, St. James's Palace. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, 52 Strand.
Aug. 1. 'Roderick Random.' Lieut. Bowling Pleading the Cause of Young Roy to his Grandfather.
11. Ditto. The Passengers from the Waggon Arriving at the Inn.
Oct. 1. On her Last Legs.
Nov. 5. English Travelling, or the First Stage from Dover. (See companion, Dec. 26, 1785.)
French Travelling, or the First Stage from Calais. (See 1785.)
5. Studious Gluttons.
5. Convocation. S. W. F.
5. Philosophy run Mad, or a Stupendous Monument to Human Wisdom.
(N. D.) Art of Scaling.
Fielding, H. Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his Friend, Mr. A. Adams. 8vo.
Nov. 5. An Italian Family. (Pub. 1785.) See A French Family (companion, 1790).
5. The Grandpapa. Wigstead. (See 1794.)
5. Cold Broth and Calamity.
5. Botheration. Dedicated to the Gentlemen of the Bar. (See 1785.)
5. The Hypochondriac. Desgd. by James Dunthorne. (See 1788. Ague and Fever.)
25. Benevolence.
Dec. 1. Beauties. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
The Contrast, 1792. Which is Best? (British Liberty, French do.) Pub. Jan. 1, 1793. Desgd. by Lord Geo. Murray.

1793.

Jan. 1. The Old Angel, at Islington. Pub. by S. W. Fores, 3 Piccadilly.
8. Reform Advised, Reform Begun, Reform Complete.
New Shoes. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
Major Topham (of the World) and the Rising Genius of Holman. (See 1785.)
Three Illustrations to Smollett. Pub. by J. Siebbald. (See 1791.)
May 25. A Tit-bit for the Bugs. S. W. F.
25. Melopoyn (a distressed poet) and the Manager. Pub. by J. Siebbald.
Oct. A Council of War Interrupted. 'Narrative of the War,' p. 101. (See 1796.)
17. Amputation. (1785.) Repub. S. W. F., 1793.
1790, 1791, 1792 & 1793. Book plates, pub. by J. Siebbald. (See 1791.)
Smollett, T. 'Expedition of Humphrey Clinker.' Ten plates by Rowlandson.

1794.

Jan. 1. The Grandpapa. H. Wigstead.
1. Grog on Board. } (See 1785.)
1. Tea on Shore. }
1. English Curiosity. (See 1784.)
1. A Ballooning Scene. Aquatint.
1. Series of small Landscapes. Do.
17. St. James's, St. Giles's. (See 1792.)
July (?) New Shoes. S. W. F. Date on etching, 1793.
Sept. 25. An Old Maid in Search of a Flea. S. M. U. inv., R. fecit.
Dec. 16. Traffic. S. W. F., 3 Piccadilly.
16. Comforts of High Living. Pub. by S. W. Fores, 3 Piccadilly.
18. Village Cavalry Practising in a Farmyard. G. M. Woodward. Rowlandson fec.
18. Jews at Luncheon.
20. A Visit to the Uncle. S. W. F. Aqua. by F. Jukes. (See 1786.)
20. A Visit to the Aunt. Do. (See 1786.)
20. Luxury and Misery. (See 1786.) S. W. Fores.
20. An Early Lesson of Marching. Woodward del. Pub. by S. W. F.
28. Bad News on the Stock Exchange.

1795.

Harmony (and Love, 1796).
Effects of Harmony.
Nov. 24. A Master of the Ceremonies Introducing a Partner. Pub. by S. W. F.

1796.

S. Alan Gardiner.
Drawing by Rowlandson. Lord Salisbury, King of Würtemburg, and Duke of Gloucester.
Love.
An Accurate and Impartial Narrative of the War. 1793, 1794, 1795, &c. From drawings made on the spot by an Officer in the Guards.
June 15. The Detection. H. Wigstead. Pub. by S. W. Fores.

1797.

Jan. 1. Spiritual Lovers. Pub. by Hooper & Wigstead, 12 High Holborn.
A Theatrical Candidate.
Aug. 1. Feyge Dam, with part of the Fish Market at Amsterdam. Rowlandson del., Wright and Schultz fecit. Pub. by Ackermann, Strand.
1. Stadthouse, Amsterdam.
1. Place de Mer, Antwerp.
1. Companion view: Amsterdam. Rowlandson del., Wright and Schultz fecit. Pub. by Ackermann, Strand.
Dutch Merchants. Sketched at Amsterdam.
Tiens bien ton Bonnet, et toi, defends ta Queue. 'Rollandson,' invt. P. W. Tomkins scul.
Cupid's Magic Lantern. Desd. by Woodward, etched by T. Rowlandson. (12 plates.)
Waggon and Horses. The Feathers. Pub. by Lauric & Whittle. (See 1787.) Repub. 1803.

1798.

Jan. 12. The Dinner (Hunt). Etched 1787, repub. 1798.
12. The Comforts of Bath. (12 plates.)
Apr. 1. Views of London, No. 3. Entrance of Tottenham Court Road Turnpike, with a view of St. James's Chapel. Rowlandson del., Schultz sculp. Pub. at Ackermann's Gallery.
1. Views of London, No. 4. Entrance of Oxford Street, or Tyburn Turnpike, with a view of Park Lane.
1. Views of London, No. 5. Entrance from Mile End, or Whitechapel Turnpike.
May 1. She will be a Soldier. Schultz sculp.
He won't be a Soldier. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
June 1. Views of London, No. 6. Entrance from Hackney or Cambridge Heath Turnpike, with a distant view of St. Paul's.
10. An Extraordinary Scene on the Road from London to Portsmouth.
July 18. Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster, Reviewed by His Majesty on Wimbledon Common, July 5, 1798.
Aug. Soldiers Recruiting. Ackermann's, 101, Strand.
Privates Drilling. Do.
Halt at a Cottage Door. Do.
Sept. 1. The Advantage of Shifting the Leg.
1. The Consequence of not Shifting the Leg. Pub. by H. Angelo.
Oct. 15. The Glorious Victory obtained over the French Fleet off the Nile, August 1, 1798, by the gallant Admiral Lord Nelson of the Nile. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
20. Admiral Nelson Recruiting with his Brave Tars after the Glorious Battle of the Nile. Ackermann's, Strand.
An Amorous Turk.
Nov. 12. High Fun for John Bull, or the Republicans put to their Last Shift. Pub. by Ackermann.
Annals of Horsemanship; with 17 copperplates, by Bunbury. Engraved by Rowlandson, pub. by W. Wigstead.
The Academy for Grown Horsemen; with 12 cop-

perplates, by Bunbury. Engraved by Rowlandson, pub. by W. Wigstead.
Love in Caricature; with 11 plates by Rowlandson. Pub. by W. Wigstead, Charing Cross.
The Discovery.

1799.

Jan. 1. Cries of London (a series):—
1. 'Buy a Trap—a Rat-trap.'
2. 'Buy my fat Goose.'
3. Last Dying Speech and Confession.
4. 'Do you want any Brickdust?'

Feb. 1. A Charm for a Democracy. 'Anti-Jacobin.'
10. An Artist Travelling in Wales.
Delincations of Nautical Characters, in 10 plates. Pub. by Ackermann.
An etching after Raphael Urbino.
Apollo, Lyra, and Daphne.

Mar. 1. Cries of London:—
5. 'Watercresses.'
6. 'All a-growing.'
7. 'Flowers for your Garden.'
8. 'Hot Cross Buns—Two a Penny—Buns.'
An Irish Howl. 'Anti-Jacobin Review.'

Apr. 10. St. Giles's Courtship.
St. James's Courtship. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

May 1. For the 'Anti-Jacobin Review.' A Peep into the Retreat at Tinnechurch (United Irish).
View of a Cathedral Town on Market-day.
10. Borders for Rooms and Screens, slips. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Pub. by Ackermann. 24 sheets.

June 20. Borders for Halls. Do.
20. Connoisseurs. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
20. The Loyal Volunteers of London. 87 plates by T. Rowlandson. Pub. R. Ackermann.
20. Hungarian and Highland Broadsword Exercise. Etched under the direction of H. Angelo and Son. Oblong folio. 24 plates.

Aug. 1. Two Upright Sheets of Borders for Halls. Do.
Do. do. do. Do.
A Game at Put in the Country Alehouse. G. M. Woodward invt. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
1. Waddling Out. Woodward invt. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
1. Horse Accomplishments:—
1. A Paviour.
2. An Astronomer.
3. A Civilian.
1. A Devotee.
10. Comforts of the City. A Good Speculation. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc.
10. Do. A Bad Speculation. Do.
12. Procession of a Country Corporation.

Sept Bay of Biscay. Repub. from 1789.
3. Forget and Forgive, or Honest Jack Shaking Hands with an Old Acquaintance.
20. The Irish Baronet and his Nurse. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc.

Oct. 1. The Gull and the Rook. Pub. by Hixon, 355 Strand.
The Crow and the Pigeon. Do.
Twopenny Cribbage. G. Woodward invt. Pub. by Ackermann.
28. A Note of Hand?

(N.D.) Legerdemain. H. Bunbury del.

Nov. 1. 'Good Night.' Woodward del., Rowlandson sc., Pub. by Ackermann.
1. March to the Camp. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.
Bartholomew Fair.
A Visit to the Camp.
5. A Bankrupt Cart, or the Road to Ruin in the East. Woodward del.
A Dasher, or the Road to Ruin in the West. Woodward del.

1799 (?) Loose Thoughts.
" The Bookbinder's Wife.
" The Nursery.
" A Freshwater Salute.
" A Ride to Rumford.
" City Fowlers. Mark. H. Bunbury del., Row. sc.
" The City Hunt. Do., do.
" Cits Airing themselves on Sunday. H. Bunbury del., Rowlandson sc.
" A Grinning Match. H. Bunbury del., Row. sc.
" A Militia Meeting. Do., do.
" Distress. Pub. by Palser.
" Une Bonne Bouche.

1800.

Jan. 2. A French Ordinary. S. W. Fores. (See 1804.)
20. Washing Trotters. Hixon, 355, near Exeter 'Change, Strand.
21. Acute Pain. Woodward del., Rowlandson fec.

1. Desire. (No. 1.)	do.	do.
2. Attention.	do.	do.
3. Hatred or Jealousy.	do.	do.
4. Admiration with Astonishment.		do.
5. Veneration.	do.	do.
6. Rapture.	do.	do.
7. Desire. (No. 2.)	do.	do.
8. Joy with Tranquillity.	do.	do.
9. Laughter.	do.	do.
10. Acute pain.	do.	do.
11. Simple Bodily Pain.	do.	do.
12. Sadness.	do.	do.
13. Weeping.	do.	do.
14. Compassion.	do.	do.
15. Scorn.	do.	do.
16. Horror.	do.	do.
17. Terror.	do.	do.
18. Anger.	do.	do.
20. Despair.	do.	do.

Feb. 14. Beef à la Mode.
Mar. 6. Doctor Botherum, the Mountebank.
12. Humbugging, or Raising the Devil. Ackermann.
12. Hocus Pocus, or Searching for the Philosopher's Stone. Ackermann.

April 1. A Ghost in the Wine Cellar.
1. Caricature Medallions for Screens. Pub. by R. Ackermann, Strand.
20. Hearts for the Year 1800. Woodward inv., Rowlandson sculp. Pub. by R. Ackermann, Strand.

May 1. Cash. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
1. Bills of Exchange. Do.
12. Melopoyn Haranguing the Prisoners in the Fleet. Hogarthian Novelist. Pl. 5.

May 12. Captain Bowling Introduced to Narcissa. Do. Pl. 6.
20. A Skipping Academy. G. M. Woodward inv., Rowlandson sculp. Pub. by R. Ackermann, Strand.
June. Sketches at the Oratorio. G. M. Woodward inv., Rowlandson sculp.
4. Britannia's Protection, or Loyalty Triumphant.
4. Pictures of Prejudice. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
26. A Silly. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
26. A Sulky. Do.
July 25. Collar'd Pork.
25. The Pleasures of Margate :—
Morning.—Breakfast at Michiner's Grand Hotel.
Noon.—Dining. Do.
Evening.—A Drive on the Sands.
Night.—At the Bazaars, Raffling for Prizes, Flirtation, &c. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
(O.D.) The Tuileries in Paris.
Aug. 20. Summer Amusement, a Game at Bowls. T. R., 1 James Street, Adelphi.
20. Sailors Regaling. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.
30. Gratification of the Senses *à la mode Française*. (Seeing, Tasting, Hearing, Smelling, Feeling.)
Oct. 1. The Newspaper. G. M. Woodward inv., Rowlandson sculp. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
29. Grotesque Border for Rooms and Halls. Woodward del., Row. sc. Three strips. Ackermann.
(N.D.) Do. Two upright strips, Screens.
Oct. 25. Do. Three long strips.
(N.D.) Two upright strips.
Sterne.—The Beauties of Sterne, with a plate by Rowlandson. 12mo.
Henry Wigstead. Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales in the year 1797, by Henry Wigstead. With plates by Rowlandson, Pugh, Howitt, &c. Pub. by Wigstead.
Yoriek Feeling the Grisette's Pulse.
Series of Attributes :—

Philosophorum.	Fancyana.	Epicurium.
Penserosa.	Tally-ho-rum !	Allegoria.
Physicorum.	Nunno.	Publicorum.
Funeralorum.	Virginia.	Hazardorum.
Battlerorum.	Billingsgatura.	Trafficorum.
Barberorum.	Flor.	Lawyerorum.

A Peep into Bethlehem.
Matrimonial Comforts. A series. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. :—
1. The Dinner spoiled.
2. Late Hours.
3. Anonymous Letter.
4. A Return from a Walk.
5. Killing with Kindness.
6. A Fashionable Suit.
7. Washing Day.
8. A Curtain Lecture.

Country Characters. A series. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. :—
1. A Publican.
2. A Justice.
3. A Barber.
4. Footman.
5. Tax-gatherer.
6. Squire.
7. Vicar.
8. Doctor.
9. Exciseman.
10. Steward.
11. Attorney.
12. London Outrider, or Brother Saddlebag. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

1800? Preparations for the Academy. Old Nollekens and his Venus.
Rainbow Tavern, in Fleet Street, in 1800.

1801.

Jan. 1. An Epicure. Pub. by S.W. Fores. Repub. (See 1788.)
A nice piece of fish.
1. A Councillor. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
A Brace of Public Guardians :—
Councillor in Court.
Watchman in Street.
1. The Union. Aekermann.
A Money Scrivener. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
A Jew Broker.
15. The Brilliants.
15. Undertakers Regaling. Nixon del. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
20. Symptoms of Sanctity. (R. fecit, 1800.)
30. Single Combat in Moorfields, or Magnanimous Paul O ! Challenging All O !
Feb. 10. The Miser's Prayer. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Pub. by Ackermann.
10. The Old Maid's Prayer.
Mar. 18. The Union Head-dress. W. del., R. sc. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
Apr. 2. 1. Taste. 2. Fashion. Woodward del., Row. sculp.
3. Elegance. 4. Fancy. Do. do.
May 1. Boot Polishing. G. M. Woodward. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
The Epicure's Prayer.
The Lottery Office Keeper's Prayer.
(O.D.) Rag Fair.
June 4. The Maiden's Prayer.
4. The Widow's Prayer.
The Miser's Prayer.
July 12. Light Summer Hat and Fashionable Walking Stick. Pub. by Ackermann.
20. The Toper's Mistake. G. M. Woodward inv. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
25. The Maid of All Work's Prayer.
30. The Apothecary's Prayer.
The Quack Doctor's Prayer.
Aug. 1. The Female Gambler's Prayer.
10. The Jockey's Prayer.
10. The Actress's Prayer.
Here's your Potatoes, Four full Pounds for Twopence.
Buy my Moss Roses, or Dainty Sweetbriar.
Light, your Honour ? Coach unhired.
Pray Remember the Blind.
Sept. An Old Member on his way to the House of Commons.
5. Summer Clothing. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
5. The Cook's Prayer.
12. The Sailor's Prayer.

Sept. A Sailor Mistaken. G. M. Woodward. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
20. Poll of Portsmouth's Prayer.
20. The Publican's Prayer.
Dec. 20. Gig Hauling, or Gentlemanly Amusement for the Nineteenth Century. G. M. Woodward inv. Pub. by R. Aekermann.

1802.

Feb. 25. Friendly Accommodation. Woodward inv., Rowlandson seulp. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
Mar. 1. The Monstrous Craws, or a New Discovered Animal. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
May 1. A Man of Fashion's Journal.
1. A Woman of Fashion's Journal.
May 10. Seven Stages of Man's Schooling:—
The Nursery.
Private School.
Public School.
University.
School for Gallantry.
School for Modern Romans.
School for Modern Greeks.
Des. by J. B.W., etd. and pub. by T. Rowlandson.
20. The Sailor's Journal.
28. Speeial Pleaders in the Court of Requests. (Roberts.)
June 10. How to Pluek a Goose. Etched by T. R. Pub. by T. Williamson, 20 Strand.
15. A Parish Officer's Journal.
25. *La Fille mal Gardé*, or Jaek in the Box. Williamson, 20 Strand, London.
July 1. Comfort in the Gout. Etching dated 1785.
1. A Lady in Limbo, or Jew Bail Rejeeted.
1. Sly boots.
1. Intrusion on Study, or the Painter Disturbed. Fores. Pub. originally Nov. 1785.
1. Jockeyship. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
1. A Snip in a Rage. Pub. by S. Howitt, Panton St.
18. The Corporal in Good Quarters.
Aug. 30. A Musieal Family. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
Sept. 12. Sorrow's Dry, or a Cure for the Heartaehe. (Repub. 1811.)
Nov. 20. Doctor Convex and Lady Coneave. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
1802 (?) Hunt the Slipper. Pienie Revels.
Salt Water.
Who's Mistress Now? S. Howitt, Panton Street, Haymarket.
Edward Jones (Bard). Bardie Museum of Primitive British Literature. Fol. 1802. Coloured frontispieee by Rowlandson.
A Compendious Treatise on Modern Edueation, by T. B. Willyams. Eight plates by Rowlandson. Obl. 4to. From Notes by the late Joel M'Cringer, D.D.

1803.

Feb. 1. Signiora Squallina.
Sweet Lullaby.
Queer Fish.
Reeruits. (See 1811.)
Mar. 1. A Catamaran, or an Old Maid's Nursery. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street.
Mar. Riehmond Hill, after H. Bunbury. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
Billiards. Do.
Apr. 1. Road to Ruin. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
6. A Diver.
12. Ducking a Seold.
May 1. John Bull Listening to the Quarrels of State Affairs.
June 21. A Snug Cabin, or Port Admiral. (See June, 1808.)
July 1. A Stage Coach.
10. Flags of Truth and Lies. Pub. by Aekermann.
A Flat between Two Sharps.

1804.

Jan. 1. Diana in the Straw, or a Treat for Quornites. Pub. by S. W. Fores.
2. A Freneh Ordinary. Fores.
May. A New Freneh Phantasmagoria. (Etching dated 1805.)
June 8. Light Volunteers on a Mareh.
8. Light Infantry Volunteers on a Mareh. Pub. by Aekermann.
July 31. The Imperial Coronation.
Nov. 31. Theatrieal Leap-frog. (Ackermann.)
Dec. 14. The Death of Madame République.
Melpomene in the Dumps.
Joel M'Cringer, D.D., F.R.S. A Compendious Treatise of Modern Education, &e. (See 1802.) Folio.

1805.

Feb. 3. Quarterly Duns, or Clamorous Tax-Gatherers. Howitt, 3 Wardour Street, Soho.
25. The Famous Coalheaver, Blaek Charley, Looking into the Mouth of the Wonderful Coal Pit. (Aekermann.)
Apr. 23. The Modern Hereules Clearing the Augean Stables. Pub. by Rowlandson, Adelphi.
23. The Fifth Clause, or Effeet of Example. Pub. by T. R.
28. A Seoteh Sareophagus. Do.
May 15. John Bull's Turnpike Gate. Do.
25. A Sailor's Will. Woodward inv., Rowlandson seulp. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
A Finishing School.
July 8. The Seoteh Ostrieh Seeking Cover. Pub. by Rowlandson, Adelphi.
14. Recovery of a Dormant Title, or a Breeches Maker beeome a Lord. Repub. 1812.
Antiquarians à la Greeque. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
Oct. 1. The Departure from the Coast, or the End of the Faree of Invasion. (Aekermann.)
2. John Bull at the Italian Opera.
30. Raising the Wind.
Nov. 13. Napoleon Buonaparte in a Fever on Receiving the Extraordinary Gazette of Nelson's Vietory over the Combined Fleets. (Aekermann.)
H. Fielding. The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling. 8vo.
The Sentinel Mistakes Tom Jones for an Apparition.
Tobias Smollett.—The Adventures of Peregrine Piekle. 8vo.
Views in Cornwall and Dorset. A Series.

Nov. Clearing a Wreck on the North Coast of Cornwall.
A Finishing School.
Glow Worms. (See July, 1812.)
Muck Worms.

1806.

Mar. 15. The Waltz. (See the 'Sorrows of Werter.')
Apr. 3. An Evergreen.
16. The Political Hydra. Wigstead. Orig. pub. Dec. 26, 1788. Rep. new date.
18. Falstaff and his Followers Vindicating the Property Tax. Pub. by T. R., Adelphi.
20. A Cake in Danger.
A Select Vestry.
May. Recruiting on a Broadbottom'd Principle.
1. A Maiden Aunt Smelling Fire. Pub. by T. R., repub. 1812.
4. Daniel Lambert, the Wonderful Great Pumpkin of Little Britain. Ackermann.
31. A Diving Machine on a New Construction. T. R., 1 James Street.
June 20. The Acquittal, or Upsetting the Porter Pot. (Lord Melville.) T. R., 1 James Street.
(O.D.) A Prize Fight. (See March, 1808.)
(O.D.) Butterfly Catcher and the Bed of Tulips.
Butterfly Hunting. Probably engd. by Williams.
July 21. Experiments at Dover, or Master Charley's Magic Lantern. T. R.
Anything will do for an Officer.
View of the Interior of Simon Ward, *alias* St. Brewer's Church, Cornwall.
A Monkey Merchant.

1807.

Feb. 1. Miseries of London: 'Going out to Dinner,' &c. Ackermann.
1. Miseries of Travelling—The Overloaded Coach.
3. The Captain's Account Current of Charge and Discharge. Giles Grinagain, 7 Artillery Street, London. T. R.
26. Mrs. Showell. The Woman who shows General Guise's Collection of Pictures at Oxford. T. N. Esq. Pub. by T. R., 1 St. James Street, Adelphi.
28. At Home and Abroad! Abroad and at Home! T. R., 1 James Street, Adelphi.
Mar. 1. Enraged Vicar.
Apr. 18. All the Talents.
24. A Nincompoop, or Henpecked Husband. Tegg, 141.
26. John Rosedale, Mariner. Exhibitor at the Hall of Greenwich Hospital.
May 1. The Pilgrims and the Peas. Des. by Woodward, Etd. by Rowlandson.
3. Scenes at Brighton, or the Miseries of Human Life. Pub. by A. Berigo, 38 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, May 3, 1807.
Pl. 1. Beauty, Music, a few thousands, and opportunity given by card tables, often feather the adventurer and prove an easy introduction to the Miseries of Human Life.
Pl. 2. Jealousy, rage, disappointment, intrigue, and laughter are here pretty much exemplified, and afford an old lover a high-seasoned taste of the Miseries of Human Life.
Monastic Fare.—

> No baron or squire, or knight of the shire,
> Lives half so well as a Holy Friar.

May 6. Song Headings, pub. by Tegg:—Black, Brown, and Fair. Des. by Bunbury, etd. by Rowlandson.
6. The Holy Friar. Des. by Sir E. Bunbury, etd. by Rowlandson.
16. I Smell a Rat, or a Rogue in Grain. Ackermann.
17. The Old Man of the Sea, Sticking to the Shoulders of Sindbad the Sailor. *Vide* the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments.' (Burdett and Horne Tooke.) Pub. by Tegg.
25. A White Sergeant Giving the Word of Command.
29. Comedy in the Country. Tragedy in London.
30. Song Headings, pub. by Tegg. Platonic Love. 'None but the Brave Deserve the Fair.' Sir E. Bunbury. Etd. by Rowlandson.
June 12. Miseries Personal: 'After Dinner, when the Ladies Retire,' &c. Ackermann.
15. Song Headings, pub. by Tegg.—Murphy Delaney. Woodward del., Rowlandson fecit.
Easter Hunt—Clearing a Fence.
18. A View on the Banks of the Thames. Pub. by T. Tegg.
July 1. More Scotchmen, or Johnny Macree Opening his New Budget. Pub. by Tegg.
9. Song Heading, pub. by Tegg. A Cure for Lying and a Bad Memory. Woodward del., Row. fecit.
10. The Double Disaster, or New Cure for Love. Row. del. et sculp. Tegg.
Miseries of the Country.*
14. Easter Monday, or Cockney Hunt.
Oct. 5. A Mistake at Newmarket, or Sport and Piety.
Englishman in Paris. H. Bunbury. (1807?)
(N.D.) Symptoms of Restiveness. (1807?)
„ A Calf's Pluck. H. Bunbury. Do.
„ Rusty Bacon. Do.
„ A Tour to the Lakes. Do.
Nov. 9. Thomas Simmons. Drawn from Life. Pub. by T. R., 1 James Street.
10. Directions to Footmen. R. invt. Tegg, 273.
10. John Bull making Observations on the Comet. Woodward del., Row. sculp. Pub. by Tegg.
20. A Couple of Antiquities: My Aunt and My Uncle. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
21. Song Headings, pub. by Tegg. The Dog and the Devil. Woodward del., Rowlandson scul.
1807 (?) Miseries of Bathing.
More Miseries, or the Bottom of Mr. Figg's Old Whiskey Broke through.
The Man of Feeling.
The Pleasures of Human Life. By Hilari Benevolus & Co. Pub. by Longmans, 1807. Cr. 8vo.

1808.

Jan. 'The Discovery.' (See 1809.)
Wild Irish, or Paddy from Cork, with his Coat Buttoned Behind. Qy. Acker. or R. pub.
7. Tom Tack's Ghost. (Song and Heading.) Pub. by Tegg, No. 38.

* While on a visit in the Hundreds of Essex being under the necessity of getting dead drunk every day to save your life.

Jan. 16. Scenes at Brighton, or the Miseries of Human Life. Pl. 3. A Blackleg detected secreting cards &c., after drawing upon your purse on former occasions, is the properest of men to run the gauntlet; as he but too often produces substantial Miseries for Human Life.

16. Pl. 4. Suffering under the last symptoms of a dangerous malady, you naturally hope relief from medical skill and practice, but flying periwigs, braudished canes, and clysters, the fear of random cuffs, &c., intrude and produce a climax in the Miseries of Human Life.

Mar. 1. Miseries of High Life (Tegg). Briskly stooping to Pick up a Lady's Fan, &c.

1. The Green Dragon. Ackermann.

1. Description of a Boxing Match, June 9, 1806.

Apr. 1. Soldiers on a March. Des. and pub. by T. R., 1 James Street, Adelphi.

Plates to Tegg's Gambado, May 1808. 8vo.

May 6. The Head of the Poll, or the Wimbledon Showman and his Puppet. Pub. by Walker, Cornhill.

12. The Consultation, or Last Hope.

21. Volunteer Wit, or not Enough for a Prime. Tegg.

The Anatomy of Melancholy. Ackermann.

21. The Mother's Hope. Pub. by Tegg.

The Microcosm of London, or London in Miniature. With 105 Illustrations by Rowlandson and Pugin. 3 vols. 4to. R. Ackermann.

June 4. The Swect Little Girl that I Love. Pub. by Tegg No. 167. Woodward del., R. sculp.

4. Odd Fellows from Downing Street Complaining to John Bull. Woodward del., R. sculp.

21. A Snug Cabin, or Port Admiral.

30. Accommodation, or Lodgings to Let at Portsmouth. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Tegg, 219.

30. The Welsh Sailor's Mistake, or Tars in Conversation. Tegg, 220.

July 8. The Corsican Tiger at Bay. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

10. Billingsgate at Bayonne, or the Imperial Dinner. Ackermann.

12. The Corsican Spider in his Web. Woodward del. Rowlandson sc. Pub. by Tegg.

12. The Corsican Nurse Soothing the Infants of Spain. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Pub. by Tegg.

22. The Beast as Described in the Revelations, chap. xiii. Resembling Napoleon Buonaparte. G. Sauler, Farnham. Pub. by Ackermann.

Aug. 18. From the Desk to the Throne. A New Quick Step by Joseph Buonaparte. The Bass by Messrs. Happy and Talley. G. Sauler Farnham. Pub. by Ackermann.

21. King Joe's Retreat from Madrid. Tegg, 53. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp.

25. Behaviour at Table. Woodward del. 4 subjects.

Miseries of Human Life. 1 vol. 50 illustrations. Small folio.

27. King Joe on his Spanish Donkey. Woodward del., Row. sculp.

Sept. 12. A Spanish Passport to France. Ackermann.

12. The Political Butcher, or Spain Cutting up Buonaparte for the Benefit of his Neighbours. G. S. Farnham. Ackermann.

Sept. 15. The Fox and the Grapes. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Ackermann.

17. Prophecy explained:—'And there are seven Kings, five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come, and when he cometh he must continue but a short space.' Ackermann. Row. del. and sculp.

20. Napoleon the Little in a Rage with his great French Eagle. Row. del. and sculp. Ackermann.

24. A Hard Passage, or Boney Playing Bass on the Continent. Geo. Sauler Farnham. Ackermann.

25. King Joe and Co. making the most of their Time previous to quitting Madrid.

29. Nap and his Partner Joe. Row. Tegg, 60.

Oct. 1. Nap and his Friends in their Glory. Ackermann.

3. John Bull Arming the Spaniards. Do.

17. Junot Disgorging his Booty. Do.

25. A Bill of Fare for Bond Street Epicures. Woodward del., engd. by T. R. Tegg.

Nov. 1. Get money, money still,
And then let Virtue follow if she will.

1. Rum Characters in a Shrubbery.

1. Doctor Gallipot. 'Throw Physic to the Dogs.' (See 1810.)

1. Wonderfully Mended. Shouldn't have Known you again.

1. The Last Shift.

1. Breaking Cover.

1. In Port and out of Port, or News from Portugal. Woodward del., Row. sculp. Pub. by Tegg.

19. The Progress of the Emperor Napoleon. Woodward and Rowlandson.

Votaries of Fashion in the Temple of Folly.

How to Break a Shop Window with an Umbrella.

More Miseries, or the Bottom of Mr. Figg's Old Whiskey Broke through. (See 1807.)

How to Walk the Streets. 8vo. 3 illustrations by Woodward and Rowlandson.

Chesterfield Travestie, or School for Modern Manners. Ten Cartoons. Engd. by Rowlandson from drawings by Woodward. Pub. by T. Tegg. 1802. 12mo.

The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting. Pub. by T. Tegg.

The Caricature Magazine, or Hudibrastic Mirror. (Continued in 1810, &c.) Pub. by Tegg.

1808 (?) Bartholomew Fair.

A British Sailor. Frenchman. Spaniard. Dutchman. Pub. by Tegg.

A Lecture on Heads, by Geo. Alex. Stevens. With 25 illustrations by Woodward and Rowlandson. Pub. by Tegg.

Beauties of Tom Brown. In one vol.

1809.

The Discovery. Repub. from 1798.

Jan. 15. The Head of the Family in Good Humour. Tegg, 131. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp.

15. The Old Woman's Complaint, or the Greek Alphabet. W. del., R. sc. Tegg.

Feb. 1. Launching a Frigate. Tegg. Newton del. R. sculp.

Feb. 1. A Traveller Refreshed in a Stagnant Pool after the Fatigues of a Dusty Day's Journey. Ackermann.

1. Mrs. Bundle in a Rage, or Too Late for the Stage. Ackermann.

15. Dissolution of Partnership, or the Industrious Mrs. Clarke winding up her Accounts. Rowlandson des. and sculp.

20. Mrs. Clarke's Levée.

20. The Ambassador of Morocco on a Special Mission. Tegg.

24. Days of Prosperity in Gloucester Place, or a Kept Mistress in High Feather. Tegg.

25. The York Magician Transforming a Footboy into a Captain. Tegg. Also known as 'The Magician.'

26. The Bishop and his Clarke, or a Peep into Paradise. Tegg, 93.

26. All for Love. A Scene at Weymouth.

26. An Unexpected Meeting. Tegg, 69.

27. A Pilgrimage from Surrey to Gloucester Place, or the Bishop in an Ecstasy. Tegg.

Mar. 2. A Parliamentary Toast. 'Here's to the Lady,' &c. Tegg.

4. Chelsea Parade, or a Croaking Member Surveying the inside and outside of Mrs. Clarke's Premises. Tegg.

5. The Road to Preferment, through Clarke's Passage. Tegg.

5. The York March. Tegg.

7. The Triumvirate of Gloucester Place, or the Clarke, the Soldier, and the Taylor. Tegg 69.

John Gilpin said, 'Of womenkind I only love but one,
And thou art she, my dearest dear, therefore it shall be done!'

8. A Scene from the Tragedy of Cato. Tegg, 69.

8. Yorkshire Hicroglyphics!! Plate 1. Tegg.
The Duke's Letter to Mrs. Clarke.

9. The Burning Shame. Tegg.

11. Yorkshire Hieroglyphics. Plate Second. Tegg.
The Duke's Second Letter, to Mrs. Clarke.

12. The Statue to be Disposed of at Gloucester Place. (Tegg.)

13. A General Discharge, or the Darling Angel's Finishing Stroke. Tegg.
The Duke of York's *Chères Amies*, Mesdames Carey, Cook, Sutherland, Gifford, Clarke, Shaw, &c.

15. The Champion of Oakhampton Attacking the Hydra of Gloucester Place. Tegg.

Bellua Multorum es Capitum.—*Hor.*

17. The Parson and the Clarke. Tegg.

19. Sampson Asleep on the Lap of Delilah. Tegg.

20. A Mad Dog in a Coffee House.

24. The Resignation, or John Bull Overwhelmed with Grief.

24. The Prodigal Son's Resignation. Tegg.

27. Frontispiece to Tegg's Complete Collection of Caricatures relative to Mrs. Clarke, and the Circumstances arising from the Investigation of the Conduct of H.R.H. the Duke of York before the House of Commons, 1809.—

Out of Evil cometh Good.
Learn to be wise from others' harm,
And thou 'shalt do full well!'

Mar. 29. Mrs. Clarke's Last Effort!

Your rhino rattle, come—men and cattle—come,
All to Mrs. Clarke O.
Of trouble and monies I'll ease you, my honies,
And leave you in the dark O.

30. The York Dilly; or, the Triumph of Innocence. Tegg, 94.

Apr. 1. Doctor O'Meara's Return to his Family, after Preaching before Royalty. Tegg.

2. Mrs. Clarke's Farewell to her Audience. Tegg.
Tailpiece to Tegg's Collection of the York and Clarke Caricatures.

4. Original Plan for a Popular Monument to be Erecte in Gloucester Place. Tegg.

5. A York Address to the Whale, Caught lately off Gravesend. Tegg.

10. The Flower of the City. Aldn. Flower. Tegg.

11. The Modern Babel, or Giants Crushed by a Weight of Evidence. Tegg.

18. The Sick Lion and the Asses. Tegg. Duke of York series.

21. Comforts of Matrimony. A Good Toast. Reeve & Jones.

21. Do. The Tables Turned. The Miseries of Wedlock. Reeve & Jones.

21. Burning the Books. Memoirs of Mrs. Clarke. Tegg.

22. A Piece-Offering. Memoirs, Life, Letters, &c., of M. A. Clarke. Tegg.

24. The Quaker and the Clarke. Tegg, 83.

28. John Bull and the Genius of Corruption. Tegg (94).

29. O! you're a Devil, get along do!
Sterne's Sentimental Journey. 12mo.
Yorick and Father Lorenzo.
La Fleur and the Dead Ass.

June 1. Mansion House Monitor. Poetical Magazine.

12. Boney's Broken Bridge. Tegg.

July 9. Hell broke loose; or, the Devil to Pay among the Darling Angels.
Two of a Trade can Never Agree. Mrs. Clarke and Col. Wardle. Tegg.

14. More of the Clarke; or Fresh Accusations. Tegg, 96.

16. The Plot Thickens; or, Diamond Cut Diamond.

18. Amusement for the Recess; or the Devil to Pay amongst the Furniture. (Col. Wardle.) Tegg, 98.

20. A Tit-Bit for a Strong Stomach. Ackermann.

24. The Tables are Turned; how are the Mighty Fallen. Tegg, 96.

30. The Bill of Wrights; or, the Patriot Alarmed. Tegg, 101.

31. The Huntsman Rising. The Gamester going to Bed. (See 1811.)

Aug. 1. Wonders—Wonders—Wonders! 10 Figures. Tegg.

1. The Mistake. Tegg.

28. The Rising Sun; or a View of the Continent. Desd. by G. Sauler Farnham. Rowlandson. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

Sept. 3. The Pope's Excommunication of Buonaparte, or Napoleon brought to his last Stool. Tegg, 106.

4. Song by Commodore Curtis. Tune: 'Cease, Rude Boreas.' Tegg.

14. A Design for a Monument to be Erected in Commemoration of the Great, Glorious, and Never-to-

be-Forgotten Grand Expedition, so ably Planned and executed in the year 1809. (Gen. Chatham's Expedition.)

Sept. 24. General Chatham's marvellous Return from his Expedition of Fireworks.

A Plan for a General Reform. Pub. by T. Tegg.

27. This is the House that Jack Built. O. P. Riots, Drury Lane. Tegg.

30. A Lump of Impertinence. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Pub. by Tegg, 143.

Miseries of Human Life. Tegg, 257.

Oct. 24. Preparations for the Jubilee; or Theatricals Extraordinary. Tegg, 110.

25. A Bill of Fare for Bond Street Epicures. Pub. by Tegg, 188

25. Do. do do. 189.

Nov. 1. Inside View of Public Library, Cambridge. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

Dec. 1. Cattle not Insurable.

12. The Boxes!—

O woe is me! To have seen what I have seen—
Seeing what I see!

Opie invt. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, 1 James St., Adelphi.

18. Joint Stock Street. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Tegg, 174.

23. A Peep at the Gas Lights in Pall Mall. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. Tegg, 173.

24. The Bull and Mouth. Woodward and Rowlandson. Tegg, 290.

Smollett (T.), Miscellaneous Works. 26 Illustrations by Rowlandson. 5 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

Sterne (L.). The Beauties of Sterne. Embellished with Caricatures by T. Rowlandson.

Poetical Magazine. Pub. Ackermann's. 1809. Continued 1810–11. Royal 8vo. 4 vols.

Beauties of Tom Brown. Frontispiece and illustrations by T. Rowlandson. Pub. by Tegg. 12mo.

Gambado. An Academy for Grown Horsemen, &c. 1809, 8vo. Pub. by Tegg. (See 1808.)

Baron Munchausen's Surprising Adventures. 1809, 12mo. Pub. by Tegg.

Beresford (James). An Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life. 1809, 8vo.

Butler (S.), 'Hudibras.' 5 Illus. by Wm. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Rowlandson. Pub. by Tegg.

Advice to Sportsmen; selected from the notes of Marmaduke Markwell. 16 Illustrations by Rowlandson. Pub. by Thos. Tegg. 1809, 12mo.

Rowlandson's Sketches from Nature. 12 views. Drawn and etched by T. Rowlandson, aquatinted by Stadler.

Views in Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Isle of Wight, &c.

The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting. Woodward del., Rowlandson sculp. 1809. Pub. by Tegg. 12mo.

The Pleasures of Human Life. By Hilari Benevolus & Co. Pub. by Longmans. With 5 plates by Rowlandson, &c. (1807).

Annals of Sporting by Caleb Quizem. Woodward del.; Rowlandson sculp. Pub. by T. Tegg. 1809. 12mo.

1809 (?) A Lump of Innocence. Tegg.

The Trial of the Duke of York. Pub. by T. Tegg. 2 vols. 1809. (Collected Caricatures.)

Scandal, Investigation of the Charges brought against H.R.H. the Duke of York, by G. L. Wardle, Esq., M.P. for Devon, with the Evidence and Remarks of the Members. Containing fourteen scarce portraits by Rowlandson, amongst which are Mrs. M. A. Clarke, Sir F. Burdett, Duke of York, Col. Wardle, &c. 2 vols, 12mo. 1809.

1809 (?) A Glee. 'How shall we Mortals pass our Hours? In Love, in War, in Drinking?' Tegg.

Disappointed Epicures.

1810.

Jan. 1. Business and Pleasure.

Mar. 30. Winding up the Medical Report of the Walcheren Expedition.

April 7. The Dunghill Cock and Game Pullet, or Boncy Beat out of the Pit.

12. Libel Hunters on the Look-out, or Daily Examiners of the Liberty of the Press. Tegg, 4.

20. A New Tap Wanted, or Work for the Plumber.

26. The Boroughmongers Strangled in the Tower.

May 1. Front View of Christ Church, Oxford.

Emmanuel College Garden, Cambridge.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge. A Nobleman Presenting a Collection of Busts.

View of the Theatre, Printing House, &c., Oxford.

St. Mary's Church—Radcliffe Library.

Inside View of the Public Library, Cambridge. Pub. by Ackermann.

5. A Bait for the Kiddies on the North Road, or that's your sort, prime bang up to the mark.

10. Kissing for Love, or Captain Careless Shot Flying. Tegg, 52.

10. Easterly Winds, or Scudding under Bare Poles. Tegg, 2.

15. Three Weeks after Marriage, or the Great Little Emperor Playing at Bo-peep. Tegg, 16.

15. A Bonnet Shop. Tegg, 17.

20. Peter Plumb's Diary. Thos. Tegg, 18.

30. A Table d'Hôte, or French Ordinary in Paris. Tegg, 20.

1810 (?) Paris Diligence. Pub. by Tegg.

June 4. Love and Dust. (Tegg, 2.) Repub. (Appeared originally in 1799.)

5. Boxing Match for 200 guineas between Dutch Sam and Medley, fought May 31, 1810, on Moulsey Hurst, near Hampton. No. 22.

Aug. 8. Smuggling Out, or Starting for Gretna Green. Schultz sculp.

8. Smuggling In, or a College Trick.

Sept. 18. Procession of the Cod Company from St. Giles's to Billingsgate. Tegg, 11.

25. Rigging out a Smuggler. Tegg, No. 8.

30. Dramatic Demireps at their Morning Rehearsal. Tegg, 10.

Oct. 5. Sports of a Country Fair. Part 1.

,, Do. do. Part 2.

,, Do. do. Part 3. A Bengal Tiger Loose.

Cockburn's Theatre on Fire.
Advice to a Publican, or a Secret worth knowing.
The Glutton.
Ladies trading on their own bottom.

Oct. 25. An Old Ewe Dressed Lamb Fashion. Tegg, 42.
25. Spit-Fires. Tegg, 44.
25. Dropsy Courting Consumption. Rowlandson del. Pub. by Tegg, 45.
Nov. 1. Doctor Gallipot Placing his Fortune at the Feet of his Mistress. (See 1808.)
1. Kitchen-Stuff. Tegg, 43.
19. A Hit at Backgammon. Tegg, 46.
20. Medical Despatch, or Doctor Double-Dose Killing Two Birds with One Stone. Tegg, 47.
Bath Races. Tegg, 49.
30. Doctor Drainbarrel conveyed Home in a Wheelbarrow, in order to take his Trial for Neglect of Family Duty. Tegg, 23.
30. After Sweet Meat comes Sour Sauce, or Corporal Casey got into the Wrong Box.
Cries of London. 30 plates. 4to. *Circa* 1810.
The Harmonic Society. Row. del.
Butler, S. 'Hudibras.' Illus. Rowdn. 1810. 8vo. (See 1809.) Pub. by T. Tegg.
1810 (?) The Sign of the Four Alls. Pub. by T. Tegg, No. 13.
Rabbit Merchant. Tegg, 25.
1810 (?) A Sale of English Beauties in the East Indies. (After James Gillray.)
A Parody on Milton.

1811.

Jan. 1. A Bird's-eye View of Smithfield Market, taken from the Bear and Ragged Staff. Pugin and Rowlandson del. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
A Bird's-eye View of Covent Garden Market. Do. do. do
28. College Pranks, or Crabbed Fellows Taught to Caper on the Slack Rope. Tegg, 53.
Feb. A Sleepy Congregation. Tegg, 54.
12. A Midwife going to a Labour. Tegg, 55.
16. The Gig Shop, or Kicking up a Breeze at Nell Hamilton's Hop. Tegg, 56.
20. Pigeon-Hole, a Covent Garden Contrivance to Coop up the Gods. Tegg, 57.
26. A French Dentist Showing a Specimen of his Artificial Teeth and False Palates. Tegg, 58.
Mar. 1. A Catamaran, or Old Maid's Nursery.
2. Bacon-faced Fellows of Brazen-Nose Broken loose. Pub. by Tegg, 59.
10. She Stoops to Conquer. Tegg, 61.
12. The Anatomist. Tegg, 60.
16. Sailors on Horseback. Tegg, 62.
28. Kitty Careless in Quod, or Waiting for Jew Bail. Tegg, 65.
Apr. 1. Pastime in Portugal, or a Visit to the Nunneries. Tegg, 64
5. The Last Drop.
9. Boney the Second, or the Little Baboon Created to Devour French Monkeys. Tegg, 66.
10. A Picture of Misery. Tegg, 70.—
Iron was his chest, iron was his door,
His hand was iron, and his heart was more.
12. Puss in Boots, or General Junot taken by surprise. Tegg, 71.
Apr. 14. Nursing the Spawn of a Tyrant; or Frenchmen Sick of the Breed.
20. The Enraged Son of Mars and the Timid Tonson. Tegg, 67.
24. Rural Sports. A Cat in a Bowl. No. 1.
May 1. A Dog Fight.
1. Touch for Touch, or a Female Physician in full Practice. Tegg, 72.
4. Who's Mistress Now? Reprint, 1820.
16. The Bassoon, with a French Horn Accompaniment. Tegg, 75.
A Two o'clock Ordinary.
June 4. Summer Amusement, Bug Hunting.
July 11. A Ghost in the Wine Cellar. Published by Rowlandson.
14. Easter Monday, or the Cockney Hunt.
14. Rural Sports, or an Old Mole Catcher. Tegg, 83.
31. The Huntsman Rising. (See 1809.)
31. The Gamester going to Bed. Pub. by T. R., 1 James Street, Adelphi. (See also 1809.)
Aug. 20. Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
30. Masquerading. Tegg, 84.
Sept. Accommodation Ladder. Tegg, 85.
12. Sorrow's Dry, or a Cure for the Heart Ache.
20. Looking at the Comet till you get a Crick in the Neck. Tegg, 91.
25. Life and Death of the Race Horse. Tegg, 90.
29. Rural Sports. A Milling Match: Cribb and Molineaux. Tegg.
Oct. 1. Rural Sports, Smock-Racing. T. Tegg.
2. John Bull at the Italian Opera. Des. and pub. by T. R., &c. (See Oct. 2, 1805.)
Rural Sports; or a Game at Quoits.
Rural Sports; or how to show off a Well-shaped Leg.
Twelfth Night Characters, in 24 figures, by T. R.
3. Rural Sports; or a Cricket Match Extraordinary. Tegg, 96.
10. Six Classes of that Noble and useful Animal, a Horse.—The Race Horse. The War Horse. The Shooting Pony. The Hunter. The Gig Horse. The Draught Horse.
10. Distillers Looking into their own Business.
Dinners Dressed in the Neatest Manner. Pub. by Tegg, 112.
The Jockey Club, or Newmarket Meeting (111) (Betting Room).
The Sagacious Buck, or Effects of Waterproof.
Richmond Hill. After H. Bunbury. (See 1803.)
French Inn. Do.
Quaix de Paris. Do.
A Country Club.
Recruits. (See 1803.)
Morning, or the Man of Taste. After H. Bunbury.
Evening, or the Man of Fecling. Do.
Conversazione.
25. A Trip to Gretna Green. T. R., 1 James Street, Adelphi.
25. Rural Sports: Balloon Hunting. Tegg, 157.
31. Cloisters, Magdalen College, Oxford.
Nov. 25. English Manner and French Prudence, or French Dragoons brought to a Check by a Belvoir Leap.
A Scene after Nature near Ciudad Rodrigo. Sept. 1811.

Dec. 2. A Man of Feeling. Tegg, No. 126.
9. Bel and the Dragon. Pub. Stockdale.
15. A Milk Sop. Tegg, 125.
Royal Academy. Somerset House.
The Harmonic Society. (See 1810, Oct. 2.)
Miseries of Travelling—A Hailstorm. Des. by H. Bunbury.
A Tutor and his Pupil Travelling in France. Do.
The Departure of La Fleur. Do.
Exhibition 'Stare' Case, Somerset House.
The Manager's Last Kick, or a New Way to Pay Old Debts. Tegg, 117.
Preparing to Start. Pub. by Tegg, 118.
Preparing for the Race.
Awkward Squads Studying the Graces.
Hiring a Servant. Tegg, 124.
Anglers (1611). H. Bunbury. Rowlandson del.
Anglers (1811). Do. do.
Patience in a Punt. Do. do.
A Templar at his Studies. Tegg, 76.
A Family Piece. Des. by H. Bunbury.
A Barber's Shop. Des. by H. Bunbury.
Modern Antiquities.
Chesterfield Burlesqued. Pub. by T. Tegg. 1811. 12mo. (See 1808.)
Munchausen at Walcheren.

1812.

Jan. 10. A Portrait. Duke of Cumberland. Pub. by Humphrey.
12. A Portrait. Lord Petersham. Humphrey.
Feb. 6. Mr. Norman as the Sultan of Cashmere ('The Golden Fish'). Norman del., Rowlandson sculp. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
10. Wet under Foot. Designed by an Amateur. Etched by Rowlandson. Humphrey.
26. A Portrait. Lord Pomfret. Humphrey.
A Cat in Pattens.
28. Plucking a Spooney.
Mar. 1. Catching an Elephant. Tegg, 146.
1. Description of a Boxing Match for 100 guineas a side between Ward and Quirk. Pub. by T. Rowlandson.
2. A Spanish Cloak. Tegg, 139.
20. Fast Day. T. R., 1 James Street.
25. Sea Stores. Tegg, 140.
25. Land Stores.
Apr. 2. The Chamber of Genius. R. invt. and pub.

> Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
> And genius in rags is turned to ridicule.—*Juv., Sat.*

4. Bug-breeders in the Dog Days.
12. The Ducking Stool. (Republished.) (See April 12, 1803.)
May 30. Italian Picture-Dealers Humbugging Milord Anglaise. Pub. by T. R., 1 St. James Street.
30. A Brace of Blackguards.
Racing. Pub. by T. Tegg, 158.
June 4. Broad Grins, or a Black Joke.
July 14. Miseries of London: 'Watermen.' T. R., Adelphi.
14. Glow Worms. (See 1805.) Pub. by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.
14. Muck Worms. Do.
The Rivals.
July 15. A Seaman's Wife's Reckoning. Woodward del., Row. sculp. Pub. by Tegg, 275.
15. The Secret History of Crim. Con. Plate I. T. Tegg, 161.
15. Do. do. Plate II. Do.
Aug. 29. Setting out for Margate. Tegg, 166. Woodward del., Row. sculp.
30. The Sweet Pea. Pub. by H. Humphrey, 27 St. James's Street.
Oct. 1. Refinement of Language. A Timber Merchant, &c. Tegg, 171.
1. Bitter Fare, or Sweeps Regaling.
30. Raising the Wind. Pub. by T. R., 1 James Street. 'When Noblemen,' &c.
Nov. 30. Christmas Gambols.
The Successful Fortune-Hunter, or Captain Shelalee leading Miss Marrowfat to the Temple of Hymen.
Hackney Assembly. The Graces, the Graces, remember the Graces. Orig. pub. 1802.
1812 (?) The Learned Scotchman, or Magistrate's Mistake. Tegg, 150.
„ Preaching to some Purpose.
„ New-Invented Elastic Breeches.
„ A Visit to the Doctor.
„ Puff Paste.
„ Mock Turtle.
„ Off She Goes. Pub. by Tegg.
The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque. First pub. in a separate form. With 31 illustrations by T. Rowlandson. Royal 8vo. Ackermann.
„ English Exhibitions in Paris; or, French People Astonished at our Improvement in the Breed of Fat Cattle.
Petticoat Loose, a Fragmentary Poem. Stockdale. 4to. 4 plates by T. Rowlandson.
Set of Views of Cornwall.

1813.

Feb. 10. Bachelor's Fare. Bread and Cheese and Kisses. Tegg, 285.
Sept. 1. Summer Amusements at Margate, or a Peep at the Mermaids. Tegg.
1. The Last Gasp, or Toadstools Mistaken for Mushrooms. Tegg, 210.
1. Unloading a Waggon. Tegg, 214.
1. None but the Brave deserve the Fair. Tegg, 231.
20. Humours of Houndsditch, or Mrs. Shevi in a Longing Condition. Tegg, 213.
20. A Doleful Disaster; or, Miss Tubby Tatarmin's Wig Caught Fire.
Nov. 5. The Two Kings of Terror. A Transparency Exhibited at Ackermann's. The Allied Victory of Leipsic.
22. The Norwich Bull Feast, or Glory and Gluttony. Tegg, 232.
25. A Long Pull, a Strong Pull, and a Pull All together. Tegg, 233.
27. The Corsican Toad under a Harrow. Ackermann.
27. The Execution of Two Celebrated Enemies of Old England and their Dying Speeches. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

Nov. 29. Dutch Nightmare, or the Fraternal Hug Returned with a Dutch Squeeze. Ackermann.
30. Plump to the Devil we boldly Kicked both Nap and his Partner Joe. Tegg, 234.
Dec. 4. The Corsican Munchausen Humming the Lads of Paris. Pub. by Ackermann.
6. Funking the Corsican. Pub. by Ackermann.
10. The Mock Phœnix, or a Vain Attempt to Rise again. Pub. by Ackermann.
12. Friends and Foes, up he Goes! Sending the Corsican Munchausen to St. Cloud. Ackermann.
14. Political Chemist and German Retorts, or Dissolving the Rhenish Confederacy. Ackermann.
14. Napoleon le Grand.

Astre brillant, immense, il éclaire, il féconde,
Et seul fait, à son gré, tous les destins du monde.

Mock Auction, or Boney Selling Stolen Goods. Ackermann.
30. How to Vault into the Saddle, or a new-invented Patent Crane for the accommodation of Rheumatic Rectors.
1813 (?) Doctor Syntax, in the middle of a smoking hot political squabble, wishes to wet his whistle. Tegg, 209.
Witches in a Hayloft. Tegg, 226.
Business and Pleasure. Tegg, 272. (See 1810.)
The Glutton. Pub. by T. Tegg, 274.
„ The Quaker and the Commissioners of Excise. Tegg, 276.
„ A-going! A-going! Newton del., Rowlandson sc. Pub. by Tegg, 291.
„ Giving up the Ghost, or one too many. Tegg, 292.
Hopes of the Family, or Miss Marrowfat at Home for the Holidays. Tegg, 293.
„ The Cobbler's Cure for a Scolding Wife. Tegg, 294.
„ Cracking a Joke. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Tegg, 296.
„ Ghost of my Departed Husband, whither art thou gone?
Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque. Royal 8vo. Ackermann.
Poetical Sketches of Scarborough. With 21 Illustrations by J. Green. Etched by Thomas Rowlandson. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
Engelbach. Letters from Italy, 1809–13. Republished as 'Letters from Naples and the Campagna Felice.' 17 plates by Rowlandson. (See 1815.)

1814.

Jan. 1. The Double Humbug, or the Devil's Imp Praying for Peace. Ackermann.
1. Death and Bonaparte.
1. Madame Véry, Restaurateur, Palais Royal, Paris. R. sc. T. N., 348.
1. La Belle Limonadière au Café des Mille Colonnes. Palais Royal, Paris.
30. Quarter-day, or Clearing the Premises without Consulting your Landlord. Tegg, 310.
Feb. 10. Kicking up a Breeze, or Barrow Women Basting a Beadle. Tegg.
14. Progress of Gallantry, or Stolen Kisses Sweetest. Rowlandson. Pub. by Tegg, 313.
20. A Tailor's Wedding. Tegg, 315.
Mar. 1. Crimping a Quaker. Tegg, 317. Originally published as 261.
2. Head Runner of Runaways from Leipzic Fair. R. Ackermann.
12. The Devil's Darling. R. Ackermann.
April. Arms of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Tyrant of France. Supported by Satan (French Devil) and Death. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
The Hieroglyphic Portrait of Napoleon. Pub. by Ackermann.
Do. do. Alexander. Do.
9. Blucher the Brave Extracting the Groan of Abdication from the Corsican Bloodhound. T., 322.
12. Coming in at the Death of the Corsican Fox. Scene the Last. R. Ackermann.
12. Bloody Boney, the Carcase Butcher, left off Trade by Retiring to Scarecrow Island. Tegg, 323.
15. The Rogue's March. Tegg, 321.
16. A Friendly Visit.
17. The Affectionate Farewell, or Kick for Kick. Aker.
20. A Delicate Finish to a French (Corsican) Usurper. J. N. del., R. sc. Pub. by Asperne, Cornhill.
25. Nap. Dreading his Doleful Doom, or his Grand Entry into the Isle of Elba. Tegg, 328.
May 1. The Tyrant of the Continent is Fallen, Europe is Free, England Rejoices. Ackermann.
1. Boney Turned Moralist. What I was, what I am, what I ought to be. Ackermann.
1. Irish Jaunting Car. Hull des., Rowlandson fec.
8. Peace and Plenty. Tegg, 324.
15. Macassar Oil, or an Oily Puff for Soft Heads. Rowlandson. Tegg, 316 (265).
June 14. Miseries of London, or a Surly, Saucy Hackney Coachman.
20. Rural Sports, or a Pleasant Way of Making Hay. Tegg, 16.
July 14. The Rivals. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, James Street.
14. Portsmouth Point. Tegg, 255.
23. The Naumacia to commemorate a Peace. (Aquatic Spectacle on the Serpentine).
Sept. 5. The three principal Requisites to form a Man of Fashion.
15. The Four Seasons of Love—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.
20. Johanna Southcott the Prophetess Excommunicating the Bishops. Tegg, 341.
1814 (?) Rural Sports. Buck-Hunting. Pub. by T. Tegg.

1815.

Jan. 1. Female Politicians. Woodward del., Rowlandson sc. Pub. by T. Tegg.
Mar. 1. Breaking-up of the Blue Stocking Club. Tegg, 343.
1. Defrauding the Customs, or Shipping Goods not Fairly Entered. Tegg, 344.
1. Hodge's Explanation of a Hundred Magistrates. W. del., R. sc. Tegg, 345.
1. Sailors Drinking the Tunbridge Waters. Tegg, 346. (Pub. as 242 originally.)
13. A Lamentable Case of a Juryman. Tegg, 347.
Apr. 7. The Flight of Buonaparte from Hell Bay. R. Ackermann.

Apr. 8. Hell Hounds Rallying Round the Idol of France. Rowlandson. Ackermann.
N. D. Vive le Roi! Vive l'Empereur!! Vive le Diable!!! French Constancy. Rowlandson. Ackermann.
12. Scene in a New Pantomime to be Performed at the Theatre Royal of Paris. Rowlandson. Ackermann.
16. The Corsican and his Bloodhounds at the Window of the Tuileries looking over Paris. Rowlandson. Ackermann.
May 10. The Carter and the Gipsies. Pub. by T. Tegg.
June 1. Ackermann's Transparency on the Victory of Waterloo. Rowlandson. Ackermann, 101 Strand.
July 14. Easter Monday, or the Cockney Hunt.
16. My Ass. Pub. by I. Sidebotham, 96 Strand. Desd. and etd. by T. R., verses by J. Yedis. (6 compts).
Measuring Substitutes for the Army of Reserve.
27. Transparency Exhibited at Ackermann's, in the Strand, Nov. 27, 1815. Day of Celebration of General Peace in London.
A Journeyman Tailor.
Neighbours. Pub. by Tegg, 235.
28. A Rare Acquisition to the Royal Menagerie. A Present from Waterloo by Marshals Wellington and Blucher. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
28. Boney's Trial, Sentence, and Dying-Speech, or Europe's Injuries Avenged. Rowlandson. Ackermann.
1815 (?) An Eating House.
„ Banditti. (See 1808.)
„ Virtue in Danger. „
„ An Unexpected Return, or a Snip in Danger. „
„ A Musical Doctor and his Scholars. „
Slap Bang Shop.
Jack Tar Admiring the Fair Sex.
Accidents will Happen.
Sympathy.
Despatch, or Jack Preparing for Sea.
Deadly-Lively.
The Fort.
Officer. The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome. 1815. 8vo.
Lewis Engelbach. Naples and the Campagna Felice. 8vo. Reprinted from 'Repository of Arts.' Pub. by R. Ackermann.
The Dance of Death. With Illustrations. 2 vols. royal 8vo. Ackermann. (See 1816.)
Oct. The Grand Master, or Adventures of Qui Hi in Hindostan, by Quiz. 8vo. Pub. by Tegg. 1816.

1816.

Jan. 10. Exhibition at Bullock's Museum of Buonaparte's Carriage, taken at Waterloo. Ackermann.
Mar. 31. The Attempt to Wash the Blackamoor White, in the White Hall, City of Laputa.
1816 (?) Bostonian Electors of Lancashire. Pub. by W. Holland.
World in Miniature. 8vo.
Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome. 1816. (See 1815.)
Figure Subjects for Landscapes, &c., &c. Groups and Views. R. Ackermann, 8vo.
The Dance of Death. 2 vols. 1814-16. R. Ackermann, Strand.
Relics of a Saint, by Ferdinand Farquhar. 12mo. 1816. Frontispiece by Rowlandson. Pub. by T. Tegg.

1817.

May 1. 24 Plates to 'Vicar of Wakefield.' Repub. 1823.
The Dance of Life. Illustrated with 28 coloured engravings by T. Rowlandson. Pub. by R. Ackermann. Royal 8vo. (See 1821.)
The New Sentimental Journal.
Grotesque Drawing Book. 40 illustrations, 8vo.
World in Miniature. 58 etchings. 4to. 1817.
Pleasures of Human Life. 1817.

1818.

Jan. 20. The Last Jig, or Adieu to Old England. Pub. by T. Tegg.
The Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy. By Alfred Burton. 8vo.
Wild Irish, or Paddy from Cork, with his Coat Buttoned Behind.
Doncaster Fair, or the Industrious Yorkshire Bites.

1819.

May 9. A Rough Sketch of the Times as delineated by Sir Francis Burdett.
Who Killed Cock Robin? (Manchester Massacre.) John Cahnac. 8vo.
Female Intrepidity, or the Heroic Maiden. (Chap book.)
Egyptian Hall. Mansion House.
Freemasons' Tavern.

1820.

1820 (?) Chemical Lectures (Sir H. Davy).
The Second Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of Consolation. With 24 Illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. Royal 8vo. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
Rowlandson's Characteristic Sketches of the Lower Orders. 54 coloured plates. Intended as a Companion to the 'New Picture of London.' 12mo.

1821.

May. A Smoky House and a Scolding Wife.
Tricks on the Turf—Settling to Lose a Race.
Le Don Quichotte Romantique, ou Voyage du Docteur Syntaxe à la Recherche du Pittoresque et du Romantique. 28 Illustrations drawn on stone (after the designs of Rowlandson) by Malapeau, Lith. de G. Engelmann. Paris.
Journal of Sentimental Travels in the Southern Provinces of France. 18 plates after Rowlandson. 8vo. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

1822.

The History of Johnny Quæ Genus. The Little Foundling of the late Doctor Syntax. Royal 8vo. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
Rowlandson's Sketches from Nature. 8vo. 17 views, in one volume (collected).
The Third Tour of Doctor Syntax. In Search of a Wife. Royal 8vo., with 25 Illustrations by Thos. Rowlandson. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

May. Die Reise des Doktor Syntax, um das Malerische aufzusuchen. Ein Gedicht frei aus dem Englischen ins Deutsche übertragen. Lith. v. F. E. Rademacher, Berlin.

Crimes of the Clergy. 8vo. Two plates by T. Rowlandson.

1823.

March. The Guardian of the Night. Pub. by S. W. Fores.

June 13. Not at Home, or a Disappointed Dinner Hunter. Pub. by John Fairburn, Broadway, Ludgate Hill.

19. An Old Poacher Caught in a Snare. R. inv. et sculp.

Aug. 1. Hot Goose, Cabbage, and Cucumbers.

The Tooth Ache, or Torment and Torture.

Sept. 18. The Chance-seller of the Exchequer Putting an Extinguisher on Lotteries. Ackermann; also Fairburn, Ludgate Hill.

C. M. Westmacott. The Spirit of the Public Journals for the year 1823. 3 vols. 8vo.

Third Tour of Doctor Syntax. 1823. Royal 8vo.

The three Tours of Doctor Syntax. Pocket edition, 3 vols. 16mo.

Sept. Oliver Goldsmith.—'The Vicar of Wakefield.' 8vo. 24 illustrations by Rowlandson. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

1824.

Apr. 1. Interruption, or Inconvenience of a Lodging House. Reprint. (See 1789.)

1825.

Nov. 19. Pie-us Ecstasy, or Godliness (the Itinerant Preacher's) Great Gain. Pub. by A. Bengo.

Bernard Blackmantle. (Charles Molloy Westmacott.) English Spy. 2 vols. 8vo. Do.

The Spirit of the Public Journals for the years 1823-4-5. (See 1823.)

Posthumous.

The Humourist, with 50 engravings, &c., after designs by the late Thomas Rowlandson. Published 1831.

ADDENDUM TO THE CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURES.

THE Editor has found it necessary to append a supplementary list of subjects which have been brought under his notice too late either to be arranged in the body of the present work, or even to be comprised in the general chronological summary; his attention being directed to these additional caricatures long after he had reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that it was hopeless to expect to render the foregoing classification more complete.

In the Introduction to this review of pictorial satires by Thomas Rowlandson allusions will be found (vol. i. p. 4) to a noteworthy collection of his productions, both social and political, in course of formation by Mr. F. Harvey, of St. James's Street, the result of many years' vigilant activity in securing everything of consequence by the artist which happened to come into the print market, with comparative indifference to cost.

The arrangement of this gathering, already amounting to twenty-three volumes, consisting entirely of excellent examples of the caricaturist's engraved works, has been proceeding coincidently with the preparation of the present volumes, and both selections have been brought as near to completion as is practicable at precisely the same time.

The writer has the satisfaction of realising that the promise referred to in his preface, made by Mr. Harvey many years ago, has been redeemed before it is altogether worthless, as concerns his desire to supply a summary of the caricaturist's published productions as comprehensive as circumstances are likely to permit, to which much importance is attached from a collector's point of view.

It must be acknowledged that the extensive accumulation in the possession of Mr. Harvey has contributed to this result, if at the eleventh hour; in his collection numerous examples of interest are found which have hitherto escaped the Editor's researches. Many of the titles set down in the body of the foregoing Summary and in the Addendum, drawn from the resources placed at his disposal by the kindness of Mr. Harvey, are in all probability perfectly novel to the majority of even experienced 'Rowlandson fanciers.'

No date.

A Counsellor's Opinion after he had retired from Practice.

1790.

Crœsus and Thalia.

All Fours. Designed by H. Bunbury. Rowlandson sculp.

Nov. 20. Satan, Sin, and Death. W. Hogarth invt. Rowlandson del.

Dec. 1. A series of single-figure subjects, designed by Woodward and engraved by Rowlandson.

A Smart.	A Greenhorn.
A Jessamy.	A Choice Spirit.
A Jemmy.	A Buck.
An Honest Fellow.	A Blood.

1791.

Mar. 1. The Pursuit. (Chase of a Highwayman by a *posse* of horsemen.) A large and important subject. Companion to 'The Attack,' published contemporaneously, and described in vol. i. p. 289.

Dec. 1. Returning from the Races.

1. Selling a Horse.

1. Modish—Prudent. (Another version of the pair of female figure subjects engraved 1787. See vol. i. pp. 220–1.)

1792.

Jan. 1. A series of four large sporting subjects, figures in wooded backgrounds. Painted by George Morland, and engraved by Thomas Rowlandson.

Partridge-Shooting.
Pleasant-Shooting.
Snipe-Shooting.
Duck-Shooting. Originally pub. in 1790.)

July 18. The Paviour's Joy. Companion to 'The Chairman's Terror' (vol. i. p. 308).

1794.

A Field Day in Hyde Park. Aquatinted by T. Malton. A large and important subject, evidently belonging to the same series as 'The English Barracks,' &c. (Aug. 12, 1791). See vol. i. pp. 294–5.

1795.

Jan. 1. Billingsgate Brutes.

1797.

Oct. 22. Glorious Defeat of the Dutch Navy, Oct. 10, 1797, by Admirals Lord Duncan and Sir Richard Onslow; with a view, drawn on the spot, of the six Dutch line-of-battle ships captured and brought into Yarmouth. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

1798.

Mar. 16. England Invaded, or Frenchmen Naturalised (Loyal Volunteers). Pub. by I. Harris.

Apr. 3. A Return from a Visit. (After H. Bunbury.)

May 15. Military Fly. (See 'Loyal Volunteers of London,' June 20, 1799, vol. i. pp. 375–7.)

May 18. Rehearsal of a French Invasion, as performed before the Invalids, at the Island of St. Marcou, on the morning of ye 7 of May, 1798. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

June 1. Soldiers Attending Divine Service. (The Invasion Panic and Volunteer forces.)

Aug. 8. Smuggling In—Smuggling Out. (See 1810.)

18. The Miller's Love.

Sept. 3. Sadler's Flying Artillery. (See 'Loyal Volunteers of London,' June 20, 1799, vol. i. pp. 375–7.)

Oct. 9. Fraternization in Grand Cairo, or the Mad General and his Boney-party likely to become tame Mussulmen. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

17. Erin-go-Bray. The Allied Republics of France and Ireland. Pub. by S. W. Fores.

Nov. 1. Effects of British Valour on the French Directory. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

1799.

Jan. 20. A Magic Lantern. Merke sculp.

Mar. 1. Cries of London. Pl. 7. Old Clothes. (See 'Cries of London,' vol. i. pp. 354–6.)

20. Fast Day. Pub. by T. Rowlandson, 1 James Street, Adelphi.

Aug. 1. Change Alley. No. I. Waddling In. (See 'Waddling Out,' vol. i. p. 366.)

Horse Accomplishments.—A Vaulter. (See 'Horse Accomplishments,' vol. i. p. 366.)

30. Country Characters. Republished 1800. (See vol. ii. pp. 13, 14.)

Oct. 1. Matrimonial Comforts. Republished 1800. (See vol. ii. pp. 14–16.)

28. Sailor and Banker, or the Firm in Danger. (See 'A Note of Hand,' vol. i. p. 369.)

Dec. 20. The Monkey Room in the Tower. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

Connoisseurs of Art.
Slaverers.
O Tempora, O Mores! S. Alken fecit.

1800.

Jan. 1. Preparing to Start. (See vol. ii. p. 222.)

The Race and the Course. Companion.

Buck's Beauty and Rowlandson's Connoisseur. Pub. by W. Holland.

21. Titlepage to series of twenty subjects.

LE BRUN TRAVESTIED, or Caricatures of the Passions. Designed by G. M. Woodward. Etched by T. Rowlandson. Pub. by R. Ackermann.

No. 3. Admiration.

('Hatred or Jealousy' should be numbered 19. See vol. ii. pp. 1, 2.)

Aug. 15. Shaving a Forestaller.

The Tinker.

Swinging.

1801.

Jan. 15. A Mahomedan Mousetrap. Companion to 'Symptoms of Sanctity.' (See vol. ii. pp. 27–8.)

April 1. Public Characters. A group of portraits arranged behind a lattice or window-frame. Woodward del. Rowlandson sculp.

Oct. 12. John Bull in the year 1800.—War.
John Bull in the year 1801.—Peace. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
Nov. 15. A British Seaman.—A Heart of Oak.
Market Place, Cambridge.

1802.

May 1. Plate 6. School of Honours. 'A Compendious Treatise on Modern Edueation.' ('The Stages of Man's Sehooling.' See vol. ii. p. 47.)
July 1. Manager (Garriek) and Spouter. Republished.
Bookseller and Author. Republished. (See 1784).
One Tree Hill. Greenwieh Park.

1803.

May 1. The Easter Hunt. Designed by H. Bunbury. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
The City Hunt. Ditto, ditto.
Nov. The Trumpet and the Bassoon. (See 1811.)
A Trip to Gretna Green. (See 1785.)

1804.

June 30. A Dismounted Light Horse Volunteer. Woodward del. Rowlandson sculp.

1805.

Apr. 28. The Political Death and Last Will and Testament of Johnny Maeree. Pub. by T. Rowlandson. (See series of satires upon the impeaehment of Lord Melville, vol. ii. pp. 49, 50.)
May 25. A Sailor's Marriage. Woodward inv. Rowlandson sculp. Pub. by R. Aekermann. (Companion to 'A Sailor's Will.' See vol. ii. p. 51.)
July 28. The Blessings of Partnership. Designed by Woodward. Rowlandson fee.
Nov. 25. A Sailor in a Stable.
Dec. 3. A Sailor's Observations upon the lamented Death of Lord Nelson. Designed by Woodward. Rowlandson del. Pub. by R. Ackermann.
9. The Brave Tars of the 'Victory,' and the Remains of the lamented Nelson. Designed by Woodward. Rowlandson del. Pub. by R. Aekermann.
11. The Freneh Admiral on board the 'Euryalus.'

1806.

Apr. 16. The New Property Tax paying his Respeets to John Bull.
20. A Brace of Brimstones. (See 'A Cake in Danger,' vol. ii. p. 58.)
May 1. The Poaeher. (See 'A Maiden Aunt Smelling Fire,' vol. ii. pp. 58, 59.)
June 23. Political Terriers Hunting the Property Tax. (See satires upon the Grenville and Fox Administration, vol. ii. pp. 58–61.)

1807.

July 14. The Rivals.
Oct. 9. The Honeymoon.
Miseries of Human Life. House Cleaning.
Pull'd Turkey.
Collar'd Pig. Companions to 'A Calf's Pluek' and 'Rusty Bacon.' (See vol. ii. pp. 80–2.)

1808.

Aug. 23. Horrid Visions, or Nappy Napp'd at Last. Woodward del. Rowlandson seulp.
Nov. 1. Notiee to Quit, or a Will of their own. (See earicatures against Bonaparte, vol. ii. pp. 92–102.) Pub. by Tegg.
A Musieal Doetor and his Seholars. Pub. by Reeve & Jones. (See 1815.)
The Unexpeeted Return, or the Snip in Danger. Ditto. (See series of plagiarisms from Rowlandson's drawings. Pub. by Reeve & Jones. Vol. ii. pp. 90, 91, 297.)

1809.

Feb. 23. St. Valentine's Day, or John Bull Intercepting a Letter to his Wife. Pub. by Tegg.
(Parody of the Duke of York's letters to Mrs. Clarke. 'Yorkshire Hieroglyphics,' pl. 1, Mareh 8, 1809.)
Mar. 3. Farmer Blunt's Apology. (Satire on 'The Delicate Investigation.') See Rowlandson's caricatures upon the 'Clarke Scandal,' vol. ii. pp. 135–162.)
Apr. 17. Dr. Donovan. ('Investigation of the Charges brought against H.R.H. the Duke of York,' &e. See Chronologieal Summary, 1809.)
21. Connoisseurs. (A plagiarism.) Pub. by Reeve & Jones. (See 1799.)
Portsmouth Breeze.
28. A Visit to the Synagogue.
May 26. This is the House in Gloucester Plaee. Plate 1.
Do. do. do. ,, 2.
(The York and Clarke Seandal. See 'The Delicate Investigation,' vol. ii. pp. 135–162.)
July 18. An Old Cateh newly revived. 'York and Clarke Seandal.' See 'The Delicate Investigation,' vol. ii. pp. 135–162.)

APPENDIX

APPENDIX.

ADDITIONAL SOURCES OF REFERENCE UPON ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURES.

CATALOGUE OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

FURTHER information is open to enquirers who are interested in tracing the works of the caricaturist. The important catalogue of the satirical prints and drawings in the British Museum, now in course of publication, will include all the examples found in that institution, if the Trustees decide to continue it beyond the limit originally settled (about 1770). The preparation of the catalogue in question, which has been placed in the hands of probably the very ablest authority on the subject of satire who has ever lived, is of necessity a work of time. The elucidation of the earlier graphic satires has occupied years of patient industry, by which alone the social and political pictorial 'skits' could be made intelligible—an undertaking which the lapse of time annually makes more complicated as regards the interpretation of those lighter trifles of bygone times, which, in spite of their triviality, often possess an historical value, unintelligible to the majority of students, because hidden away in the obscurity of allusions beyond the vision of the present generation.

The task of tracing and explaining the intentions of the graphic satirists, commenced by Mr. Edward Hawkins, original owner of an immense collection of their works, is being continued and successfully carried out for the Trustees of the British Museum by Mr. Frederic George Stephens. The catalogue, an important contribution to the history of the subject, has, as we have said, already been years in hand, and is slowly but surely advancing through the comparatively lost paths of the past. A new light has been thrown upon the satires of the times of the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Commonwealth, the Restoration, the accession of the Prince of Orange and of the House of Hanover. The results of the editor's painstaking researches are completed and open for consultation up to the conclusion of the Hogarth period; the notices upon the works of the great luminary of the school, which are included in the volume published in the present

year, will be found of so thoroughly exhaustive a character, that the interest generally felt in Hogarth is likely to be increased, especially as a considerable amount of entirely new and curious matter has been discovered by Mr. Stephens in the course of his investigations.

CATALOGUE OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Div. 1. Political and Personal Satires. Prepared for publication by Frederic George Stephens, and containing many descriptions by Edward Hawkins, late Keeper of the Antiquities, F.S.A. Printed by order of the Trustees. With an introduction by George William Reid, Esq., Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum.

A selection of subjects, treated by Rowlandson with more freedom than is consonant with the taste of the latter half of the nineteenth century, is also given by PISANUS FRAXI, in his elaborate and exhaustive work CENTURIA LIBRORUM ABSCONDITORUM (1879). Pisanus Fraxi has set down (pp. 346–398) descriptions of over one hundred and twenty subjects of more or less erotic tendency. The major part of the etchings included by this authority are of necessity inadmissible in the present work, owing to their licentious suggestiveness; but a few of the subjects described in the 'Centuria Librorum Absconditorum,' restricted exclusively to social caricatures by Rowlandson, the originals of which may be consulted in the Print Room and Library of the British Museum, are also instanced in the foregoing pages.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY T. ROWLANDSON IN THE PRINT ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Blood Royal. Duke of Cumberland, with spy-glass, followed by his footman. A back view of the Prince Regent, shown in the distance, talking to some officers.

A Drunkard. An inebriated figure has fallen, in a state of partial insensibility, on his back, in a spirit-cellar, leaving the liquor running; a stout and by no means elegant female, of evidently Dutch construction, is trying to bring the toper to consciousness by the use of a birch-broom.

The Trout Fisher Rising.

Rowing for the Coat and Badge.

A Prize Fight.

Domestic Tranquillity.

Portsmouth Harbour, 1816.

Landscape (in Gainsborough's manner).

A Market Town in Cornwall.

A Continental Scene, 17th century. Lady in coach, running footman before; piazza in distance.

Landscape in Cornwall.

'Putting up Horses.' A country scene.

Portrait of George Morland, full length, standing before a fireplace in a well-appointed apartment. (About 1787, when Morland was living in considerable style at a handsome new house, the corner of Warren's Place, Hampstead.) The person of the artist is carefully studied, and the items of his dress are most characteristically noted, this being the time of Morland's most marked foppishness.

Guildhall Association.

Portrait of a Lady.

A Beau and his Chronometer.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON IN THE POSSESSION OF GEORGE WILLIAM REID, ESQ., KEEPER OF THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

View of a Castle.
View near Bridgport, Dorsetshire.
View in Devonshire.

WINDSOR CASTLE. THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

An English Review. Purchased by George IV.
A French Review. Ditto.

ORIGINAL WORKS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM. (COLLECTION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.)

The Parish Vestry, 1784. Bequeathed by William Smith, Esq.
Brook Green Fair (about 1800). Bequeathed by William Smith, Esq.
The Elephant and Castle Inn, Newington. The gift of G. W. Atkinson, Esq.

DYCE COLLECTION, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Landscape. 11 × 8. A roadside inn, where three officers have stopped for refreshment; one is seated by his mistress and gives alms to a beggar woman; another, likewise seated, is absorbed by the bottle and wine; the third is standing at the door and using his eyeglass. Signed 'T. Rowlandson, 1784.' Engraved in this work. See *Benevolence*, vol. i. p. 316.

View on the Thames off Deptford, with a large number of vessels near the Dockyard. 16 × 10. Men who have been bathing scramble into a boat on the left, very near the holiday parties which are passing to and fro.

Hampton Bridge, on the left; boats on the river, two of which are pleasure ones; a stout old fellow is on the left, with his wife on his arm, and a long pipe in his mouth. 16 × 10.

Hampton Court Palace. 16 × 10. View of the open space in front, with a carriage and four horses, and its military escort, leaving the gate; a carter with horses on the left, and, on the right, four idle fellows amusing themselves by teaching a dog to 'beg.' Signed 'Rowlandson,' and dated 1820.

Landscape. 16 × 10. Timber waggon drawn by eight horses crossing a bridge, which spans a rapid stream struggling between high rocks; cottages are on the left, one by the roadside, and another on the hill.

Portsmouth Harbour.[1] 13 × 8. Lord Howe's victory: the French prizes brought into the harbour. The people assembled on the ramparts cheering, a group in front scram-

[1] *Vide* Biography, vol. i. p. 67.

bling to get possession of the top of a wall. Signed 'Rowlandson.'

Portsmouth Harbour. 17 × 11. A repetition of the last, with numerous additional figures introduced, and more highly finished than the other. Signed 'Rowlandson,' and dated 1780.

Exterior of Strawberry Hill. 14 × 9. A gouty old gentleman, his wife and dog, promenade near the walls; another old fellow either enraptured by a glance of the building or making love to two servant-girls who look over the wall. A donkey braying across the fence to the left.

Landscape, with a large flock of sheep browsing on downs, and guarded by a young shepherd, whose wife is working at his side; a dog is looking at him. 9 × 5.

Bridge at Knaresborough, Yorkshire. 13 × 9. 'The World's End' inn on the left, and the landlord directing persons in a cart, who have probably stopped for refreshments. Signed 'Rowlandson,' and dated, 1807.

'Sir Henry Morshead felling his timber to settle his play debts.' 9 × 5. Three men chop and fell trees, a fourth takes instructions from a soldier on guard; a parson stands near. Signed 'Rowlandson,' and dated 1816.

St. Austell, Cornwall. 9 × 5. View, looking up the principal street, the church in the distance; groups of persons in the foreground are scrutinised by a hairdresser who stands at his door.

Kew Palace. 16 × 11. Seen across the river; a boatman steadying his boat for three stout persons to enter it; two ladies already apparently occupy all the spare room; other pleasure boats are on the water, some with sails.

Landscape. 15 × 11. An approach to a village across a bridge, a woman carrying a bundle; a horseman and other figures are in the foreground.

Museum of Ancient Paintings in the Palace of Portici, near Naples. 8 × 5. Three gallants, including two military officers, attend a young lady; her father is behind, accompanied by the custodian. *Vide* 'Naples and the Campagna Felice,' 1815, *ante*, pp. 301–2.

Glastonbury, Somersetshire. 9 × 5. View, up the principal street, with a church in the distance; a carriage, with post-horses at full gallop, frightening a woman riding on a donkey near; women gossiping while getting water at the conduit. The subject etched by the artist as plate 24 of 'Rowlandson's World in Miniature,' No. 2, 1816.

'Betting Post.' 8 × 5. View on a racecourse. A crowd of ruffians on horseback surround a man who is about to read a list of the names of the favourite horses, but is interrupted by the impatience of his companions, whom he endeavours to prevent riding over him; a gouty old fellow, also on horseback, carries his crutches with him. Engraved in this work. See description, vol. i. p. 257.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO 'THE TOUR OF DR. SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.'[1]

Dr. Syntax pursued by a bull. 7 × 4.

> Syntax, still trembling with affright,
> Clung to the tree with all his might.
> Vol. i. p. 40.

Dr. Syntax drawing from Nature. 7 × 4.

> The Doctor now, with genius big,
> First drew a cow, and then a pig.
> Vol. i. p. 121.

Dr. Syntax at a card party. 8 × 4.

> The comely pair by whom he sat,
> A lady cheerful in her chat.—Vol. iii. p. 163.

The remainder of the series appear to have been designed for the work, but not etched nor used as suggestions to Mr. Combe, excepting those noted. It may not be generally known at the present time that the Tours were written to elucidate the designs, which the following introduction fully explains: 'This second tour is, like the former one, a work of suggestions from the plates by Mr. Rowlandson, though not with such entire reserve as the first. Some few of the subjects may have been influenced by hints from me; and I am willing to suppose that such are the least amusing of them.'—*Introduction to the second volume*, 1820.

Dr. Syntax—unable to pull up at the Land's End—is fearful of being carried to the World's End. 10 × 7. View on the coast during a storm, with the vivid flashes of lightning frightening the people, and the heavy waves dashing on the shore.

[1] See account of the *Three Tours of Dr. Syntax*, *ante*, pp. 176, 247–252.

Dr. Syntax taking wine with a lady in a drawing-room, while the daughter of his hostess and her lover exchange caresses on a rustic seat under the verandah.

Dr. Syntax thrown off his horse while hunting. 7 × 8.

> Your sport, my lord, I cannot take,
> For I must go and hunt a lake.—Vol. i. p. 108.

Mr. Combe no doubt thought it as well, although availing himself of the hint that hunting was not suited to the Doctor's taste, to mention the fact of the Doctor being asked to join the sport, and his declining the invitation, as he was about to make some drawings on the lake.

Dr. Syntax leading a lady to the entrance of a grand mansion: most probably giving the idea of the Doctor escorting Lady Bounty from the garden to her mansion on their first interview. 9 × 5.

> For while he sojourns he will be
> The object of all courtesy.—Vol. ii. p. 217.

Dr. Syntax gazing at some ruins; a man and boy in attendance. 8 × 4. One plate was probably thought sufficient to illustrate 'Sketching the Ruins, and Tumbling into the Water,' through his seat giving way, the latter one being used.

> But now, alas! no more remains
> Than will reward the painter's pains.
> Vol. i. p. 71.

Dr. Syntax in the Jail; a young fellow and three dogs on the left. 7 × 4.

Boarding a Man-of-war. 8 × 5. A boatload of people awaiting their turn to ascend a rope ladder, on which a gentleman of the party is fixed in rather an uncomfortable position. *Vide* 'Naples and the Campagna Felice,' 1815, *ante*, pp. 301–2.

Dr. Syntax frightened by the appearance of a large fish having a form resembling that of a whale; his companion and some fishwives are also greatly alarmed, and a few of them lie sprawling on the ground. 8 × 4.

Dr. Syntax drawing the waterfall at Ambleside, while his man Patrick is eating voraciously. 8 × 5.

> Bold sketches from the very scene
> Where, with his neighbours, he had been.
> Vol. ii. p. 64.

A Lady repulsing with the poker her guests, consisting of eight gentlemen, among whom is the Doctor; her dog by her side appears to be equally pugnacious. 8 × 5.

Dr. Syntax riding and chatting with a lady, under an avenue of trees; a footman behind them. 8 × 5.

Dr. Syntax playing at cards with a young lady; an old wooden-legged officer seated near, apparently not in the best of tempers; three other young ladies seated on the sofa take much interest in the game. 8 × 5.

Dr. Syntax gently opens the door of a garret, and is horrified to find a woman of the *pavé* reclining back in her chair dead; a dog is seen on the left playing with her wig. 8 × 4.

Dr. Syntax skating and saluting three ladies who stand on the bank of the frozen river. 8 × 5.

The following drawings by Thomas Rowlandson, with several engravings of his London views, already described under the accounts of his prints in this work, were exhibited (1879) in the western portion of the Exhibition Galleries, South Kensington, in the valuable and interesting series of

VIEWS OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER. COLLECTED AND EXHIBITED BY JOHN GREGORY CRACE, ESQ.

Entrance to Blackwall Docks, 1801.[1] Perry's Dock, Blackwall, 1801
View of the Reservoir in the Green Park, looking south (towards Westminster), 1810.

Original drawing of Brooks's Subscription Room, in the possession of

HENRY BANDERET, ESQ. BROOKS'S CLUB.

[1] Another version of the drawing, in the possession of the Editor, reproduced (p. 20) as 'The Quay,' in the introductory biographical sketch to this work.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON IN POSSESSION OF W. R. BAKER, J.P., ESQ., OF BAYFORDBURY PARK, HERTFORD.

At Bayfordbury Park—where, it will be remembered, the celebrated collection of the Kit Cat Club, a national gallery of portraits, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of the most interesting character, has its home—the choice examples of Rowlandson's skill appear to have been secured by the family at one time, and that at what may be considered the artist's best period—a little before the production of *Vauxhall Gardens*, and the series contributed to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

The Bath Coffee House. A highly amusing interior, representing the various fashionable characters to be met with on the Great Bath and Bristol Road a century back.

Rustic Scene. Carters' horses watering.

Scene outside a Lodge in a London Park, crowded with animated groups of folks of *bon ton*, as they might be seen disporting themselves in the fashionable resorts, where the 'best company' of the day was to be encountered in 1785.

The Waggoner's Halt.

Sailors Soliciting Charity. A party of Rodney's 'old salts,' disabled, and reduced to appeal to charity; a model of a ship-of-war is dragged about on wheels to attract the attention and sympathies of the passers-by.

French Barracks, 1786. A highly finished example of one of Rowlandson's most famous subjects (exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1787). It probably preceded the exhibited drawing, since it is executed on a somewhat reduced scale to that of the engraving. A full description of this admirable design is given under the list of subjects belonging to 1791 (Aug. 12).

Death and the Apothecary. This subject is drawn in Rowlandson's most careful method. In the writer's opinion it is one of the earliest examples of the artist's finished works which have come under his attention, and is probably of the same date as the *School of Eloquence*, mentioned under 1780, which, as he has noted, has suffered at the hands of the anonymous etcher. Death, as a grim skeleton, is intruding into the apartment of an invalid by the window; the patient has armed himself with a gruel-spoon to ward off this sudden attack from the unassailable foe, while a corpulent apothecary, standing in ambush behind his client, has snatched up a gigantic syringe, which he is pointing, by way of a great gun, at the bony framework of the ghastly actor who has dropped in to complete the quack's handiwork and snatch away a profitable customer. The whole of the background is worked out like a fine etching, in a fainter line than the figures, much in the style which distinguishes the etchings of Mortimer.

Hertford Market Place (market day). This view of the old county town of Hertford is one of the finest and most interesting of those drawings which Rowlandson has left of the quaint towns of his day. It is altogether of an important character, being nearly 30 inches in length. It represents the Town Hall, the market-place, and certain picturesque ancient houses, faced with carved scroll-work, which front the corner hard by. The traveller will find these buildings exactly as Rowlandson viewed them a century ago; and, on a market-day, he will see the dealers' stalls, the country people busying themselves about their purchases, and the gentry passing or riding by, called to the town on local affairs, in some respects the same as a century ago. This scene, animated in itself as it is presented in our day, falls very far short of the prospect the artist has preserved, for the antique costumes have disappeared; and, comfortable as may be those of the generation who occupy themselves on the spot, the attractions found in the caricaturist's picture are looked for in vain; for the light flowing robes, the hats and feathers which aided the winning graces of the fair, the nodding plumes, and the scarlet and gold of the military bucks, the rustling silk cassocks, shovel-hats, and full-bottom wigs of the Church dignitaries, and all such characteristic accessories of the scene, no longer display themselves to assist the observer's sense of the picturesque.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON. (COLLECTION OF W. T. B. ASHLEY, ESQ., DECEASED.)

The Faro Table at Devonshire House. 1797.
Bricklayers' Arms on a Race Day.
Rape of the Sabines.
Nymphs of King's Place.
Prize Fight between Cribb and Molyneux.
Portrait of a Pugilist.
Tilbury Fort. The Stile.
Windy Weather.
Female Portrait.
'Thus, whatsoever course we bend, at every mess we find a friend.'
Exhibition of Baboons at the Tower Menagerie.
Going from Market.
Rag Fair in 1802.
The Punch Bowl, or the Loving Cup, with Commodore Regaling. (Grog on Board.)
The Peasant Girl and Amorous Dignitary.
Village, with old Inn and Church. Market Day.
The Coal Hole. (Figures eating oysters, drinking punch, &c.)
The Family Supper.
The Sick Man, surrounded by his Family.
Napoleon, on his return from Elba, Surveying Paris from the Window of the Tuileries.
The Old English Drinking Club, with effects of alcohol after free libations to Bacchus. 1798.
The Mischievous Urchin and the Blind Fiddler.
Man Selling Images. Man Selling Fowls. Man Selling Cakes. (Cries of London.)
An Enthusiastic Itinerant Preacher: the Adventures of Thomas Wildgoose.
The Town Crier.
Mutual Recriminations, and Plymouth Dock.
The Oyster Wench.
The Pic Nic.
Anatomical Lecture.
The Chelsea Stage Coach.
The Squire's Kitchen.
Barrow Women Basting the Beadle.
Militia Meeting.
Drawing from Life at the Academy. 'Given to my old friend, John Thomas Smith.'
Nymphs Bathing. Satyr and Nymphs. Nymphs and Tritons.
Scene at a Steeple Chase.
Figures Carousing, Death in Waiting. (Deadly-lively.)
Milk Seller. The Unsuspicious Husband.
An Artist Painting a Portrait.
Villagers Dancing to a Fiddle.
Interior of a Church during a Sermon.
William Hill, the Blind Sexton at Cambridge.
The Burglars.
Sale by Auction of Old Materials at Westminster; with view of the Abbey and old houses.
Greenwich, with view of the Old Salutation Tavern.
The Studio.
Bathing.
Sitting out a Long Sermon.
The Milkmaid.
The Old Commodore, Admiral Paisley.
Harlow Bush Fair.
Rooks Waiting for Pigeons.
Posting in Scotland. Posting in Ireland.
Saving the Old China from Fire.
Hunting Party, with Hounds, at the door of an Inn.
Funeral Ceremony.
Group of Soldier and Sweetheart.
An Auctioneer.
Specimens of Comparative Anatomy, and Illustrations of the Pythagorean Doctrine. (A series.)
Peace and Plenty.
How to get rid of a troublesome Customer.
A Catchpenny.
Interior of an Eating House.
The Vicar Removed.
Delineations of the Passions and various phases of Character. (A series.)
Teetotal Feast.
Monkey Island.
Scene by the River.
The Magic Lantern.
Village, with Procession of Dignitaries of the Church to the Tavern.
Drunken Pensioner in a Critical Position.
Mrs. Sturt and her Pupils.
Stock Jobbers.
Sepulchres.
Domestic Jars.
Cranbourn Alley.
The Gourmand.
Nobleman Cutting down his Timber to Pay his Debts of Honour.
Tax Gatherers.
The Reading Room.

Evening Party.
Leaving Home.
Wayside Inn.
Parties at an Inn-door.
The Post Chaise.
Apothecary's Shop.
The Old Gentleman and his Young Wife.
Groups of Human Heads. (A series.)

The Broken Pitcher.
Jupiter and Leda.
Tender Appeal.
Petition.
Skating Scene.
Wrestling Match.
Balloon Hunting.
'We three Cunning Dogs be.'

THE APPARITION.

Three Dignitaries of the Church.
The Special Pleader.
Scene in the Opera.
Horns to Sell.
Selling the Elixir of Life.
The Meat Market Evacuated, or the Sans-Culottes in Possession.

Flea-Catching.
A Turk and a Tartar.
Neapolitan Tricks.
Interior of a Pawnbroker's Shop.
A Scold.
The Shipwreck.
Robbing the Miser of his Gold.

The Bachelor's Bitter Cup.
The Vicar at Dinner.
The Old Husband and Young Wife.
The Apothecary's Shop. Death at the Mortar.
Selling Signor Puffado's Sauce à la Russe.
Portsmouth Point.
A Woolcomber at Work.
Elopement from School.
The Hurdy-Gurdy Player.
Connoisseurs Looking at a Picture.
An Old Hag Looking out of Window, with a Cock and Breeches Below.
An Elderly Lady at her Toilet, holding a Rose and viewing herself in a Mirror, &c.
Good News—Bad News.
A Pig's Whisper.
A Waiting Maid's Insinuation.
Scene with Highwaymen.
Halfway House.
Mishaps.
One Tree Hill, Greenwich Park.
Rural Recreation.
Cottages near Buckingham.
The Laboratory.
Money-Changers.
Nuns at Devotion.
Nuns at a Window, Selling their Wares to Admiring Cavaliers. ('Pastime in Portugal.')
Launceston, Cornwall, an Auction Proceeding.
Sea Coast, with Fishermen.
Eating Oysters, a First Course.
Market Day.
Landscape, with Figures Dancing before a Country Alehouse. Skittle-Playing, &c.
Landscape, with Sportsmen and Cottage.
View on the River, 1791.
Sketches of Two Female Figures.
Rural Courtship.
The Old Debauchee Carried to Bed.
The Unequal Match.
Hulls of Men-of-War Ready to be Launched.
'Sculls? Oars?'
The Market-Mishap.
Landscape, with Monks at Devotion.
Farm-shed: Children at Play.
The Sick Patient, the Doctor, and the Enraged Wife.
Divinities and Divines.
Surgeon and Apothecary.
Mrs. Grant's Bagnio.
Watchmen Taking an Unprotected Female to Prison.
Country House. Figures at Table.
Dr. Accum Lecturing at the Surrey Institution.
Funeral Procession from a Country Mansion.
The Old Bailey during a Trial.
Departure of a Bride and Bridegroom in a Post-Chaise.
Levée Day at St. James's—Going to Court.
Hull of a Man-of-War.
Interior of a Kitchen—Family at Dinner.
The Apparition.
Blacksmith's Shop.
Old Alehouse Door.
Clearing the Premises without Consulting your Landlord.
'Be cautious upon what you fix your affections, and withdraw your neck from the yoke.'
The Old Commodore.
The Apothecary in Adoration.
Heads of Doctor Gosset, Governor Wall, and Doctor Gall, 'drawn by T. Rowlandson, and given to his old friend, Mr. John Thomas Smith.'

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EDITOR OF THE PRESENT VOLUMES.

The Tuileries at Paris.
A Celebration at the Great Room of the 'Crown and Anchor' Tavern.
Love and Dust.
Large Landscape—View in Wales: Fishing, Netting, &c.
Summer Amusement, or a Game at Bowls.
Large Classic Landscape — Water Nymphs, &c.
A Press Gang.
Dissolution of Partnership, or Striking a Balance.
Une Bonne Bouche! (A Titanic gourmand with an entire sucking-pig impaled on his fork.)
A Turk and a Tartar (the Tartar in this instance being a high-spirited nymph, a flower-girl).
A Cry for a Cat. (A beadle going round with his bell, &c.)

A Travelling Princess, and an Indifferent Ambassador. (Caroline of Brunswick, &c.)
Sortie from a Levée.
New Flora.
Awkward Attendant—'Hints to Footmen.' (On the reverse the sketch of 'a Masquerade.')
Private Amusement—Noble Science of Boxing. 'Nobility and Gentry taught.'
Fashionable Beauties. (A pair of Nymphs of St. James's.)
A Nincompoop, or Henpecked Husband.
Ram Inn at Newmarket—Card-Sharpers and Countrymen.

SORTIE FROM A LEVÉE.

A Little Tighter.
Sly Boots.
The Apparition.
How to Treat a Refractory Member.
A Finishing School.
Luxury and Avarice.
Lust and Desire.
'The Vicar of Wakefield.'
'The Vicar of Wakefield': The Family Picture.
The Old Bailey.
Hunting Scene in a Park.
A Park—Horses and Figures.

View of Clifton.
Garden Pastimes.
Rocky Landscape :—Bathers at a Stream.
Hussar taking Refreshment at a Cottage Door.
John Thomas Serres. The Husband of the Princess (The 'Princess' Olive of Cumberland).
Miseries of Reading and Writing :—'Losing the post when you would as willingly lose your life.'
Syrens Catching a Porpoise.
Rag Fair, 1801.
Landscape Scene.
A Mad Dog in a Dining Room. (See 1809, page 133.)
Clifton from the Heights.

A TOAD-EATER.

The Quay.
A Shipping Scene.
Greenwich Geese.
A Wild Landscape.
A Toad-Eater.
Incantations.
The Dolphin Inn.
Bob Derry of Newmarket.
Buy my Strawberries.
An Old Sinner.
Stolen Kisses.
The Highwayman betrayed.
A Prize Fight.
Contrasts : The Long and the Short of it.

A Clockmaker's Shop.
A Neapolitan Ambassador. (Lady Hamilton, &c.)
Seeking among the Slain after the Fall of Troy.
Forget and Forgive, or Honest Jack shaking hands with Mynheer.
Playing Tricks upon Travellers; or, Disturbed by Sham Spectres.
Veteran Topers.
A Jew Family.
Lethargy.
A Nun of Winter's Sisterhood.
The Butterfly Fancier on the Wing, or the Tulip Fancier's Flower Beds Sacrificed.
Pair of Female Figures.
Smoking a Customer.
Preparing to Start.
Landscape, Sea-Shore, Boat-Building.
Monmouth.
Entrance to the Town of Carnarvon, Wales. 1804.
Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.
Cottage in Devonshire.
Lord Fitzwilliam's seat near Malton, Yorkshire. 1803.
Oxford Jockeys, or the Landlord in Trouble for his Cattle.

SMOKING A CUSTOMER.

Dutch Market Women landing at the Brill.
View on the Maeze, Holland.
Dock Head.
Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight.
Market Place at Yarmouth, Norfolk.
Mode of Travelling in Holland.
Travelling in Germany.
Travelling in the Prussian Dominions.
The Market Place, Dusseldorf.
View of a Post House in the Emperor of Germany's Dominions.
Inn Yard at Cologne.
Brighton Downs.
Blackheath.
View of the Thames from Blackheath.
Diana in the Straw, or the Squire, a treat for the Quornites.
Trying on her Mistress's Clothes, or a peep into the Kitchen. 1801.
The Castatrophe, or Crash to the Grandmother's old China.
A Visit from Houndsditch to Pall Mall.
Admiral Nelson recruiting with his brave Tars after the Battle of the Nile.

Views of Oxford and Cambridge :—

North View of Friar Bacon's Study at Oxford.

View of Oxford Castle.
View of Queen's College, Oxford.
A View of the Theatre, Printing House, &c., Oxford.
Inside View of the Cupola in the public Library.
Merton College and Chapel, from the First Quadrangle.
Merton College. Oxford.
A Western View of All Souls' College. Oxford.
The Libraries and Schools from Exeter College Gardens.
A South View of the Observatory. Oxford.
St. Peter's House. Cambridge.
Trinity College. Cambridge.
King's College and part of Clare Hall. Cambridge.
View of Jesus College. Cambridge.
Trinity College and Library, and part of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Views in Cornwall, Devon, &c.

View on Bodmin Downs. Cornwall.
Hamethothey Mill. Cornwall.
Hengar House, near Camelford, the seat of Matthew Mitchell, Esq.
Cornish Cottages.
Corn-mill in Cornwall.
Cornish Scene.
Collecting the Tythes.
Liskeard Moors. Cornwall.
St. Columb. Cornwall.
St. Kew Church near Wade Bridge. Cornwall.
View near Bodmin in Cornwall.
Treelile House, North Cornwall.
Cottage, near Landhearn. Cornwall.
The Barrow Sands. North Coast. Cornwall.
Stone Bridge. Cornwall.
Hengar Woods, near Camelford. Cornwall.
Hengar Woods. (Another view.)
Cottage on the Router Moor, near Camelford. Cornwall.
Vicarage of St. Udy, near Bodmin. Cornwall.
Stone Bridge. Cornwall.
Shipwreck. Cornwall.
Monastery. Cornwall.
Near Truro. Cornwall.
View of the Convent at Landhearn, near St. Columb. Cornwall. The seat of Lord Arundale.
Cottage in Cornwall.
Old Buildings. Cornwall.
Roadside and Bridge. Cornwall.
Cottage near Launceston. Cornwall.
The Disbanded Soldier.
Camelford Cattle Fair. Cornwall.
Cottage. Devonshire.
Near Plymouth.
A Travelling Tinker. View at Fair Point. Plymouth.
View near Taunton. Somersetshire.
Taunton Vale. Somersetshire.
A Wheelwright. Devonshire.
Country Carpenters. Devonshire.
Near Conway. North Wales.
Falls, Conway. North Wales.

Wells.
Bath.
Bath Races.
Pump Room. Bath.
The Bath. Bath.
City of Norwich.
Ouse Bridge. York.
York Cathedral.
Entrance to the Town of York during the Races.

Views on the Thames :—

Richmond.
Town Hall and Market Place at Kingston-upon-Thames.
Mr. Zoffany's House at Chiswick.
Greenwich.
Near Pyrfleet.
Fishing House at Chertsey.
Hampton Bridge.
Hampton Wick.
Near Richmond.
Near Datchett.
Near Bray.

The Waggoner's Rest. Moonlight.
War time. Gun, Horses, and Ammunition.
Embarkation of Troops for La Vendée.
Troops on the March ; convoying Stores.
The Surrey Fencibles dispersing the Rioters in St. George's Fields. June 13, 1795.
Embarkation of Cavalry.
Troops on the March ; Bag and Baggage.
Waggoners.
The Passage Boat.
The Serenade.
Hunting Morning.
Market Day at Aberystwith.

Camp-followers.
Near Lewes. Sussex.
Disasters of the Streets. Chairmen in a Dilemma.
Coach in a Slough.
A Coach Wrecked.
Turks.
Returning from a Country Party.
The Smithy.
A Showery Day.
Fireside at an Inn.
A Bar Parlour.
Devotion.
Rag Fair. Pair of Views.
Concerto Spirituale.
The Dog Barber. La Francia.
The Village Barber.
An Unwelcome Visitor.
New Shoes.
Shot at a Hawk. Scene at Newmarket.
Sunday Morning at Cambridge.
Visit to the Camp.
Patience in a Punt.
A Town-bred Brat. 1802.
A Wayside Meeting.
College Service.
Stock Jobbers.
Loan Contractors.
The Propagation of a Lie (in three slips).
The Pleasures of the Country, or returning from a Visit across a Muddy Road.
A Snug Rubber, or Playing for the Odd Trick.
Making a Bowl of Punch.
Old Age, Condolence on Crutches.
Saved.
Drowned.
Jerry Sneak and Mr. Sullen. A Henpecked Husband.
Scene from 'King John.'

Arthur. Let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive those men away.

A Flat between two Sharps. Outside a Billiard Room. 1803.
A Journeyman Tailor.
Green and Large Cucumbers.
The Dancing Bear; or, the Graces, the Graces, remember the Graces!
Counsellor Humbug, or Guardians of our Property, here and hereafter.
Quaker Courtship. Waiting for the Movement of the Spirit.
Methodists broke Loose.
Market Place, Richmond, in Yorkshire.
Green Man near Nottingham. 1803.
View of Nottingham.
The Meal in the Shade.
Labourers at Rest.
Near Canterbury.
Officers Holding a Review.
Fish Market at Brighton.
The Rising Sun. Halt at an Inn.
Putting off to Sea. A Breezy Day.
Cabin of a Man-of-War. Drinking a Toast.
A Cottage Scene. Washing Day. Pigs Feeding.
Exeter Gaol.
A Man-of-War.
Devon.
Lincoln.
Market Day. The Golden Fleece.
View of Stamford, Lincolnshire.
Cattle at a Waterfall.
The Royal Oak.
Country Courtship.
Near Honiton. Devonshire.
Farm Yard near Honiton. Devonshire.
Sunday Morning.
Returning from Work.
The Waggoner's Inn.
Waterside Inn. 'The Boatman's Rest.'
Resting beside a Barn.
Carnarvon Castle Gate.
The Windmill.
The Sailor Saved.
Near Beverley. 1803.
Ships Unloading.
Driving Home Cargo.
View of the River Itchen, near Southampton.
Southampton Waters.
Carisbrook Church and Castle, Isle of Wight.
Soldiers Drinking.
Troops stopping to Refresh on their Road to Join the Camp on Barham Downs. Aug. 20, 1799.
Returning from a Race.
Cottages and Park.
The Road to the River.
Waggon and Horses Climbing a Hill.
Saturday Night. Repose from Toil.
The Wounded Soldier. 1804.
Horsemen Drinking outside an Inn.
Newgate. Morning of an Execution.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON. (COLLECTION OF THOMAS CAPRON, ESQ., ARUNDEL HOUSE, RICHMOND.)

Mr. Capron's selection contains numerous subjects from the collections of Lord Farnham and the late W. T. Ashley, Esq. Besides being the owner of a very fine selection of the best prints after Rowlandson, many of considerable size, value, and importance, (for the loan of several choice examples, which are both rare and difficult to obtain, the writer begs to record his grateful acknowledgments to the fortunate possessor;) Mr. Capron has also collected quite a gallery of original drawings; among the number are some truly capital examples. The titles of a selection from the numerous subjects are as follow. (See also the collection of the late Mr. Ashley.)

French Barracks.
Cries of London.
Plymouth Dock.
Street Musicians.
Portsmouth Point.
The Love Letter.
Grog Aboard.
The Female Volunteer.
Relief from Hard Study.
Hen and Chickens.
Late Hours at Mrs. Sturt's.
Temptation.
A Snooking Kenn.
Fiez-vous à Filles: Stripping a Cully.
Illustrations from *Johnny Quæ Genus.* Waiting on a Lady of Fashion.
Unpleasant Reflections.
State Pledges.
Matrimony. (*Dance of Life.*)
The Cobbler's Method.
A Domestic Scrimmage.
'The Long wished-for Day come at Last.'
All Souls.
Beyond a Joke.
Nuns at Devotion.
Snow-balling the Blackamoor.
Concert à la Catalini.
Money Bags. A Golden Shower.
Westminster Abbey.
A Levee, St. James's Palace.
Presence Chamber, St. James's Palace.
Stock Exchange.
Brewers' Horses.
Arrival of the Post Boy.
Epsom Downs, or More Downs than One. 1816.
John Bull stuck in a bog in France.
Jean Crapaud run away with in England.
The Laboratory.
A Duck. 1823.
Humours of a Rustic Inn.
The Club.
The Coal Hole.
The Cock Tavern, Fleet Street.
Mutual Recriminations.
Dragging the Pond.
A Pic-Nic. The Social Day. 1812.
Dinner at the Fair.
Althorpe Wells, Discovered by Queen Anne's Physician.
Leaving Home.
Clearing the Premises without Consulting your Landlord.
A British Tar, and Charitable Feelings.
Trying to Move a Jew.
Jew and Gentile, or Old Clothes and Doll Tearsheet.
A Superannuated Beau.
Ballet Master at the Opera House.
A French Noble in his Shooting Dress Sketched at Boulogne, 1778. First September, Trying the Sight.
Introducing a Pigeon to a Hazard Table.
William Cussons, Shaver. John Street, Adelphi.
The Walking Stewart, an Eccentric Character.
Dirty Work, Levee Day, or Court Ceremony.
Katharine and the Tailor.
A Banker's. (The Spider's Web). A Ready Money Customer.
A Banker's. (The Wasp). A Discount.
A Lowland Family.
Putting a Husband to Bed.
Old Cronies.
Recruiting.
The Ménage.
Billiards.
Lost and Won. Red Wins.
Saving the Old China from Fire.
Posting in Ireland.
Posting in Scotland.

French War. Interior of a French Prison. (An Abbey.)
A Cooper. A Farrier.
Travelling Savoyard. An Itinerant Showman. Bear, Monkey, and Performing Dogs.
Innocent Cause.
The Magic Lantern. A Galantee Show.
Sham Fits. 1802.
Deadly-Lively.
Doctor Graham's Cold Earth and Warm Mud Bath.
Volunteer Foot. Westminster Light Horse.
Admiral Paisley—'The Tough Old Commodore.'

> Why, the bullets and the gout
> Have so knocked his hull about
> That he'll never like the sea any more!

Rent Day. A Light Piece.
An Apothecary.
A Ridotto.
A Pastoral Piper.
A Fresh Graduate.
Pomona, or Ripe Fruit.
Life Academy, Somerset House. T. Rowlandson. With inscription by the Artist: 'Given to my old friend Smith.'[1]
The Graces.
Nicolas Poussin: Venus, Mars, and the Loves.
Bellona.
An Apotheosis. Prometheus.
Nessus and Dejanira.
Acis and Galatea pursued by Polyphemus.
Etruscan Frescoes.
Venus and Cupid.
Neptune discovering Venus to the Tritons.
Pan and Syrinx.
Tritons and Nereids.
Doctor Syntax and the Bees.
'Doctor Primrose Preaching to the Prisoners,' and numerous illustrations to the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'
The major part of the Illustrations to 'The Dance of Life,' and a few Examples of the Designs for 'The Dance of Death.'
Pair of Large Hunting Scenes.
Diving Belles.
The Introduction. Mrs. Sturt's.
Mrs. Sturt and her Pupils (from Mr. Ashley's Collection).
Tuileries Gardens.
Stowe Gardens.
Richmond Hill.

THE FOLLOWING DRAWINGS HAVE ALSO COME UNDER THE EDITOR'S ATTENTION.

A Tailor's Wedding.
The Unwelcome Intruder. (1803.)
The Rival Butchers.
The Cobbler.
The Fishmonger.
Animal Magnetism: the Centre of Attraction.
The Alchemist.
The Pavior's Joy.
The Clamorous Tax-gatherer calling on the Doctor.
The Old Admiral.
Apples! a Street Cry.
Alms. An admiral (with a wooden leg) and his family relieving an invalided old sailor.
Mrs. Shevi in a Longing Condition (for a Little Pig).
Chevalier D'Eon at Angelo's Rooms. 'Angelo's Fencing Academy, also the Broadsword Exercise, Boxing, &c. Terms for Fencing, Lessons, &c.'
Washing in the Highlands.
A Butcher's Shop.

COLLECTION OF JOHN COLE STOGDON, M.A., ESQ., 18 CLIFFORD'S INN.

This gentleman, amongst a rich gathering of drawings, caricatures, and social satires, has secured numerous good examples of prints executed by Rowlandson, including the rare series of the 'Stages of Man's Schooling' (1802). We have to instance a spirited drawing by the caricaturist, which is in the possession of Mr. Stogdon: 'Forbidden Fruit.'

[1] Antiquity Smith, Author of the 'Life of Nollekens;' once Keeper of the Prints and Drawings, British Museum, &c.

FIGURE DRAWINGS AFTER THE OLD MASTERS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON, IN THE COLLECTION OF COLONEL GOULD WESTON, THURLOE SQUARE.

Venus : Carlo Marratti.
Venus : Bouchér.
Nymph Surprised by Satyr : Gerard Lairesse.
Diana and Hunter : Gerard Lairesse.
Diana and Nymphs : Giulio Romano.
Leda and Swan : Giulio Romano.
Venus Arranging her Hair : Andrea del Sarto.
Venus and Cupid : Andrea del Sarto.
Venus and Cupid : Palma Vecchio.
Lucretia : Andrea del Sarto.
Venus and Mars : Pietro de Cortona.
Rape of the Sabines : Polidore.
Leda and Swan : Canache.
Venus and Man Playing Guitar : Titian.
Susanna and Elders : Guercino.
Venus Sleeping—back exposed : Guercino.
Zulieka and Joseph : Domenichino.
Venus and Loves : Domenichino.

The drawings mentioned above, like most of the caricaturist's fluent renderings of subjects after the Old Masters, are far removed from mere copies or servile imitations, being, in actual fact, free adaptations of the works in question, strongly characterised with the individualities of Rowlandson's style.

Colonel Weston, in addition to this unique series, possesses a collection of original drawings by the artist, which includes, among numerous interesting examples of varying importance, one of Rowlandson's most graceful and finished drawings, worked out with a taste and delicacy altogether remarkable. The subject is a domestic scene, introducing two charming figures (likenesses in all probability) executed after the style of the portrait of Morland (mentioned in the first part of this work, now in the Print Room, British Museum, see p. 412), and evidently executed at the same period.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON. (COLLECTION IN THE POSSESSION OF JOHN WEST, ESQ., BAYSWATER.)

R. Moser, R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy. A serious portrait, boldly executed, both outline and shadows put in with a reed pen, in the manner of Mortimer. Evidently a sketch made from life when Rowlandson was an Academy student.

Colonel O'Kelly taking a Private Trial previous to his Making a Match. (See Racing Series, 1789 : The Betting Post, The Mount, &c.)

Race-horses arriving for a Spring Meeting.

The Gambler Going to Bed. (See pp. 208–210).

Congregation Leaving a Chapel. 1820. A large drawing, crowded with figures. (See collection belonging to William Bates, Esq.)

'As You Like It,' act ii. scene 7: Fifth Age. (Engraved.) The collection of Shakspearean subjects drawn by Rowlandson to illustrate the 'Seven Ages of Man' is in the possession of General Sir Henry de Bathe, Wood End, near Chichester.

An Anatomical Lecture.

The Morning Toilette. A fashionable beauty holding a *levée* under the hands of her perruquier.

The Morning Meal.—

> The cup that cheers but not inebriates.

The Tuileries Gardens, Paris. A small sketch for the larger drawing. (See collection in the Editor's possession.)

An Out-of-door Scene in Paris. (Companion.)

A Squabble in St. Giles's.

The Awkward Servant. (See collection in possession of the Editor.)

Horse-Racing : Introducing a Novice to a spirited Mount.

Mrs. Clarke and the York Shop. Mrs. C. receiving bribes as a commission agent.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.

Also in the collection of Thomas Capron, Esq.—

Portrait of a Foreigner.
Portrait of an Old Gentleman. The face of this figure may be a caricatured representation of the artist's appearance late in life.
Portrait of an Old Lady.
An Equestrian Military Portrait. (German officer.)
Portrait of a Quaker.
Looking at a Procession in the Park.
An Allegorical Design.
Carisbrooke Castle.
Hunting Scene.
The Thames at Twickenham.
The Social Day.
Interior of Exeter Cathedral (during sermon time).
View in the Environs of London.
Continental View, in Rowlandson's early manner (a cloister).
Yeomanry Cavalry Refreshing at an Inn.
Cattle Watering.
Scene at a Seaport.
Chatham: View of the Medway and Men-of-war; Troops and Military Train riding along the shore.
Waterside Scene, near a port on the South coast; Passengers landing, &c.
Views of Cornwall, Devonshire, Somerset, &c.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOS. ROWLANDSON IN THE POSSESSION OF JOHN CHESTER, ESQ., OF OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN.

Toilette of an Antiquated Belle. A large and fine drawing, after the school of the old masters.
The Village Festival. Figures dancing in a ring on the green, skittle-players, &c. Important subject, somewhat in the manner of Teniers the Younger.
Interior of a Pawnbroker's Shop. 'The Last Shift' (engraved and published November 1, 1808).
Taste, or Milord Anglais and Italian Picture-Dealers. (Engraved 1812. See p. 234.)
A Scold.—

A smoking chimney, and a scolding wife.

A Breezy Day.
Death at the Door. An upright subject, earlier than the series entitled the 'Dance of Death.'
An Old Miser and a Young Wife.
An Old Woman and her Cat at a Window.
Original frontispiece to the collected series of 'Miseries of Human Life.'
Designs for illustrations to the 'Dance of Death.'
The Squire.
The Shipwreck.—

The dangers of the ocean o'er,
Death wrecks the sailors on the shore.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOS. ROWLANDSON IN THE POSSESSION OF A. H. BATES, ESQ., EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

An Old Soldier's Widow. $6 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
A Fat Man and Death. 5×4.
The Widower's Consolation. $6 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$.—

Two bores all at once have taken a trip:
I've buried my rib, and got rid of the hip.

Woman on a rock by a stormy sea, on which is an empty boat, &c. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$.
Doctor Syntax at a Bookstall. Folio. (Engraved on a reduced scale in the 'Humourist,' by W. H. Harrison.)
A Nobleman Cutting Down his Timber to Pay his Debts. 10 inches in length.
A sheet of grotesque heads formed of vegetables, &c.
Death and the Glutton. Large 8vo.
Exterior of a Public House. 8vo.
Sepulchres. 8vo.

Doctor Eady and his Patients. 8vo.
Execution Dock. 5 × 6.
The Old Blind Sexton. Folio.
Three figures seated at table; one said to be the portrait of Hamilton, the artist. 8vo.
The Milkmaid's Tempter. 5 × 4.
Drawing-room scene. Milliner displaying a dress. Numerous figures, probably designed as frontispiece for a magazine of fashions.
Domestic Jars. 9 × 4 in. Man and woman quarrelling; the former seated in a chair, with a large bass-viol beside him.

LIST OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON IN THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM BATES, ESQ., B.A., M.R.C.S., &c., BIRMINGHAM.[1]

'Cornish Peasantry.' 10¼ × 6½. Five peasants, admirably grouped, seated on a sort of timber-cart, drawn by two oxen. Woody background. Signed 'Rowlandson.'
Acis and Galatea. 8½ × 6.
Apollo and Daphne. 8½ × 6. Companion to the above. A vigorously-drawn recollection of the antique.
The Cottage Door. 11½ × 8½. A group of rustics seated at the door of a cottage. On the right hand a man with a donkey laden with vegetables. In the manner of Morland.
'The Road to Ruin.' 13½ × 9½. The young squire is seated at a round table, with his mistress on his knee. Opposite to him is a 'led-captain,' dealing out cards and inciting the squire to bet. In the centre, standing at the table, is a plethoric chaplain, wholly intent upon the manufacture of a bowl of punch, the ingredients for which he is pouring simultaneously from two bottles into the bowl. The complete absorption of each of these personages in his own special object is admirably depicted.
Brentford Market Place. 17½ × 12. An admirable drawing, exhibiting hundreds of market-people disposed in groups, with the Town House in the central background and the 'Three Kings' inn on the right hand. The grouping is excellent, the scene full of animation and bustle, the sense of space and general keeping perfect, and the whole equal in power and effect to the works of the Dutch painters.
Shepherd and Sheep. 7¼ × 4½. A standing figure in the middle of a group of five sheep; something in the manner of Gainsborough.
The Funeral. 7 × 4½. The parson advances, reading the burial service. Next comes the clerk, carrying a child's coffin, and followed by a group of female mourners, wringing their hands, holding handkerchiefs to their eyes, and some carrying umbrellas. To the right a female gravedigger, holding a spade in one hand and tolling the bell with the other. To illustrate the old song of 'The Vicar and Moses':—

When come to the grave the clerk humm'd a stave,
Whilst the surplice was wrapped round the priest;
When so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still laugh at the jest.
Singing tol de rol, &c.

An Oriental Scene. 8½ × 5½. In the foreground a gibbet, from which is hanging in chains the headless body of a woman. By the side an impaling-stake and wheel. Two men in foreign garb are looking on. In the distance a city, with towers and minarets.
'The Industrious Wife and Idle Husband.'

[1] See *George Cruikshank: the Artist, the Humourist, and the Man, with some account of his brother Robert. A Critico-Bibliographical Essay.* By William Bates, B.A., M.R.C.S.E., &c., Professor of Classics in Queen's College, Birmingham; Surgeon to the Borough Hospital, &c., with numerous illustrations by G. Cruikshank, including several from original drawings in the possession of the author. Houlston and Sons, 1879. Also *The 'Fraser' Portraits. A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters* (1830–1838), drawn by the late Daniel Maclise, R.A., and accompanied by Notices chiefly by the late William Maginn, LL.D. Edited by William Bates, B.A., &c. Chatto and Windus, 1874, 4to.

$5\frac{1}{2} \times 4$. The wife is busily engaged at the washtub ; a cradle, with twins asleep, at her back ; while the husband, with pipe, glass, and jug, sits over the fire with a boon companion. Full of Hogarthian humour.

Burglars Alarmed. $11 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$. A drawing of extraordinary vigour. A brutal-looking ruffian, in a frieze coat, holding a bloody knife in one hand and enjoining attention with the other, is striding over the corpses of two women, both with their throats cut. A second ruffian, with alarm depicted on his countenance, holds a candle in his right hand and grasps a bloodstained coal-hammer in his left. In the background a face is seen peeping through a window. A piece that can hardly be looked at without a subsequent attack of nightmare.

Landscape. Lake scene, hilly background. 9×7. Very broad in treatment.

Commodore Trunnion and Lieut. Hatchway on their way to the Wedding. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 8$. (See Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle,' vol. i. chap. 8.)

Jolly Companions. 11×8. A group of five, heads and shoulders. A man is apparently singing from a ballad-sheet. A woman at his right hand is blowing with the bellows, and the other faces are on the broad grin.

The Pipe Dance. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3$. Two Punch-and-Judy-like figures dancing, and holding a pipe over head. Small, but very spirited.

The Forge. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. A group of four horses outside a forge. The blacksmith holds up the hoof of one ; the farmer stands by, and a woman advances holding a cup of ale. Signed 'Rowlandson, 1791.' As fine as Morland.

Maternal Solicitude. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$. A mother bends over her child on a couch, both entirely nude.

Nymph and Cupid. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. A naked nymph recumbent ; a winged cupid, bow in hand, descends towards her.

Henpecked Husbands. $10 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$. A woman has hold of the greatly elongated nose of her husband in one hand, and belabours him with a whip in the other. On the left a group of women toss a husband in a blanket, and on the right a wife is thrashing her husband on the ground, whom she also holds by the nose.

Death in the Pot. $6 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$. A plethoric figure drinks from a bowl, while a skeleton figure is about to strike him from above.

Zion Chapel. $13\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$. A congregation of over fifty persons, who have just emerged from the portal of 'Zion Chaple' (*sic*), are passing slowly along. The door is blocked up by the departing worshippers ; a fish-woman standing by indulges in some ribald observations, and a pious old lady holds up her hands in horror.

The Table d'Hôte. $13\frac{3}{4} \times 9$. A spirited and characteristic drawing, exhibiting a numerous company of both sexes seated at a dinner-table. French waiters, pig-tailed and nightcapped, are drawing corks, filling glasses, and flying to and fro with dishes, &c. One of the guests is teaching a dog to beg ; a woman and girl, with tambourine and triangle, appear on the left to amuse the company.

Interior of a Prison. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. From the collection of the celebrated Henry Angelo, the professor of fencing, who in his 'Reminiscences' (vol. ii. p. 324) gives an account of its production. Rowlandson, it appears, had been robbed one night, and went next day in search of the thief. 'We first repaired,' says the reminiscent, 'to St. Giles's, Dyott Street, and Seven Dials. In one of the night-houses four ill-looking fellows, *des coupes-jarret*, so attracted our attention that, whilst we sat over our noggins of spirits, as he (Rowlandson) always carried his sketch-book with him, he made an excellent caricature group of them for me, introducing a prison in the background. . . . He afterwards finished it for me in his best style, superior to the greater part of his works. This is now (1830) about forty years ago. The coloured drawing was once included in my collection.' Here we have the four thieves sitting and lying in various positions. Prisoners in another group are playing cards. Another ruffian is stretched at full length asleep in the foreground. The drawing, grouping, and colouring are alike admirable, and would have done honour to Salvator Rosa.

'The Miser Lying in State : the Prodigal Heir-Apparent.' $14 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$. The 'heir-apparent,' with his profligate companions, male and female, is seated at a table, on which we see a punchbowl, &c. A coffin occupies an elevated position in the background, and from it appears to be struggling to emerge the supposed defunct miser, while

an allegorical figure above seems to be nailing down the lid.

The Fire. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. On the right a house on fire, flames issuing from the windows, the doorway crowded with watermen, and persons carrying out bedding and other effects. On the left firemen manipulating the hose and directing the stream against the flaming windows, in ridiculously suggestive attitudes. The central figure is an enormously fat woman, whose night-dress, drawn up to support a mass of crockery, displays her *Rubensesque* and redundant charms to the watermen, who turn their grinning faces to gaze upon the spectacle.

'Leaving the Premises without Consulting the Landlord.' $11 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. A cart, seen at the back, heaped up with furniture, occupies the centre. A woman on the left laden with gridirons, warming-pans, &c. On the right a girl, graceful as one of Stothard's female figures, places in the cart a bird-cage. In the foreground miscellaneous articles of minor furniture, and two children playing with the house-cat.

Outside the Court-House. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$. The scene is apparently the Magistrate's Court and the Town Hall in some county town. The ground in front is crowded with various individuals waiting for the cases in which they are interested to be called on. We see the farmer, the parson, a jockey, a huntsman, a footman, a butcher, a soldier, an actor, and many others. The beadle is seated on a step, making love to an old woman, who holds a tankard in her hand. Dogs are scattered about, attendant on their masters.

Interior of Eating-House. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5$. A dining-table, at which are seated some seventeen people, male and female. One of the guests, a stout, portly man, has left the table, and is seizing his hat, as if offended. A neighbour attempts to restrain him, while the waiters appear amused.

Bridewell. 9×6. A procession of fifteen female prisoners are escorted through the courtyard of Bridewell from one department of the prison to another, in pairs, in charge of turnkeys, female warders looking on. Penitence, grief, and hardened impudence are admirably depicted on the several faces.

Returning from a Voyage. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$. A sea beach, with a schooner and sloops at anchor. A boat has just landed a group of passengers, among whom is a girl with a cockatoo on her wrist.

Pickaback. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$. A man, carrying a woman on his back, is fording a brook.

Picture Exhibition. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Connoisseurs at an exhibition of pictures.

Gaming House. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. A drawing similar to that which serves as frontispiece to the 'Beauties of Tom Brown.'

Nymphs Bathing. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$. Eight female figures, entirely nude, sporting in a stream, or seated on its banks. Leafy background.

Nymphs Attiring. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$. Five female figures, entirely nude, seated on the banks of a stream, dressing their hair.

The Village Politicians. $15 \times 9\frac{3}{4}$. Dated 1821.

INDICES.

INDEX OF NAMES, PERSONS, &c.

ACK

ACKERMANN, Rudolph (Rowlandson's publisher), i. 85, 89–93
Ackermann's *Poetical Magazine*, i. 33
Addington, Hon. H., 'The Doctor,' i. 246
Alexander, Emperor of Russia, ii. 281, 294
Angelo, Henry, 'Reminiscences,' i. 55, 64–6, 68, 70–2, 78–9, 85, 87–8, 287, 298–300, 374; ii. 5
Angelo's Fencing Rooms, i. 241
Angelo and Rowlandson at Vauxhall, i. 62–3, 156
— and Son, Hungarian and Highland Broadsword Exercise, i. 374
— Henry, his sketch of Simmons, the Murderer, ii. 81
Anstey, Christopher, 'Comforts of Bath,' i. 333–49
Arnold, General, i. 173
Atkinson, Christopher, i. 143–4
Auckland, Lord Eden, i. 173
Austria, Emperor of, ii. 281
Austria, Crown Prince of, ii. 281

BANCO to the Knave (Gillray), i. 106
Banks, Sir Joseph, i. 192
Bannister, the Comedian, a Collector, i. 70; ii. 248
— John, the Comedian, an Art Student, i. 53–4
Barrymore, Lord, i. 58, 161–2, 303
Bate, Dudley, of the *Morning Post*, i. 159
Bates, William, B.A., 'Sketch of Rowlandson's Works,' 'Essay on George Cruikshank,' ii. 379
Bedford, Duke of, i. 359
Bell, Dr., ii. 216
Beresford, James, ii. 178
Billington, Mrs., i. 158
'Black Dick' (Lord Howe), i. 199
'Blackmantle,' Bernard (pseudo), i. 43; ii. 375, 378–9
Blair, Doctor Hugh, i. 198
Blucher, Prince von, ii. 278–9, 280–1, 293–5
'Book for a Rainy Day,' J. T. Smith, i. 70
Borowloski, Count, 'The Polish Dwarf,' i. 186
Bossy, Doctor, ii. 5
Boswell, James, i. 193–8
Boswell's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' i. 84, 193–8
Buonaparte, the Emperor Napoleon, ii. 42–3, 45, 47, 52, 54, 61, 82–3, 93–102, 130, 159, 162–3, 187, 203–4, 255, 258–64, 271–2, 276–82, 289, 291–3
— Joseph, King of Spain, ii. 95–6, 98–101
— Louis, King of Holland, ii. 97, 258–9
Buonaparte's Generals, ii. 291
Brightelmstone in 1789, i. 277
Britannia, 117, 136, 141–2, 247; ii. 6

COM

Buckingham, Marquis of, i. 243
Bullock, Proprietor of 'Bullock's London Museum,' ii. 309
Bunbury, Henry, the Caricaturist, i. 61, 78–80, 369
— the Caricaturist (illustrated biographical sketch of his life by Joseph Grego), i. 3
— Henry, Caricaturist (Gambado's 'Annals of Horsemanship and Academy for Grown Horsemen'), i. 352–3; ii. 101–15, 217, 221–3
Burdett, Sir Francis, i. 359; ii. 74, 181–2, 184, 365
Burke, Hon. Edmund, i. 112, 118–19, 220, 245, 248, 274, 289; ii. 13
Burton, Alfred, 'Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy,' ii. 363–4
Bute, Lord, i. 141
Butler, S., ii. 174, 198

CAMDEN, Lord, i. 244
Canning, George, verses on 'All the Talents,' ii. 69
Canning, George, ii. 166
Carmarthen, Marquis of, i. 244, 248
Cartright, Major John, i. 121
Castlereagh, Lord, ii. 166
Catalini, Madame, ii. 165
Catharine, Empress of Russia, i. 290
Chambers, Sir William (architect of Somerset House), ii. 217
Charles the Fourth, King of Spain, i. 290, 292; ii. 94
Charlotte, Queen, i. 110, 199–210, 220, 228, 230, 252, 290
Chatham, Lord, i. 244
— General, ii. 164, 166
Chattelier, Miss (Rowlandson's aunt), i. 52, 63–4
Chiffney (jockey to the Prince of Wales), i. 207
Clarke, Mrs. Mary Anne, ii. 135–64, 166, 181
— Scandal, The, i. 28; ii. 135–64, 181
Clavering, General, ii. 143
Coleraine, Lord, i. 180, 220, 229. (*See* Hanger)
Collections of Rowlandson's drawings, i. 5. Appendix
Collings, the Caricaturist, i. 82–4, 191, 193
Combe, William, ii. 247, 268, 317–55, 359–62, 271–2
— — (author):
'The Three Tours of Doctor Syntax,' ii. 176, 247–52, 266–7, 269–70, 367, 373, 375
'The Dance of Death,' ii. 317–15
'The Dance of Life,' ii. 359–62
'The History of Johnny Quæ Genus,' ii. 371–2

COR
Corbett, Thomas, High Bailiff for Westminster, ii. 140, 153–4
Cornwall, Views in, ii. 56
Cross Reading (Whiteford's), i. 84
Cruikshank, George, caricaturist, i. 16–19
Cumberland, Duke of, ii. 225
Curtis, Commodore, ii. 163–4

DAVY, Sir Humphrey, ii. 366
Derby, Lord, i. 359
Devonshire, Duchess of, i. 124, 126–9, 131–2, 135, 141–2, 152, 158; ii. 59
Didelot, dancer, i. 283
Don Carlos, ii. 94
Duncannon, Lady, i. 135, 141, 158
Dundas (Lord Melville), i. 121, 134, 243–4, 246; ii. 49–51, 60, 136
Dundas, Sir David, ii. 137
Dunthorne, James, i. 226–7, 314

ELLIOT, Right Hon. Hugh, English Minister at Dresden, ii. 311
Engelbach, Lewis, 'Letters from Italy, or Naples and the Campagna Felice,' ii. 267, 301–8
English Caricaturists, i. 2
'English Spy, The,' by 'Bernard Blackmantle,' i. 43
Erskine, Lord, i. 112, 359

'FARQUHAR,' Ferdinand (pseudo), 'Relics of a Saint,' ii. 317
Ferdinand of Spain, ii. 93
Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' ii. 55–6
Fitzgerald, Mr., i. 161
Fitzherbert, Mrs., i. 170, 220, 226, 248, 276
Fox, Hon. Charles James, ii. 49, 58–61, 109, 112–13, 116–17, 119, 123–7, 129, 131–5, 138–43, 154, 221, 231–2, 245, 248, 270, 359
Fox, General, i. 117
Frederick the Great, i. 182–3
French Ambassador, The, i. 147

GAMBADO, Geoffrey (pseudo Henry Bunbury), 'Academy for Grown Horsemen,' i. 352–3
— — 'Annals of Horsemanship,' i. 352; ii. 102–15
George the Third, i. 115, 119, 140–1, 182–3, 199–210, 220, 228–9, 248, 251–2, 290, 360; ii. 6, 59, 82, 196
Gillray, the Caricaturist (his life, works, and times, by Joseph Grego), i. 3–4, 54, 106, 143, 229, 242, 328; ii. 197, 223
Gloucester, Duke of, i. 328
Goldsmith, Oliver, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' ii. 356–9, 375
Gordon, Duchess of, i. 126, 152

KNI
Grafton, Duke of, i. 244, 246–8
Grattan, i. 250, 362
Grego, Joseph:
'An Illustrated Biographical Sketch of Bunbury, the Caricaturist,' i. 3
'The Works of James Gillray, with the Story of his Life and Times,' i. 3–4
'A Collection of Drawings by Rowlandson.' Appendix
Grenville, i. 244
— Lord, ii. 59
Guise, General, his collection of pictures at Oxford, ii. 66

HADFIELD. Attempted the life of the King, ii. 6
Hamilton, Sir William, Ambassador at Naples, ii. 311–13
— Lady, ii. 311–13
Hanger, George, i. 180, 220, 229. (*See* Coleraine.)
Harrison, W. H., 'The Humourist,' ii. 380–6
Hartley, Mrs. (actress), i. 160
Hastings, Warren, i. 226, 230
— Marquis of, ii. 299
Haydon, B. R., ii. 378–9
Heath, James, i. 85
— — letter to, written by the Caricaturist, ii. 48
Hebrides, Boswell's Journal of a Tour in the, i. 193–8
Heywood ('Old Iron Wig'), i. 70
'Historical Sketch of the Art of Caricaturing,' by J. P. Malcolm, F.S.A., i. 73–6
'History of Caricature and the Grotesque in Literature and Art,' i. 3, 76
Hobart, Hon. Mrs. (Lady Buckinghamshire), i. 127, 129–30, 134
Holland, Lord, i. 289
Holman, the actor, i. 165, 190
Hood, Admiral Lord, i. 121, 124, 127, 133, 228
Hook, Theodore, 'Chacun à son Goût,' i. 67
Hooper, the boxer, i. 162
Horne-Tooke, John, i. 327, 359; ii. 74
House, Sam, i. 98–9, 108, 129, 131, 138–9
Howe, Lord, i. 67–8, 199
Howitt, the artist, Rowlandson's brother-in-law, i. 50

JOHN BULL, ii. 42, 43. 47, 50–1, 58, 60–1, 75, 82–3, 93, 101, 130, 159
Johnson, Samuel, LL.D., i. 193–8
Junot, General, ii. 101, 204

KEMBLE, John Philip, ii. 46, 165
Kent, Duke of, ii. 141–4
King of Prussia, The, i. 182–3
Kingsbury, Caricaturist, i. 242, 290
Knight (Miss Cornelia), authoress, ii. 311–12

LAM

LAMBERT, Daniel, ii. 59-60
Leicestershire Giant, ii. 59-60
Leinster, Duke of, i. 249, 251
Life of Henry Bunbury, the Caricaturist, i. 4, 75-9
Lonsdale (Earl of), i. 136-7
Lord Howe's Action, i. 67-8
Lothian, Marquis of, i. 249, 251
Louis XVI. of France, i. 274, 290
— XVIII. of France, ii. 292, 295
Lowther, Sir James, i. 136
Loyal Volunteers of London and Environs, i. 375
Lunardi, Vincent, i. 163-4

MALCOLM, J. P., F.S.A., 'Historical Sketch of the Art of Caricaturing,' i. 75-6 ; ii. 184
Manners, Lord Charles, ii. 215-16
Melville, Lord (*see* Henry Dundas), ii. 49-51, 60-1, 75
Memoirs of John Bannister, Comedian, i. 47
Mitchell, the Banker, i. 68, 71, 85
Moira, Lord, embarkation for *La Vendée*, i. 68
Morland, George, the Artist, i. 86-7, 239
— — Portrait of, by Rowlandson, i. 86; ii. 229, 330
Moser, Michael, Keeper at Somerset House, i. 53
Mulgrave, Lord, ii. 166
Munro, Doctor, i. 124

NATIONAL Collections of Caricatures, i. 5; ii. Appendix.
Nelson, Admiral Lord, i. 350 ; ii. 52, 54, 311-13
'Newcome, Johnny' (pseudo), Military Adventures of, ii. 298
Ney, Marshal, ii. 291, 293
Nicols, John, Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, i. 282
Night Auctions, i. 70
Nixon, Henry, the Facetious, i. 82-3 ; ii. 26, 66
Nollekens, J., Artist, ii. 16, 19
Norfolk, Duke of, i. 359
North, Lord, i. 105-6, 108, 112-13, 116, 119, 124-5, 142, 220

O'CONNOR, i. 364
O'Kelly, Colonel, i. 259-60
O'Meara, Dr., 146, 155
Orleans, Duke of, i. 252-3, 248, 274

PACCHIEROLTI, i. 98
Paoli, General, i. 193
Papworth, J. B., ii. 268
Parsons, the Comedian, i. 70
Paul, Emperor of Russia, ii. 28-9
Perdita, i. 159
Perry, James, of the *Morning Chronicle*, i. 159
Petersham, Lord, ii. 225
Petty, Lord Henry, ii. 58-60
Picturesque Beauties of Boswell, i. 193-8

ROW

'Pindar, Peter,' Trick played off on, i. 71-2
— — i. 97, 143, 187-8, 192, 200, 210, 361 ; ii. 13, 217
Pitt, Hon. William, i. 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 221, 226, 230, 231-2, 243-8, 360 ; ii. 22, 28, 49, 50
Pomfret, Lord, ii. 225
Pope Pius the Sixth, i. 290
— — the (Pius VII.), ii. 44, 51, 163, 204
Portland, Duchess of, i. 124
— Duke of, i. 289
Potemkin, i. 292
Priestly, Dr. i. 272
Prince of Wales, i. 110, 132, 140, 152, 159, 170, 220, 226, 229-31, 243, 246-7, 248, 251, 274, 290, 298, 303
— Regent, ii. 294
Prussia, King of, i. 292
Pugin's 'Microcosm, or London in Miniature,' ii. 125-8
Pyne, W. H. (*Ephraim Hardcastle*) 'Wine and Walnuts,' i. 55-6
— — — *Somerset House Gazette*, i. 55, 57-8, 69

QUEEN CHARLOTTE, i. 110, 199-200, 220, 228
Queen of Spain, ii. 93
Quirk (Boxer), ii. 226
'Quiz' (pseudo), 'The Grand Master, or Qui Hi in Hindostan,' ii. 299-301

RAMBERG, Caricaturist, i. 223, 225
'Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales in the Year 1797,' ii. 19-21
Richmond, Duke of, i. 183, 231, 243-4, 246-8
Robinson, Jack, i. 117-18
— Mrs., i. 159
Romney (the Painter), ii. 311
Ron, Baron (Quack Dentist), i. 211
Roscius, the Infant, ii. 46
Rosedale, John (Mariner), exhibitor of the pictures at Greenwich Hospital, ii. 71
Rowlandson, Thomas (the Caricaturist), i. 239, 360
— a student at the Royal Academy, i. 53
— Academy drawings, i. 22-3
— and Napoleon, i. 27-8
— as a landscape artist, i. 14
— as a marine artist, i. 18
— as a portrait painter, i. 13
— at Portsmouth, i. 67
— biographical references to, i. 54-5
— book illustrations, i. 35-45
— chronological summary of his caricatures, ii. 389. (*See* 4)
— Continental tours, i. 59, 68-9 ; ii. 330-1
— contributions to the Royal Academy, i. 50-65
— collections of drawings by, ii. Appendix
— Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum, ii. Appendix
— South Kensington Museum, ii. Appendix

ROW
Rowlandson, Dyce Collection, South Kensington Museum, ii. Appendix
— — at Windsor Castle, ii. Appendix
— early caricatures, i. 22
— engraved works, i. 23–30
— family, the, i. 49–51
— fortune bequeathed the Caricaturist, A, i. 64
— gambling proclivities, i. 64
— *Gentleman's Magazine*, the, obituary notice, i. 55, 94–5
— George Cruikshank on Rowlandson, i. 16–19
— his first visit to Paris, i. 52
— his friends, i. 60–2
— his publishers, i. 6
— his schoolfellows, i. 51
— Illustrations to 'The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque,' ii. 176, 247–52, 266–7, 269–70, 367, 373, 375
— — 'The World in Miniature,' ii. 312–17, 362
— — 'The English Dance of Death,' ii. 317–55
— imitations of the drawings of contemporary artists, i. 151
— in France, Flanders, and Holland, i. 58, 68–9; ii. 330–1
— in Paris, i. 58–9
— journeys in England, i. 75, 276–9, 360; ii. 6, 19–21, 56, 169, 181, 239–246, 373
— letter from, 1804, ii. 48
— lists of public and private collections. Appendix
— mode of working at Ackermann's 'Repository of Arts,' i. 31
— on the Westminster Election, i. 22, 121–43, 153–4
— portraits of the artist, i. 45–8, 360; ii. 228–30
— portraits exhibited by, i. 59
— robbed, i. 65–6
— successive exhibits at the Royal Academy. Figure subjects, i. 59, 64–5
— views of the Colleges, Oxford and Cambridge, ii. 186
Rowlandson's 'Sketches from Nature,' ii. 373
— illustrations to 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' ii. 356–9
— — 'The Dance of Life,' ii. 359, 362
— — 'An Excursion made to Brighthelmstone in the Year 1782,' i. 276–9
— illustrations to Smollett's works, i. 320; ii. 56, 181
— — 'A Narrative of the War, 1793–5,' i. 328–9
— — 'Academy for Grown Horsemen,' i. 353; ii. 102–15, 181
— — Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' i. 304; ii. 55–6
— illustrations to 'The Annals of Horsemanship,' i. 352–3; ii. 102–15, 181
— — 'Les Délices de la Grande-Bretagne,' i. 305
— — 'The Comforts of Bath,' i. 333–49
— Views of London, i. 349
— 'Sheets of Picturesque Etchings, i. 280, 289
— — 'Cupid's Magic Lantern,' i. 332
— — 'Love in Caricature,' i. 353
— — 'Cries of London,' i. 354–6
— — *Anti-Jacobin Review*, i. 357–60

ROW
Rowlandson, 'Loyal Volunteers of London,' i. 375–7
— 'Hungarian and Highland Broadside Exercise,' i. 374
— 'Nautical Characters,' i. 362
— 'Hogarthian Novelist,' ii. 6
— illustrations to Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey, ii. 10, 169–74
— — 'The Beauties of Sterne,' ii. 10, 169–75
— — 'Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales,' ii. 19–21
— — 'Bardic Museum of Primitive British Literature,' ii. 41
— — 'A Compendious Treatise on Modern Education,' ii. 41
— — 'Views in Cornwall, &c.,' ii. 56, 169, 181, 239–46
— — 'The Sorrows of Werter,' i. 190; ii. 57
— — Boswell's 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,' i. 193–8
— — 'The Poems of "Peter Pindar,"' i. 192, 201–9
— — 'The Pleasures of Human Life,' ii. 83, 180, 362
— — 'The Microcosm of London, or London in Miniature,' ii. 125–8
— — 'The Miseries of Human Life,' ii. 119–24
— — 'Chesterfield Travestie,' ii. 115–17, 224
— — 'The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting,' ii. 115, 129, 178
— — *The Caricature Magazine*, ii. 115–16
— — G. A. Stevens' 'Lecture on Heads,' ii. 117–18
— — 'Beauties of Tom Brown,' ii. 115, 181
— — 'The Clarke Scandal,' ii. 135–62
— — *The Poetical Magazine*, ii. 175–78
— — 'The Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen,' ii. 176
— — J. Beresford's 'Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life,' ii. 178
— — Butler's 'Hudibras,' ii. 174, 198
— 'Sketches from Nature,' ii. 169
— illustrations to 'Annals of Sporting,' by Caleb Quizzem, ii. 178–9
— — 'Petticoat Loose: a Fragmentary Poem,' ii. 238
— — 'Poetical Beauties of Scarborough,' ii. 268–9
— — Engelbach's 'Letters from Italy and the Campagna Felice,' ii. 267, 301–8
— — 'The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome,' ii. 298–9, 312
— — 'Qui Hi, the Grand Master in Hindostan, ii. 299–301
— — Ferdinand Farquhar's 'Relics of a Saint,' ii.
— — 'New Sentimental Journal, or Travels in the Southern Provinces of France,' ii. 362, 368–70
— — 'The Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy' (Burton), ii. 363
— — Characteristic Sketches of the Lower Orders,' ii. 366–7
— — 'The History of Johnny Quæ Genus,' ii. 371–3
— — 'Crimes of the Clergy,' ii. 373
— — Chap Books, ii. 363

ROW
Rowlandson, 'The Spirit of the Public Journals for the Years 1823-4-5,' ii. 375
— — 'The English Spy,' by Bernard Blackmantle, ii. 378–9
— — 'The Humourist' (posthumous), ii. 380–6
— — 'Grotesque Drawing Book,' ii. 362
Rutland, Duchess of, i. 152

SALISBURY (Lord Chamberlain), i. 327
Sandon, Captain, ii. 143
Sheridan, R. B., i. 229, 245, 248, 274, 289, 330 ; ii. 46, 58–60, 220.
Sherwin, J. K., engraver, i. 45
Showell, Mrs., ii. 66
Siddons, Mrs., ii. 46
Sièyes, Abbé, ii. 47
Simmons, Thomas (*murderer*), ii. 81
Skeffington, Sir Lumley, i. 180
Smith, John Raffaelle, engraver, i. 47
Smith, John Thomas, portrait of Rowlandson, i. 48 ; ii. 17
'Nollekens and his Times,' ii. 55 ; ii. 16–19
'Book for a Rainy Day,' i. 70
Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle,' ii. 56
Miscellaneous Works, ii. 181
Somerset House Gazette, i. 54, 88.
Sorrows of Werter, ii. 57
Southcott, Joanna (the 'Prophetess'), ii. 287
Spain, Queen of, ii. 93
Spain, Infants of, ii. 94
Stanislaus the Second, King of Poland, i. 290
Sterne, Laurence, ii. 10, 169–75.
Stevens, G. A., 'A Lecture on Heads,' ii. 117
Sydney, Lord, i. 246

TALLEYRAND, Prince, ii. 45, 187, 280
Tegg's Caricatures, i. 34
Temple, Lord, i. 119, 140, 141
Thelwall (political lecturer), i. 327, 359
Thicknesse, Philip, i. 275-6
Thurlow, Lord, i. 121–2, 140–1, 220, 243-4, 248, 290
Tierney, Mr., i. 359
Topham, Major (*World* newspaper), at Vauxhall, i. 63
Topham, Captain, i. 158, 165–7, 183, 190
Townshend, Lord John, i. 228
Towzer, Rev. Roger, ii. 287
Trotter, 51, 61

YOR
VAUXHALL Gardens, Characters at, i. 156–62
Rowlandson at, i. 62–3
— Singers at, 63
— Mrs. Weichsel, i. 63

WALES, Prince of (afterwards George IV.), i. 110, 132, 140, 152, 159, 170, 220, 226, 229-31, 243, 246–8, 251, 274, 290, 298, 303.
Walpole, Horace, i. 128
Ward (Boxer), ii. 226
Wardle, Colonel, ii. 135–64, 166, 181
Watson, Brook, i. 244
Weichsel, Mrs., i. 158
Well-bred Man, The (H. Nixon), i. 83
Wellington, Duke of, ii. 281, 293–5.
Wells, Mrs., 166–7
Weltjé, Cook to the Prince of Wales, i. 71, 248, 251
His house at Hammersmith, i. 73–4
'Werter, Sorrows of,' i. 191 ; ii. 57
Westmacott, Charles Molloy, i. 43
'The Spirit of the Public Journals for the Years 1823–5,' ii. 375, 378
'The English Spy,' ii. 378–9.
Whitbread, ii. 49, 60–1, 136
Whiteford, Caleb, i. 84–5
Wigstead, Henry, Bow Street Magistrate, i. 60, 81–2, 276–9, 360
Wigstead, Henry, 'An Excursion to Brighthelmstone made in the year 1872,' i. 276–9
'Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales,' i. 360 ; ii. 19–21.
Wilberforce, ii. 50, 136
Wilkes, Alderman, i. 244
Wilson, Richard, Librarian at the Royal Academy, i. 53, 361
'Wine and Walnuts,' i. 54, 83
Woodward, George Moutard, the Caricaturist, i. 80 ; ii. 115, 128
'Works of James Gillray, the Caricaturist, with the Story of his Life and Times,' i. 3-4.
Wray, Sir Cecil, 111, 122, 124, 127, 133-4, 136-9, 154.
Wright, Thomas, 'History of the Grotesque in Literature and Art,' i. 3.
— 'Caricature History of the Three Georges,' i. 3, 76–7
Würtemburg, King of, i. 327

YORK, Duke of, and Mrs. Clarke, i. 28 ; ii. 135–64, 178, 181

INDEX OF TITLES, SUBJECTS, PUBLISHED CARICATURES, ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

ABR

ABROAD and at Home, ii. 66
Academy, The, for Grown Horsemen, i. 353
Accidents will Happen, ii. 297
Accommodation, or Lodgings to let, at Portsmouth, ii. 89
Accommodation Ladder, ii. 210
Accurate, An, and Impartial Narrative of the War (1793, 1794, 1795, &c.), i. 328, 329
Ackermann's Transparency on the Victory of Waterloo, ii. 293
Acquittal, The, or Upsetting the Porter Pot (Lord Melville), ii. 60, 61
Actress's Prayer, The, ii. 31
Acute Pain, ii. 2
Admiral Nelson Recruiting with his Brave Tars after the Glorious Battle of the Nile, i. 350–1
Admiration with Astonishment, ii. 1
Admiring Jew, The, i. 153
Advantage, The, of Shifting the Leg, i. 349, 351
Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy, The, ii. 363–4
Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his Friend Mr. A. Adams, i. 312
Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, ii. 56
Advice to Sportsmen; selected from the notes of Marmaduke Markwell, ii. 179–80
Aerostation out at Elbows. Vincent Lunardi, i. 163–4
Affectionate Farewell, The, or Kick for Kick, ii. 280
After Dinner, i. 279
After Sweet Meat comes Sour Sauce, or Corporal Casey got into the Wrong Box, ii. 194
Ague and Fever, i. 226
'Ah! let me, Sire, refuse it, I implore.' ('Peter Pindar'), i. 207
Alehouse Door, ii. 314
All-a-growing, i. 356
Allegoria, ii. 11
All for Love: a Scene at Weymouth, ii. 147
All the Talents, ii. 67–9
Ambassador of Morocco on a Special Mission, The, ii. 146-7
Amorous Turk, An, i. 352
Amputation, i. 107, 320
Amsterdam, i. 331

BAC

Amusement for the Recess; or the Devil to Pay amongst the Furniture, ii. 161–2
Anatomist, The, ii. 202
Anatomy of Melancholy, The, ii. 86
'And now his lifted eyes the ceiling sought.' 'Peter Pindar,' i. 205.
Angelo's Fencing Room, i. 297–300
Anger, i. 18; ii. 2
Anglers (1611), ii. 220, 222
Anglers (1811), ii. 222
Annals of Horsemanship, i. 352
Annals of Sporting by Caleb Quizem, ii. 178–9
Anonymous Letter, ii. 14
Anticipation (Chr. Atkinson, Contractor, in the Pillory), i. 143
Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life, ii. 178
Anti-Jacobin Review, i. 357–60, 362
Antiquarian, i. 252
Antiquarians à la Grecque, ii. 51
Anything will do for an Officer, ii. 62
Apollo and Daphne, i. 150
Apollo, Lyra, and Daphne, i. 364
Apostate, The, Jack Robinson, Political Ratcatcher, i. 117–9
Apothecaries' Prayer, The, ii. 31
Artist, An, Travelling in Wales, i. 360–2
Art of Ingeniously Tormenting, The, ii. 115, 129, 178
Art of Scaling, i. 219, 221
Astronomer, An, i. 366
At Dinner, i. 278–9
At Home and Abroad! Abroad and at Home! ii. 66
Attack, The, i. 289
Attempt to Wash the Blackamoor White, The, in the White Hall, City of Laputa, ii. 309–10
Attention, i. 2; ii. 1
Attorney, ii. 14
Attributes, ii. 10–13
Awkward Squads Studying the Graces, ii. 220

BACHELOR'S Fare: Bread and Cheese and Kisses, ii. 253–4
Bacon-faced Fellows of Brazen-Nose Broke Loose, ii. 201

BAD

Bad News on the Stock Exchange, i. 325
Bad Speculation, A, i. 366
Bait for the Kiddies on the North Road, A, or 'That's your sort, prime bang up to the mark, ii. 184, 186
Ballooning Scene, A, i. 323
Banditti, ii. 297
Bank, The, i. 306
Bankrupt Cart, or the Road to Ruin in the East, i. 370
Barber, A, ii. 13
Barberorum, ii. 12
Barber's Shop, A, ii. 223
Bath, Comforts of (in 12 plates), i. 333–49
Bardic Museum of Primitive British Literature, ii. 41
Bardolph Badgered, or the Portland Hunt, i. 289–90
Bartholomew Fair, ii. 92
Bassoon, The, with a French Horn accompaniment, ii. 206, 208
Bath Races, ii. 194
Battleorum, ii. 12
Bay of Biscay, i. 262, 368
Beast, The, as described in Revelation, chap. xiii. Resembling Napoleon Buonaparte, ii. 95
Beauties, i. 317–18
'Beauties of Sterne,' ii. 10, 169–75
'Beauties of Tom Brown,' ii. 115–181
Bed-warmer, A, i. 167
Beef à la Mode, ii. 3
Behaviour at Table (four subjects), ii. 117–18
Bel and the Dragon, ii. 216
Belle Limonadière au Café des Mille Colonnes, Palais Royal, Paris, ii. 272, 274
Benevolence, i. 316–17
Benevolent Epistle to Sylvanus Urban' (*vide*), i. 282
Billiards, ii. 43
Billingsgata, ii. 11
Billingsgate, i. 150
Billingsgate at Bayonne, or the Imperial Dinner, ii. 93–4
Bills of Exchange, ii. 6
Bill of Fare for Bond Street Epicures, A, ii. 90, 166–7
Bill of Wright's, The, or the Patriot Alarmed, ii. 162
Billy Lackbeard and Charley Blackbeard Playing at Football, i. 118
Bishop and his Clarke, The, or a Peep into Paradise, ii. 148
Bitter Fare, or Sweeps Regaling, ii. 233
Black, Brown, and Fair, ii. 71
Blackleg Detected Secreting Cards, &c., ii. 84
Blacksmith's Shop, i. 212
Black and White, i. 66
Bloody Boney, the Carcase Butcher, left off Trade, retiring to Scarecrow Island, ii. 279
Blucher the Brave Extracting the Groan of Abdication from the Corsican Bloodhound, ii. 278
Blue and Buff Loyalty, i. 233
Boarding and Finishing School, A, ii. 54–5

BUT

Bob Derry of Newmarket, i. 105–6
Boney's Broken Bridge, ii. 159
Boney the Second, or the Little Baboon Created to Devour French Monkeys, ii. 203–4
Boney's Trial, Sentence, and Dying Speech, or Europe's Injuries Avenged, ii. 294
Boney Turned Moralist: 'What I was, what I am, what I ought to be,' ii. 282
Bonne Bouche, Une, i. 371
Bonnet Shop, A, ii. 187
Bookbinder's Wife, The, i. 371
Bookseller and Author, i. 148
Boot-Polishing, ii. 33
Borders for Halls, i. 364
Borders for Rooms and Screens, slips, i. 364
Boroughmongers Strangled in the Tower, The, ii. 182–4
Bostonian Electors of Lancashire, ii. 310
Boswell, J., the Elder. Twenty caricatures by T. R. in illustration of B.'s 'Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides,' i. 193–8
Botheration. Dedicated to the Gentlemen of the Bar, i. 173, 317
Boxes! The, ii. 167
Box-Lobby Hero, The; the Branded Bully, or the Ass Stripped of the Lion's Skin, i. 190–1
Box-Lobby Loungers, i. 180–1
Boxing Match for 800 guineas between Dutch Sam and Medley, fought May 31, 1810, on Moulsey Hurst, near Hampton, ii. 189–90
Bozzy and Piozzi, i. 97
Brace of Blackguards, ii. 229–30
Brace of Public Guardians, A, i. 328
Brain-Sucker, The, or the Miseries of Authorship, i. 212
Breaking Cover, ii. 90
Breaking up of the Blue Stocking Club, ii. 289
Brewers' Drays, i. 183
Brewer's Dray; Country Inn, i. 213
Brilliants, The, ii. 22–6
Briskly Starting to pick up a Lady's Fan, &c., ii. 84–5
Britannia's Protection, or Loyalty Triumphant, ii. 6
Britannia Roused, or the Coalition Monsters Destroyed, i. 117
Britannia's Support, or the Conspirators Defeated, i. 247
British Sailor, Frenchman, Spaniard, Dutchman, ii. 119
Broad Grins, or a Black Joke, ii. 230
Brothers of the Whip, i. 103
Brown, Tom, Beauties of, ii. 115, 181
Bull and Mouth, The, ii. 168
Bullock's Museum, ii. 309
Burning Shame, The, ii. 152
Burning the Books. Memoirs of Mrs. Clarke, ii. 158
Business and Pleasure, ii. 265
Butcher, A, 269–70
Butler, S. 'Hudibras,' ii. 198
Butterfly Catcher and the Bed of Tulips, ii. 62

BUT

Butterfly Hunting, ii. 61
Buy a Trap—a Rat-trap, i. 354–5
Buy my Fat Goose, i. 354
Buy my Moss Roses, or Dainty Sweet Briar, ii. 34

CABRIOLET, A, i. 150
Cake in Danger, A, ii. 58
Calf's Pluck, A, ii. 80
Cambridge, Emmanuel College Garden, ii. 184
— Inside View of the Public Library, ii. 184
Captain's Account Current of Charge and Discharge, The, ii. 64
Captain Bowling Introduced to Narcissa. 'Hogarthian Novelist,' ii. 6
Captain Epilogue (Capt. Topham) to the Wells (Mrs. Wells), i. 165, 183
Careless Attention, i. 256
Caricature Magazine, The, or Hudibrastic Mirror, ii. 115–16
Caricature Medallions for Screens, ii.
Carter and the Gipsies, The, ii. 293
Cart Race, A, i. 260
Case is Altered, The, i. 132–3
Cash, ii. 6
Cat in Pattens, A, ii. 237–8
Catamaran, A, or an Old Maid's Nursery, ii. 42
Catching an Elephant, ii. 226
Cattle not Insurable, ii. 167
Chairmen's Terror, The, i. 308
Chamber of Genius, The, ii. 227
Champion of Oakhampton Attacking the Hydra of Gloucester Place, The, ii. 153–4
Champion of the People, The, i. 120
Chance-Seller of the Exchequer putting an Extinguisher on Lotteries, The, ii. 374–5
Chaos is come again, i. 283, 287–8
Characteristic Sketches of the Lower Orders (54 coloured plates), ii. 366–7
Charity Covereth a Multitude of Sins, i. 104–5
Charm, A, for a Democracy, *Anti-Jacobin*, i. 357–60
Chelsea Parade, or a Croaking Member Surveying the Inside and Outside of Mrs. Clarke's Premises, ii. 149
Chelsea Reach, i. 262
Chemical Lectures (Sir H. Davy), ii. 366
Chesterfield Burlesqued, ii. 224
Chesterfield Travestie, or School for Modern Manners, ii. 115, 117
Christening, A, i. 282
Christmas Gambols, ii. 235
Chronological Summary of Rowlandson's Caricatures, ii. 389. (*See* pages 387–408.)
Cits Airing themselves on Sunday, i. 372
City Courtship, i. 171
City Fowlers—mark, i. 371
City Hunt, The, i. 371
Civilian, A, i. 366
Civility, i. 222
Clarke's, Mrs., Farewell to her Audience, ii. 156

COU

Clarke's, Mrs., Last Effort, ii. 155
— Levée, ii. 146
Clarke Scandal, The, ii. 135–62
Clearing a Wreck on the North Coast of Cornwall, ii. 56
Coalition Wedding, i. 112
Coast Scene, A: Rising Gale, i. 221
Coat of Arms, A. Dedicated to the newly-created Earl of Lonsdale, i. 136
Cobbler's Cure for a Scolding Wife, The, ii. 267–8
Cracking a Joke, ii. 267
Cockney Hunt, ii. 208, 295
Cold Broth and Calamity, i. 293, 313–14
Cole, Mother, i. 125
Collar'd Pork, ii. 6
Collections of Drawings by Rowlandson, ii. Appendix
College Pranks, or Crabbed Fellows Taught to Caper on the Slack Rope, ii. 199
College Scene, A, or a Fruitless Attempt on the Purse of Old Square Toes, i. 216–19
Colonel Topham endeavouring with his Squirt to Extinguish the Genius of Holman, i. 165
Comedy in the Country: Tragedy in London, ii. 74
Comedy Spectators, i. 219
Comforts, The, of Bath (12 plates), i. 333–49
Comforts of the City, i. 366
Comfort in the Gout, i. 156–7; ii. 37
Comforts of High Living, i. 324
Comforts of Matrimony: a Good Toast, ii. 134
Comfortable Nap in a Post Chaise, A, i. 239
Compassion, 14; ii. 2
Compendious Treatise of Modern Education, ii. 41–2
Coming in at the Death of the Corsican Fox: Scene the Last, ii. 278–9
Connoisseurs, i. 364, 366
Consequence, The, of not Shifting the Leg, i. 349–50
Consultation, The, or Last Hope, ii. 84
Contrast, The, 1792. Which is Best (British Liberty, French do.)? i. 317–18
Conversazione, ii. 214
Convocation, i. 312
Cook's Prayer, The, ii. 33
'Cooks, scullions, hear me, every mother's son!' 'Peter Pindar,' i. 204.
Copperplate Printers at Work, i. 167
Cornwall, Series of Views in, ii. 239–46
Corporal in Good Quarters, The, ii. 39–40
Corsican and his Bloodhounds at the Window of the Tuileries looking over Paris, The, ii. 292–3
Corsican Munchausen Humming the Lads of Paris, The, ii. 261
Corsican Nurse Soothing the Infants of Spain, The, ii. 94
Corsican Spider in his Web, The, ii. 94
Corsican Tiger at Bay, The, ii. 93
Corsican Toad under a Harrow, The, ii. 259
Council of War Interrupted, A ('Narrative of the War'), i. 320

COU

Counsellor, A, ii. 22–3
Counsellor and Client, i. 145
Country Cart Horses, i. 150
Country Characters: a series, ii. 13
Country Club, ii. 58, 214
Country Inn, i. 213
Country Simplicity, i. 199
Couple of Antiquities, A, ii. 83
Court Canvass of Madame Blubber, i. 130
Courtship in High Life, i. 170
Courtship in Low Life, i. 170
Covent Garden Nightmare, The, i. 129
Covent Garden Theatre, i. 192
Cribbage Players, i. 222
Cries of London, i. 354; ii. 198
Crimes of the Clergy, ii. 373
Crimping a Quaker, ii. 276–7
Crow, The, and the Pigeon, i. 368
Cully pillaged, A, i. 167
Cumberland, Duke of, ii. 225
Cupid's Magic Lantern, i. 332
Curtain Lecture, A, ii. 16
Cure for Lying and a bad Memory, A, ii. 75, 77

DAMP Sheets, i. 293–5
Dance of Death, ii. 317, 355
Dance of Life, The (with 28 coloured engravings by T. Rowlandson), ii. 359–61
Daniel Lambert, the Wonderful Great Pumpkin of Little Britain, ii. 59–60
Dasher, A, or the Road to Ruin in the West, i. 371
Days of Prosperity in Gloucester Place, or a Kept Mistress in High Feather, ii. 147
Deadly-Lively, ii. 298
Death and Buonaparte, ii. 272
Death of Madame République, The, ii. 47
Deer Hunting: a landscape scene, i. 222
Defeat of the High and Mighty Balissimo and his Cecilian Forces on the Plains of St. Martin's, i. 153
Defrauding the Customs, or Shipping Goods not fairly entered, ii. 289–90
Delicate Finish to a French (Corsican) Usurper, A, ii. 281
Délices de la Grande Bretagne, Les, i. 305
Delicate Investigation, The, ii. 135–62
Delineations of Nautical Characters, i. 362
Departure, The, i. 140
Departure from the Coast, or the End of the Farce of Invasion, ii. 52
Departure of La Fleur, The, ii. 217
Description of a Boxing Match, June 9, 1806, ii. 84
Description of a Boxing Match for 100 guineas a side between Ward and Quirk, ii 226
Design for a Monument to be Erected in Commemoration of the Great, Glorious, and Never-to-be-Forgotten Grand Expedition, so ably Planned and Executed in the year 1809. (Gen. Chatham's Expedition.) ii. 164
Desire (No. 1), ii. 1

DRA

Desire (No. 2), ii. 1–2
Despair, i. 20; ii. 2–3
Despatch, or Jack Preparing for Sea, ii. 298
Detection, The, i. 328
Devil's Darling, The, ii. 278
Devonshire, The, or Most Approved Method of Securing Votes, i. 126
Devotee, A, i. 366
Diana in the Straw, or a Treat for Quornites, ii. 44
Die Reise des Doktor Syntax, um das Malerische aufzusuchen. Ein Gedicht frei aus dem Englischen ins Deutsche übertragen, ii. 373
Dinner, The, i. 223
Dinners Dressed in the Neatest Manner, ii. 215
Dinner Hunt, The, i. 333
Dinner Spoiled, The, ii. 14
Directions to Footmen, ii. 82
Disappointed Epicures, ii. 131
Discovery, The, i. 352; ii. 84, 130
Dissolution of Partnership, or the Industrious Mrs. Clarke Winding up her Accounts, ii. 145–6
Distillers Looking into their own Business, ii. 214
Distress, i. 372–4
Diver, A, ii. 43
Diving Machine on a New Construction, A, ii. 60
Doctor, ii. 14
Doctor Botherum, the Mountebank, ii. 3–5
Doctor Convex and Lady Concave, ii. 41
Doctors Differ, i. 170
Doctor Drainbarrel Conveyed Home in a Wheelbarrow in order to take his Trial for Neglect of Family Duty, ii. 194–5
Doctor Gallipot placing his Fortune at the Feet of his Mistress, ii. 91, 193
Doctor O'Meara's Return to his Family after Preaching before Royalty, ii. 155
Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque (with 31 illustrations by T. Rowlandson), ii. 176, 247–52
Doctor Syntax in the middle of a smoking hot political squabble wishes to wet his whistle, ii. 266–7
Dog Days, The, ii. 228
Dog Fight, A, ii. 206–7
Dog and the Devil, The, ii. 33
Doleful Disaster, A; or Miss Tubby Tatarmin's Wig Caught Fire, ii. 255
Domestic Shaving, i. 258
Doncaster Fair, or the Industrious Yorkshire Bites, ii. 368
Don Luigi's Ball, ii. 305
Don Quichotte Romantique, Le, ou Voyage du Docteur Syntaxe à la Recherche du Pittoresque et du Romantique, ii. 368
Don't he Deserve it? i. 261
Double Disaster, or New Cure for Love, The, ii. 77
Double Humbug, The, or the Devil's Imp Praying for Peace, ii. 271
Do you want any Brick-dust? i. 354
Dramatic Demireps at their Morning Rehearsal, ii. 191

DRA

Draught Horse, The, ii. 214
Dray Horses, Draymen, and Maltsters, i. 150
Dressing for a Birthday (Ladies), i. 272
Dressing for a Masquerade (Cyprians), i. 272
Dressing Room at Brighton, A, i. 280
Dropsy Courting Consumption, ii. 193
Drum-Major of Sedition, The, i. 121
Ducking a Scold, ii. 43
Ducking Stool, The, ii. 229
Duenna and Little Isaac, The, i. 282
Dull Husband, A, i. 267
Dutch Academy, A, i. 306–7
Dutch Merchants, sketched at Amsterdam, i. 331
Dutch Nightmare, or the Fraternal Hug Returned with a Dutch Squeeze, ii. 260–1
Dying Patient, The, or Doctor's Last Fee, i. 183

EARLY, An, Lesson in Marching, i. 325
Easter Hunt—Clearing a Fence, ii. 78
Easterly Winds, or Scudding under Bare Poles, ii. 186
Easter Monday, or the Cockney Hunt, ii. 208, 295
Eating House, An, ii. 296
Edward the Black Prince Receiving Homage, i. 249
Effects of Harmony, i. 326
Effects of the Ninth Day's Express from Covent Garden just Arrived at Cheltenham, i. 229
Election, the Westminster, i. 128–43
Elegance, ii. 33
Embarking from Brighthelmstone to Dieppe, i. 221
Emmanuel College, Cambridge. A Nobleman presenting a collection of Busts, ii. 184
Emmanuel College Garden, Cambridge, ii. 184
Engelbach, 'Naples and the Campagna Felice,' ii. 257, 301–8
English Address, The, i. 231
English Barracks, i. 294
English Curiosity, or the Foreigner Stared out of Countenance, i. 145, 322–3
English Dance of Death, ii. 317–55
English Exhibitions in Paris, or French People Astonished at our Improvement in the Breed of Fat Cattle, ii. 237
Englishman in Paris, ii. 78–9
English Manner and French Prudence, or French Dragoons brought to a Check by a Belvoir Leap. A Scene after Nature near Ciudad Rodrigo, ii. 215–16
English Review, i. 10
English Spy, ii. 378–9
English Travelling, or the First Stage from Dover, i. 179, 312
Enraged Son of Mars and the Timid Tonson, The, ii. 205
Enraged Vicar, ii. 66–7
E O, or the Fashionable Vowels, i. 101–2
Epicure, An, i. 238-9; ii. 22
Epicure's Prayer, The, ii. 30
Epicurium, ii. 11.

FLO

Epilogue, Captain (Topham), i. 158, 165–7, 183, 190
Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, An, i. 165
Etching, An, after Raphael Urbina, i. 364
Evening, i. 280–1
Evening. A Drive on the Sands, ii. 6
Evening, or the Man of Feeling, ii. 214
Evergreen, An, ii. 58
Every Man has his Hobby-Horse, i. 135
Exciseman, ii. 14
Excursion, An, to Brighthelmstone made in the year 1782 by Henry Wigstead and Thomas Rowlandson, i. 276–9
Execution of two Celebrated Enemies of Old England and their Dying Speeches, ii. 260
Exhibition at Bullock's Museum of Buonaparte's Carriage, taken at Waterloo, ii. 309
Exhibition 'Stare Case,' Somerset House, ii. 217–8
Expedition of Humphrey Clinker, i. 320
Experiments at Dover, or Master Charley's Magic Lantern, ii. 61
Extraordinary Scene on the Road from London to Portsmouth, An, i. 349

FALL of Achilles, The, i. 152
Fall of Dagon, The, or Rare News for Leadenhall Street, i. 112
Falstaff and his Followers Vindicating the Property Tax, ii. 58
Family Picture ('Vicar of Wakefield'), ii. 358
Family Piece, A, ii. 222
Famous Coalheaver, The, Black Charley Looking into the Mouth of the Wonderful Coal Pit, ii. 49
Fancy, ii. 33
Fancyana, ii. 10
Fashion, ii. 33
Fashions of the Day, or 1784, i. 147
Fashionable Suit, A, ii. 15
Fast Day, ii. 226
Female Gambler's Prayer, The, ii. 31
Female Intrepidity, or the Heroic Maiden, ii. 365
Female Politicians, ii. 289
Fencing Match, A, i. 239
Feyge Dam, with part of the Fish Market, at Amsterdam, i. 330-1
Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' i. 304
Fifth Clause, The, or Effect of Example, ii. 50
Figure Subjects for Landscapes, Groups, and Views, ii. 312
Filial Affection, or a Trip to Gretna Green, i. 171
Filial Piety (P. W. and George III.), i. 229
Fille mal Gardé, or Jack in the Box, ii. 36, 37
Finishing School, A, ii. 54, 55
First Stage from Calais, i. 179, 312
First Stage from Dover, i. 179, 312
Fisherman's Family, The, i. 215, 217
Flags of Truth and Lies, ii. 43
Flight of Buonaparte from Hell Bay, The, ii. 291
Flora, ii. 12
Flower of the City, The, ii. 157
Flowers for your Garden, i. 356

FLY

Flying Waggon, ii. 315
Foote's 'Minor,' i. 125
Footman, ii. 14
Foreigner, The, Stared out of Countenance, i. 145, 322–3
Forget and Forgive, or Honest Jack Shaking Hands with an old Acquaintance, i. 368
For the Benefit of the Champion, i. 142
Fort, The, ii. 298
Four in Hand, A, i. 300
Four o'clock in the Country, i. 281–2
Four o'clock in Town, i. 280–1
Four Seasons of Love, The: Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, ii. 286
Fox and the Grapes, The, ii. 97
Fox-Hunters Relaxing, i. 280
Fox-Hunting, i. 222
Free and Easy, i. 59
French Barracks, i. 294
French Dentist Showing a Specimen of his Artificial Teeth and False Palates, A, ii. 201
French Family, A; (*see* An Italian Family), i. 58, 170, 272–3
French Inn, ii. 214
French Ordinary, A, ii. 1, 44, 45
French Review, i. 11
French Travelling, or the First Stage from Calais, i. 179, 312
Fresh Breeze, A, i. 258–9.
Freshwater Salute, A, i. 371
Friendly Accommodation, ii. 35
Friends and Foes, up he Goes: Sending the Corsican Munchausen to St. Cloud, ii. 262–3
Frog-Hunting, i. 269–70
From the Desk to the Throne. A New Quick Step, by Joseph Buonaparte. The Bass by Messrs. Nappy and Talley, ii. 95
Frontispiece to Tegg's 'Complete Collection of Caricatures relative to Mrs. Clarke, and the Circumstances arising from the Investigation of the Conduct of H.R.H. the Duke of York before the House of Commons,' 1809, ii. 145
Front View of Christ Church, Oxford, ii. 184–5
Funking the Corsican, ii. 262
Funeralorum, ii. 11
Fuseli's 'Nightmare' (parody on), i. 129

GAMBADO. An Academy for Grown Horsemen, ii. 102–15, 181
Gambling Tables, i. 101–3
Game, A, at Put in a Country Alehouse, i. 368
Gamester going to Bed, The, ii. 208, 210
Gardiner, Sir Alan, 327
General Chatham's marvellous Return from his Expedition of Fireworks, ii. 164–5
General Discharge, A, or the Darling Angel's Finishing Stroke, ii. 153
German Waltz, The (*see* 'The Sorrows of Werter'), ii. 57

HAZ

Get Money, &c., ii. 90
Gig-hauling, or Gentlemanly Amusement for the Nineteenth Century, ii. 34
Gig-Shop, The, or Kicking up a Breeze at Nell Hamilton's Hop, ii. 199–200
Gilpin's Return to London, i. 174
Giving up the Ghost, or one too many, ii. 267
'Ghost of my Departed Husband, whither art thou gone?' ii. 267
Ghost, A, in the Wine-Cellar, ii. 6
Glee, A: 'How shall we Mortals pass our Hours? In Love, in War, in Drinking?' ii. 168
Glorious Victory, The, obtained over the French Fleet off the Nile, August 1, 1798, by the gallant Admiral Lord Nelson of the Nile, i. 350
Glow-Worms, ii. 55, 231
Glutton, The, ii. 265
'Going! Going!' i. 164; ii. 267
Going to Ride St. George. A Pantomime lately performed at Kensington before their Majesties, i. 226
Going in State to the House of Peers, or a Piece of English Magnificence, i. 247
Golden Apple, The, or the Modern Paris, i. 152
Gone, i. 164
Good Night, i. 370
Good Speculation, A, i. 366
Grand Battle, The, between the famous English Cock and Russian Hen, i. 290–1
Grand Master, The, or Adventures of Qui Hi in Hindostan, by Quiz, ii. 299–301
Grand Monarque Discovered, or the Royal Fugitives Turning Tail, ii. 393
Grandpapa, The, i. 313, 320
Grand Procession to St. Paul's, The, on St. George's Day, 1789, i. 252
Gratification of the Senses *à la mode Française* (Seeing, Tasting, Hearing, Smelling, Feeling), ii. 10
Great Cry and Little Wool, i. 109
Green Dragon, The, ii. 84
Grinning Match, i. 372
Grog on Board, i. 168, 253–4, 323
Grotesque Border for Rooms and Halls, ii. 10
Grotesque Drawing Book (40 illustrations), ii. 362
Gull, The, and the Rook, i. 368

HACKNEY Assembly. 'The Graces, the Graces, remember the Graces!' ii. 235–6
Halt at a Cottage Door, i. 349
Hanoverian Horse and the British Lion, The, i. 123
Hard Passage, A, or Boney Playing Bass on the Continent, ii. 98
Harmonic Society, The, ii. 195, 217
Harmony: Effects of Harmony, i. 174–5, 326
Hatred or Jealousy, ii. 1
Hawks and a Pigeon, i. 47
Haymakers, i. 214
Hazardorum, ii. 112

HEA

Head of the Family in Good Humour, The, ii. 130
Head Runner of Runaways from Leipzic Fair, ii. 276–7
Hearts for the Year 1800, ii. 6
Hell Broke Loose ; or the Devil to Pay among the Darling Angels, ii. 160
Hell Hounds Rallying round the Idol of France, ii. 291
'Here's your Potatoes, four full pound for Twopence,' ii. 34
He won't be a Soldier, i. 349
Higglers' Carts, i. 150
High Bailiff for Westminster, The, i. 140, 153–4
High Fun for John Bull, or the Republicans, i. 352
High-Mettled Racer, The, i. 261
Highness the Protector, His, i. 114
Hindoo Incantations—A View in Elephanta, ii. 300
Hiring a Servant, ii. 220
Historian Animating the Mind of a Young Painter, The, i. 150
History of Johnny Quæ Genus, The. The Little Foundling of the late Doctor Syntax, ii. 371–3
'History of Tom Jones, a Foundling,' ii. 55–6
Hit at Backgammon, A, ii. 193
Hocus Pocus, or Searching for the Philosopher's Stone, ii. 5
Hodge's Explanation of a Hundred Magistrates, ii. 290
Holy Friar, The, ii. 72–3
Hopes of the Family, or Miss Marrowfat at Home for the Holidays, ii. 167, 267
Horror, i. 16 ; ii. 2
Horse Accomplishments, i. 366
Hospital for Lunatics, i. 247
Hot Cross Buns—Two a Penny—Buns, i. 356
Hot Goose, Cabbage, and Cucumbers, ii. 374
Housebreakers, i. 233–4, 293
How to Escape Losing, i. 297
How to Escape Winning, i. 297
How to Pluck a Goose, ii. 36
How to Vault into the Saddle, or a new-invented Patent Crane for the Accommodation of Rheumatic Rectors, ii. 265
'Hudibras.' 5 Illus. by Wm. Hogarth, ii. 174
Human Life, Miseries of, ii. 71, 119–24, 166
Humbugging, or Raising the Devil, ii. 5
Humourist, The, with 50 engravings, &c., after designs by the late Thomas Rowlandson, ii. 380–6
Humours of Houndsditch, or Mrs. Shevi in a Longing Condition, ii. 254–5
Humours of St. Giles's, The, i. 223, 225
Hungarian and Highland Broadsword Exercise, i. 374
Hunting Series, i. 223
Huntsman Rising, The, ii. 208–9
Hunt the Slipper : Picnic Revels, ii. 41
Hypochondriac, The, i. 314, 316

JOY

ILLUSTRATIONS to Poems of Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot), i. 192
Imitations of Modern Drawings, i. 151
Imperial Coronation, The, ii. 44–6
Imperial Stride, An, i. 290
In at the Death, i. 223
Incurable, The : 'My Lodging is on the Cold Ground,' i. 124
Infant Hercules, The, i. 115
Inn Yard on Fire, i. 300–2
Inside View of the Public Library, Cambridge, ii. 184
Interior of a Clockmaker's Shop, i. 109
Interior of Simon Ward, *alias* St. Brewer's Church, Cornwall, ii. 63.
Interruption, or Inconveniences of a Lodging House, i. 256
Introduction, i. 162
Intrusion on Study, or the Painter Disturbed, i. 169, ii. 38.
Irish Ambassadors Extraordinary, i. 249
Do. do. do. Return, or Bulls without Horns, i. 251
Irish Ambassadors Extraordinary, The, a Galantee Show, i. 248–9
Irish Baronet, The, and his Nurse, i. 368
Irish Giant, The, i. 154–5
Irish Howl, An, *Anti-Jacobin Review*, i. 362–3
Irish Jaunting Car, ii. 282
'I Smell a Rat,' or a Rogue in Grain, ii. 73
'Is this your Louse?' ('Peter Pindar'), i. 201
Italian Affectation. Real Characters, i. 98
Italian Family, An. (*See* A French Family), i. 58, 170, 314–5
Italian Picture-Dealers Humbugging Milord Anglaise, ii. 228–30

JACK Tar Admiring the Fair Sex, ii. 297
Jew Broker, A, ii. 22, 24
Jews at Luncheon, i. 324–5
Jockey Club, The, or Newmarket Meeting, ii. 214
Jockey's Prayer, The, ii. 32
Jockeyship, i. 170 ; ii. 39
Johanna Southcott, the Prophetess, Excommunicating the Bishops, ii. 217
John Bull and the Genius of Corruption, ii. 159
John Bull at the Italian Opera, ii. 52–3, 212
John Bull Listening to the Quarrels of State Affairs, ii. 43
John Bull making Observations on the Comet, ii. 83
John Bull Arming the Spaniards, ii. 101
John Bull's Turnpike Gate, ii. 50–1
Joint Stock Street, ii. 168
Journal of Sentimental Travels in the Southern Provinces of France, ii. 368–70
Journeyman Tailor, A, ii. 296
Jovial Crew, The, i. 192
Joy with Tranquillity, i. 81–2

JUN
Junot Disgorging his Booty, ii. 101
Justice, A, ii. 13.

KICK-UP at a Hazard Table, A, i. 273-4
Kicking up a Breeze, or Barrow Women Basting a Beadle, ii. 274
Killing with Kindness, ii. 15
King Joe and Co. making the most of their time previous to quitting Madrid, ii. 99
King Joe's Retreat from Madrid, ii. 96
King Joe on his Spanish Donkey, ii. 96
King's Place, or a View of Mr. Fox's Best Friends, i. 132
Kissing for Love, or Captain Careless Shot Flying, ii. 186
Kitchen-Stuff, ii. 193
Kitty Careless in Quod, or Waiting for Jew Bail, ii. 202–3

LA FLEUR and the Dead Ass, ii. 173
Lady Hamilton at Home, or a Neapolitan Ambassador, ii. 310–12
Lady in Limbo, A, or Jew Bail Rejected, ii. 37
Lamentable Case of a Juryman, A, ii. 290
Landing Place, A, ii. 315
Land Stores, ii. 226
Last Drop, The, ii. 203
Last Dying Speech and Confession, i. 354
Last Gasp, The, or Toadstools Mistaken for Mushrooms, ii. 254
Last Jig, The, or Adieu to Old England, ii. 363
Last Shift, The, ii. 90
Late Hours, ii. 14
Laughter, ii. 2
Launching a Frigate, ii. 130–1
Lawyerorum, ii. 12, 13
Learned Scotchman, The, or Magistrate's Mistake, ii. 236
Lecture on Heads, by Geo. Alex. Stevens, ii. 117–18
Legerdemain, i. 369
'Letters from Naples and the Campagna Felice,' ii. 267, 301–8
Letter-Writer, The, ii. 303
Libel Hunters on the Look-out, or Daily Examiners of the Liberty of the Press, ii. 182
Liberty and Fame Introducing Female Patriotism (Duchess of Devonshire) to Britannia, i. 141
Life and Death of the Race Horse, ii. 211–12
Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster, Reviewed by His Majesty on Wimbledon Common, July 5, 1798, i. 349
Light Infantry Volunteers on a March, ii. 44
Light Summer Hat and Fashionable Walking Stick, ii. 33
Light Volunteers on a March, ii. 44
'Light, your Honour. Coach unhired,' ii. 34
Little Bigger, A, i. 293
Little Tighter, A, i. 292–3

MAS
London in Miniature, ii. 125, 128
London Outrider, or Brother Saddlebag, ii. 14
Long Pull, a Strong Pull, and a Pull All together, A, ii. 258–9
London Refinement, i. 199
Long Sermons and Long Stories are apt to lull the Senses, i. 107
Looking at the Comet till you get a Crick in the Neck, ii. 210–11
Loose Principles, i. 245
Loose Thoughts, i. 371
Lords of the Bedchamber, i. 128
Loss of Eden and Eden Lost, The. Gen. Arnold and Eden Lord Auckland, i. 173
Lottery Office Keeper's Prayer, The, ii. 33
Lousiad, The, i. 200
Love, i. 328
Love in Caricature, i. 353
Love and Dust, i. 234–7; ii. 189
Love in the East, i. 218, 220
Loves of the Fox and the Badger, or the Coalition Wedding, i. 112
Love and Learning, or the Oxford Scholar, i. 182
Love Laughs at Locksmiths, ii. 209
Loyal, The, Volunteers of London, i. 375–7
Lump of Impertinence, A, ii. 166
Lump of Innocence, A, ii. 166
Lunardi, Vincent, i. 163–4
Lust and Avarice, i. 236–7
Luxury and Desire, i. 237
Luxury and Misery, i. 106, 185, 325
Lying-in Visit, A, i. 307; ii. 313

MACASSAR Oil, or an Oily Puff for Soft Heads, ii. 284
Madame Blubber, i. 127, 129-30, 134
Madame Blubber on her Canvass, i. 129
Madame Blubber's Last Shift, or the Aerostatic Dilly, i. 134
Mad Dog in a Coffee House, A, ii. 131–2
Mad Dog in a Dining Room, A, ii. 131, 133
Mahomedan Paradise, A, i. 352
Maid of all Work's Prayer, The, ii. 30
Maiden Aunt Smelling Fire, A, ii. 58
Maiden Speech, The, i. 165
Maiden's Prayer, The, ii. 30
Major Topham (of the *World*) and the rising genius of Holman, i. 320
Man of Fashion's Journal, A, ii. 35
Man of Feeling, The, ii. 83, 216
Manager (Garrick) and Spouter, ii. 390
Manager's Last Kick, The, or a New Way to Pay Old Debts, ii. 219
Mansion House Monitor (*Poetical Magazine*), ii. 176
March to the Camp, i. 370
Margate, ii. 6
Masquerading, ii. 209-11
Master Billy's Procession to Grocers' Hall, i. 119
Master of the Ceremonies, A, Introducing a Partner, i. 326

MAT

Matrimonial Comforts (a series), ii. 14
Measuring Substitutes for the Army of Reserve, ii. 295–6
Medical Despatch, or Doctor Double-Dose Killing two Birds with one Stone, ii. 194
Meet, The : Hunting Morning, i. 223–4
Melopoyn Haranguing the Prisoners in the Fleet. 'Hogarthian Novelist,' ii. 6
— (a distressed poet) and the Manager, i. 320
Melpomene in the Dumps, ii. 46–7
Mercury and his Advocates Defeated, or Vegetable Intrenchment, i. 267
Microcosm of London, or London in Miniature, ii. 125–8
Midwife going to a Labour, A, ii. 199
Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome, ii. 312
Militia Meeting, A, i. 372
Milksop, A, ii. 216
Miller's Waggon, i. 150
Minister's Ass, The, i. 143
Miseries of Bathing, ii. 83
Miseries of the Country, ii. 78
—of Human Life (50 illustrations), ii. 71, 119–24, 166
— of London : 'Going out to Dinner,' &c., ii. 64–5
— — or a Surly Hackney Coachman, ii. 284
— — 'Watermen,' ii. 231–2
— Personal : 'After Dinner, when the Ladies Retire,' ii. 75–6
— of Travelling—A Hailstorm, ii. 217
— — an Overloaded Coach, ii. 66
Miser's Prayer, The, ii. 30
Misery, i. 185, 325
Mistake, The, ii. 162
— at Newmarket, or Sport and Piety, A, ii. 78
Mistress Bundle in a Rage, or too late for the Stage, ii. 130
Mock Auction, or Boney Selling Stolen Goods, ii. 264
Mock Phœnix, The, or a Vain Attempt to Rise again, ii. 262
Mock Turtle, i. 152 ; ii. 237
Modern Antiques, ii. 223
Modern Babel, or Giants Crushed by a Weight of Evidence, ii. 157–8
Modern Education, ii. 41, 47
Modern Egbert, The, or the King of Kings, i. 243
Modern Hercules Clearing the Augean Stables, The, ii. 49
Modish, i. 220
Monastic Fare, ii. 71–2
Money-Lenders, i. 148
— Scrivener, A, ii. 22
Monkey Merchant, A, ii. 63
Monstrous Craws, or a New-Discovered Animal, ii. 35
More of the Clarke, or Fresh Accusations, ii. 161
— Miseries, or the Bottom of Mr. Figg's Old Whiskey Broke through, ii. 83
— Scotchmen, or Johnny Macree Opening his New Budget, ii. 75

ODD

Morning—Breakfast at Michiner's Grand Hotel, ii. 6
Morning Dram, The, i. 186
— or the Man of Taste, ii. 214
Mother Cole and Loader, i. 125
Mother's Hope, The, ii. 86–7
Muck-Worms, ii. 55, 231
Munchausen's Surprising Adventures, ii. 175
Munchausen at Walcheren, ii. 224
Munro, Dr. i. 233
Murphy Delaney, ii. 75
Musical Doctor and his Scholars, A, ii. 297
— Family, A, ii. 39
My Ass, ii. 295
My Aunt and my Uncle, ii. 83

NAP in the Country, i. 175
Nap in Town (companion), i. 175-6
Napoleon Buonaparte in a Fever on Receiving the Extraordinary Gazette of Nelson's Victory over the Combined Fleets, ii. 53, 55
Nap Dreading his Doleful Doom, or his Grand Entry into the Isle of Elba, ii. 281
— and his Friends in their Glory, ii. 100–1
Napoleon le Grand, ii. 263–4
— the Little in a Rage with his great French Eagle, ii. 98
Nap and his Partner Joe, ii. 99
Narrative of the War, i. 328–9
Nautical Characters, i. 362
Naval Triumph, or Favours Conferred, i. 99
Neddy's Black Box, i. 245
Négligé, La. Desig. by 'Simplex Mundities,' i. 183
Neighbours, ii. 296
New French Phantasmagoria, A, ii. 47
— Invented Elastic Breeches, i. 148 ; ii. 236
— Sentimental Journal, ii. 362
— Shoes, i. 320, 324
— Speaker, A, i. 246–7
— Tap Wanted, A, or Work for the Plumber, ii. 182–3
Newspaper, The, ii. 10
Nice Fish, i. 238–9 ; ii. 22
Night Auction, A, i. 233
Night—At the Bazaars, Raffling for Prizes, ii. 6
Nincompoop, or Henpecked Husband, A, ii. 69, 70
None but the Brave deserve the Fair, ii. 255
Noon—Dining, Margate, ii. 6
Norwich Bull Feast, or Glory and Gluttony, ii. 257
Not at Home, or a Disappointed Dinner-Hunter, ii. 374
Note of Hand, A, i. 369
Nunina, ii. 11
Nursery, The, i. 371
Nursing the Spawn of a Tyrant ; or Frenchmen Sick of the Breed, ii. 204–5

ODD Fellows from Downing Street Complaining to John Bull, ii. 88

ODD

Oddities, i. 306
Odes for the New Year, i. 209
Off She Goes, ii. 237
Officer. The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome, ii. 298–9
Old Angel at Islington, The, i. 319
— Cantwell Canvassing for Lord Janus (Hood), i. 228
— Ewe Dressed Lamb Fashion, An, ii. 193
— Maid's Prayer, The, ii. 30
— Maid in Search of a Flea, i. 320, 324
— Man of the Sea, The, sticking to the Shoulders of Sindbad the Sailor. *Vide* the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' (Burdett and Horne Tooke), ii. 74
— Member, An, on his Road to the House of Commons, ii. 33
— Poacher Caught in a Snare, An, ii. 374
— Woman's Complaint, The, or the Greek Alphabet, ii. 130
On her Last Legs, i. 310
Opening a Vein, i. 150
Opera Boxes (4 plates), i. 177–8
Oratorio, ii. 6
Ordnance Dreams, or Planning Fortifications, i. 183–4
Original Drawings by Rowlandson, ii. Appendix
Plan for a Popular Monument to be Erected in Gloucester Place, ii. 156–7
Outré Compliments, i. 192
Oxford, Front View of Christ Church, ii. 184–5
'Oh ! you're a Devil, get along, do !' ii. 134–5

PANTHEON, i. 283–4, 286–7, 308
Paris Diligence, ii. 189
Parish Officer's Journal, A, ii. 36
Parliamentary Toast, A, 'Here's to the Lady,' &c., ii. 148
Parody on Milton, A, ii. 198
— The, or Mother Cole and Loader, i. 125
Parson and the Clarke, The, ii. 154
Pastime in Portugal, or a Visit to the Nunneries, ii. 203
Patience in a Punt, ii. 222
Paviour, A, i. 366
Pea-cart, The, i. 241
Peace and Plenty, ii. 282–3
Peasant Playing the Flute (after J. Mortimer), i. 150
Peep into Bethlehem, A, ii. 13
— into Friar Bacon's Study, A, i. 119
— at the Gas Lights in Pall Mall, A, ii. 167–8
Penny Barber, A, i. 257
Penserosa, ii. 11
Persons and Property Protected by Authority, i. 168
Peter's Pension (' Peter Pindar '), i. 207
Peter Plumb's Diary, ii. 187–8
Petersham, Lord, ii. 225
Petitioning Candidate for Westminster, The, i. 143

PRE

Petticoat Loose, a Fragmentary Poem, ii. 238
Philip Quarrel (Thicknesse), the English Hermit, &c., i. 275
Philosophorum, ii. 10
Philosophy run Mad, or a Stupendous Monument to Human Wisdom, i. 312–13
Physicorum, ii. 11.
Picture of Misery, A, ii. 204
Pictures of Prejudice, ii. 6
Pigeon-Hole, a Covent Garden Contrivance to Coop up the Gods, ii. 200–1
Piece-Offering, A. Memoirs, Life, Letters, &c., of Mrs. Clarke, ii. 159
Pilgrimage from Surrey to Gloucester Place, A, or the Bishop in an Ecstasy, ii. 148
Pilgrims and the Peas, The, ii. 71
Pit of Acheron, The, or the Birth of the Plagues of England, i. 111–12
Pitt Fall, The, i. 243
Place de Mer, Antwerp, i. 331
— des Victoires, à Paris, La, i. 262–6
Plan for a General Reform, A, ii. 165
Platonic Love. ' None but the Brave Deserve the Fair,' ii. 74
Pleasures of Human Life, The, ii. 83, 180, 362
— of Margate, ii. 6
Plot Thickens, The, or Diamond Cut Diamond, ii. 161
Plucking a Spooney, ii. 225
' Plump to the Devil we boldly Kicked both Nap and his Partner Joe,' ii. 261
Poetical Magazine, ii. 175–8
— Sketches of Scarborough, ii. 268–9
Polish Dwarf, The (Borowlowski), Performing before the Grand Seigneur, i. 186
Politesse Française, La, or the English Ladies' Petition to his Excellency the Mushroom Ambassador, i. 145
Political Affection, i. 133
— Butcher, The, or Spain Cutting up Buonaparte for the Benefit of his Neighbours, ii. 96
— Chemist and German Retorts, or Dissolving the Rhenish Confederacy, ii. 263
— Hydra, The, i. 231; ii. 58
Poll, The, i. 127
— of Portsmouth's Prayer, ii. 33
Pomfret, Lord, ii. 225
Pope's Excommunication of Buonaparte, The, or Napoleon brought to his last Stool, ii. 163
Portsmouth Point, ii. 284–6
Post Boys and Post Horses at the ' White Hart Inn,' i. 222
Post-chaise, A, i. 150, 217
Post Inn, i. 213
Power of Reflection, The, i. 100–1
Pray Remember the Blind, ii. 34
Preaching to some Purpose, ii. 236
Preceptor and Pupil, i. 140
Preparations for the Academy. Old Nollekens and his Venus, ii. 16–19

PRE

Preparations for the Jubilee ; or Theatricals Extraordinary, ii. 166
Preparing for the Race, ii. 221
— to Start, ii. 220–1
— for Supper, i. 279–80
Print Sale, A (Hutchins, Auctioneer, and his Wife), i. 233
Private Amusement, i. 102, 180
Privates Drilling, i. 349
Procession of the Cod Company from St. Giles's to Billingsgate, ii. 190
Procession of a Country Corporation, i. 366–8
Procession to the Hustings, i. 134 5
Prodigal Son's Resignation, The, ii. 155
Progress of the Emperor Napoleon, The, ii. 101
Progress of Gallantry, or Stolen Kisses Sweetest, ii. 275–6
Propagation of a Truth, The, i. 244
Prophecy explained :—'And there are seven Kings, five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come, and when he cometh he must continue but a short space,' ii. 98
Prospect before us, The (Half-a-crown Regency), i. 230
Prospect before us, The (Pantheon), i. 283–4, 286–87
Prospect before us, The (Companion), i. 285–87
Prudent, i. 221
Publican, A, ii. 13
Publican's Prayer, The, ii. 33
Publicorum, ii. 11
Pugin, ii. 125–8
Puff Paste, ii. 237
Puss in Boots, or General Junot taken by Surprise, ii. 204

Q. A. Q. Loaded with the Spoils of India, i. 226
Quaix de Paris, ii. 214
Quack Doctor's Prayer, The, ii. 31
Quaker and the Clarke, The, ii. 159
— and the Commissioners of Excise, The, ii. 265
Quarter-day, or Clearing the Premises without Consulting your Landlord, ii. 274
Quarterly Duns, or Clamorous Tax-Gatherers, ii. 49
Quay, The, i. 20
Queer Fish, ii. 42

RABBIT Merchant, ii. 197
Racing, ii. 230–1
Racing Series. The Course, i. 260
„ The Betting Post, i. 258–9
„ The Mount, i. 261
„ The Start, i. 258–9
Rag Fair, ii. 33
Rainbow Tavern, in Fleet Street, in 1800, ii. 19
Raising the Wind : 'When Noblemen,' &c., ii. 53, 233–5
Rapture, ii. 1

RUR

Reconciliation, or the Return from Scotland, i. 171–2
Recovery of a Dormant Title, or a Breeches Maker become a Lord, ii. 51
Recruits, ii. 42, 214
Recruiting, ii. 314
— on a Broadbottom'd Principle, ii. 59
Refinement of Language. A Timber Merchant, &c., ii. 233
Reform Advised, Reform Begun, Reform Complete, i. 319
Reformation, or the Wonderful Effects of a Proclamation, i. 220
Relics of a Saint, by Ferdinand Farquhar, ii. 317
Repeal of the Test Act, i. 270–1
Resignation, The, or John Bull Overwhelmed with Grief, ii. 154
Rest from Labour. Sunny Days, i. 150
Return from Sport, i. 189
— from a Walk, A, ii. 15
Reynard put to his Shifts, i. 132
Rhedarium, The, i. 101
Richardson's Show, ii. 312–13
Richmond Hill, ii. 42, 214
Ride to Rumford, A, i. 371
Rigging out a Smuggler, ii. 190–1
Rising Sun, The, or a View of the Continent, ii. 162–3
Rival Candidates, The, i. 124
Rivals, The, ii. 231, 284
Road to Preferment, The, through Clarke's Passage, ii. 149
— to Ruin, ii. 43
Roadside Inn, A, i. 269
Rochester Address, or the Corporation going to Eat Roast Pork and Oysters with the Regent, i. 251
'Roderick Random.' Lieutenant Bowling Pleading the Cause of Young Roy to his Grandfather, i. 308–10
— — The Passengers from the Waggon arriving at the Inn, i. 310–11
Rogue's March, The, ii. 279
Rosedale, John, Mariner, exhibitor at the Hall of Greenwich Hospital, ii. 76
Rotation Office, A, i. 96
Rough Sketch of the Times as delineated by Sir Francis Burdett, A, ii. 365
Round Dance, A, ii. 314
Royal Academy, Somerset House, ii. 216
Ruins of the Pantheon after the Fire which happened Jan. 14, 1792, i. 308
Rum Characters in a Shrubbery, ii. 91
Run, The, i. 223
Rural Halt, A, i. 214
— Sports : Balloon-Hunting, ii. 215
— — Buck-Hunting, ii. 287–8
— — A Cat in a Bowl, ii. 205–6
— — or a Cricket Match Extraordinary, ii. 214
— — or a Game at Quoits, ii. 212

RUR
Rural Sports ; or how to show off a well-shaped Leg, ii. 212–3
— — A Milling Match : Cribb and Molineaux, ii. 212
— — or an Old Mole-Catcher, ii. 208
— — or a Pleasant Way of Making Hay, ii. 284
— — Smock-Racing, ii. 212–13
Rustic Courtship, i. 171
— Recreations, ii. 316
Rusty Bacon, ii. 80, 82

SAD Discovery, The, or the Graceless Apprentice, i. 170
Sadness, ii. 2
Sagacious Buck, The, or Effects of Waterproof, ii. 214
Sailors Carousing, i. 188–9
— Drinking the Tunbridge Waters, ii. 290
— on Horseback, ii, 202
Sailor's Journal, The, ii. 35–6
Sailor Mistaken, A, ii. 34
Sailor's Prayer, The, ii. 33
Sailors Regaling, ii. 6
Sailor's Will, A, ii. 51
St. James's and St. Giles's, i. 306, 324
St. James's Courtship, i. 364
St. Giles's Courtship, i, 364–5
Sale of English Beauties in the East Indies, A (after James Gillray), ii. 197
Salisbury, Lord, K. of Würtemburg, and D. of Gloucester, i. 327–8
Saloon at the Pavilion, Brighton, i. 276
Salt Water, ii. 41
Sampson Asleep on the Lap of Delilah, ii. 154
Samuel House, Sir, i. 98–9
Scandal : Investigation of the Charges brought against H.R.H. the Duke of York, by G. L. Wardle, Esq., M.P. for Devon, with the Evidence and Remarks of the Members, ii. 181
Scarborough, Poetical Sketches of, ii. 269
Scenes at Brighton, or the Miseries of Human Life, ii. 71, 84
Scene in a New Pantomime to be Performed at the Theatre Royal of Paris, ii. 292
— at Streatham : Bozzi and Piozzi, i. 97
— from the Tragedy of 'Cato,' A, ii. 150
School of Eloquence, The, i. 98
'School for Scandal,' The, i. 228–9
Schoolmaster's Tour, The, ii. 176
Scorn, ii. 2
Scotch Ostrich Seeking Cover, The, ii. 51
— Sarcophagus, A, ii. 50
Scottifying the Palate, i. 195
Sea Amusement, or Commander-in-Chief of Cup and Ball on a Cruize, i. 176–7
Searched by Douaniers on the French Frontier, ii. 370
Sea Stores, ii. 226
Seaman's Wife's Reckoning, A. ii. 231

SKI
Secret History of Crim. Con., The, plates I., II., ii. 231
Secret Influence Directing the New Parliament, i. 140–1
Second Tour of Doctor Syntax, in Search of Consolation, The, ii. 367
Select Vestry, A, ii. 58
Sentinel, The, Mistakes Tom Jones for an Apparition, ii. 56
Sentimental Journey, The, ii. 10, 169–74
Sergeant Recruiter (Duc d'Orleans), i. 252–3
Series, A, of Miniature Groups and Scenes, i. 282
— of Small Landscapes, i. 324
Setting out for Margate, ii. 231, 233.
Seven Stages of Man's Schooling, ii. 397
She don't Deserve it, i. 261
— Stoops to Conquer, ii. 201, 202
— will be a Soldier, i. 349
Sheets of Borders for Halls, i. 364
— of Picturesque Etchings.—Cattle at the River. The Horse Race. A View in Cornwall. The River, Towing Barges, &c. Rustic Refreshment. Water Pastime, Skating on a Frozen River, i. 280
— of Picturesque Etchings.— A Four-in-Hand. The Village Dance. The Woodman Returning. River Scene, Mill, Shipping, &c., i. 289
— — Huntsmen Visiting the Kennels. Haymakers Returning. Deer in a Park, Cattle, &c. Shepherds. Horses in a Paddock. Cattle Watering at a Pond. A Piggery, i. 289.
Shipping Scene, i. 18
Shoeing—The Village Forge, i. 212
Showell, Mrs. ; the Woman who Shows General Guise's Collection of Pictures at Oxford, ii. 66
Sick Lion, and the Asses, The (York series), ii. 158
Sign of the Four Alls, The, ii. 195–6
Signiora Squallina, ii. 42
Silly, A, ii. 6
Simmons, Thomas (the murderer), ii. 81
Simple Bodily Pain, ii. 2
Single Combat in Moorfields, or Magnanimous Paul O ! Challenging All O ! ii. 28–9
Sir Cecil's Budget for Paying the National Debt, i. 122
Sir Jeffrey Dunstan Presenting an Address from the Corporation of Garratt, i. 232
Six Classes of that Noble and Useful Animal, a Horse, ii. 214
— Stages of Marring a Face. Dedicated to the Duke of Hamilton, i. 307–8
— — of Mending a Face. Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Lady Archer, i. 308
Sketch from Nature, A, i. 145
Sketches from Nature, ii. 199, 373.
Sketch of Politics in Europe. Birthday of the King of Prussia. Toasts on the occasion, i. 182–3
Skipping Academy, A, ii. 6

SLA
Slang Society, The, i. 162
Slap-Bang Shop, ii. 297
Sleepy Congregation, A, ii. 199
Slugs in a Sawpit, i. 296–7
Sly Boots, ii. 38
Smithfield Sharpers, or the Countryman Defrauded, i. 46
Smoky House and a Scolding Wife, A, ii. 368
Smollett, T., Miscellaneous Works (26 Illustrations by Rowlandson), ii. 181
Smuggling in, or a College Trick, ii. 190
— Out, or Starting for Gretna Green, ii. 190
Snip in a Rage, ii. 39
Snug Cabin, or Port Admiral, ii. 43, 88
Social Day, ii. 316
Soldiers on a March, ii. 84
— Recruiting, i. 349
Song by Commodore Curtis. Tune: 'Cease, rude Boreas,' ii. 163–4
Sorrow's Dry, or a Cure for the Heart Ache, ii. 39, 41, 210
'Sorrows of Werter,' ii. 57
Spanish Cloak, A, ii. 226
Spanish Passport to France, A, ii. 96
Special Pleaders in the Court of Requests, ii. 36
— Pleading, i. 98
'Spirit of the Public Journals for the years 1823–25,' ii. 375, 377–8
Spiritual Lovers, i. 330
Spitfires, ii. 192–3
Sports of a Country Fair. Part I., ii. 191
— Part II., ii. 191
— Part III., a Bengal Tiger Loose, ii. 191
Cockburn's Theatre on Fire, ii. 192
Squall in Hyde Park, A, i. 302–4
Squire, ii. 14
Stadthouse, Amsterdam, i. 331
Stage Coach, A, i. 213; ii. 43
— — Setting Down at the Dolphin Inn, i. 237
— — Setting Out from a Posting-house, i. 222
Start, The, i. 223
State Auction, The, i. 121
— Butchers, i. 245
— Watchman, The, discovered by the Genius of Britain Studying Plans for the Reduction of America, i. 105
Statue to be Disposed of, The, Gloucester Place, ii. 153
Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' ii. 169–74
Steward, ii. 14
Stockdale, the Bookselling Blacksmith, one of the King's New Friends, i. 144
Stockjobber's Prayer, The, ii. 31
Studious Gluttons, i. 312–13
Successful Fortune-Hunter, The, or Captain Shelalee leading Miss Marrowfat to the Temple of Hymen, ii. 235
Sufferer for Decency, A, i. 257
Suffering under the Last Symptoms of a Dangerous Malady, &c., ii. 84
TOO
Suitable Restrictions, i. 245
Sulky, A, ii. 6
Summer Amusement: Bug-Hunting, ii. 208
— — a Game at Bowls, ii. 6–9
Summer Amusements at Margate, or a Peep at the Mermaids, ii. 254
Supplemental Magazine, i. 180
Surprising Irish Giant of St. James's Street, The, i. 154
Sweating for Opposition, A, by Dr. Willis, Dominisweaty & Co., i. 248
Sweet Little Girl that I Love, The, ii. 88
— Lullaby, ii. 42
— Pea, The, ii. 233
Sympathy, ii. 298
— or a Family on a Journey, i. 174
Symptoms of Restiveness, ii. 79–80
— of Sanctity, ii. 27–8

TABLE d'Hôte, or French Ordinary in Paris, ii. 188
Tables are Turned, The. How are the Mighty Fallen, ii. 150
Tables Turned: Miseries of Wedlock, ii. 134
Tailor's Wedding, A, ii. 276
Tailpiece to Tegg's Collection of the York and Clarke's Caricatures, ii. 156
Tally-ho-rum! ii. 11
Taste, ii. 33
Tastes Differ, i. 175
Tax-gatherer, ii. 14
Tea on Shore, i. 168, 253–5, 323
Templar at his Studies, A, ii. 222
Temptation, i. 168
Terror, ii. 2
Theatrical Candidate, A, i. 330
— Chymist, A (Holman *versus* Topham), i. 190
— Leap-frog, ii. 46
Third Tour of Doctor Syntax, The, in Search of a Wife (25 illustrations), ii. 373, 375
This is the House that Jack Built: O.P. Riots, Drury Lane, ii. 165–6
Three Tours of Doctor Syntax, i. 33; ii. 176, 247–52, 266–7, 269–70, 367, 373, 375
— Principal Requisites to form a Man of Fashion, The, ii. 286
— Weeks after Marriage, or the Great Little Emperor playing at Bo-peep, ii. 186–7
'Throw Physic to the Dogs,' ii. 91, 193, 199
'Tiens bien ton Bonnet, et toi, defends ta Queue,' i. 331
Timber Waggon, i. 150
Times, The: Regency of the Prince, i. 110
— — or a View of the Old House in Little Britain, i. 114
Tit-bit for a Strong Stomach, A, ii. 135
— for the Bugs, A, i. 320
Tithe Pig, i. 268
Too many for a Jew, i. 165

TOO

Tooth Ache, The, or Torment and Torture, ii. 375-6
Toper's Mistake, The, ii. 33
Topham endeavouring with his Squirt to Extinguish the Genius of Holman, i. 166
Touch at the Times, A, i. 231
— for Touch, or a Female Physician in Full Practice, ii. 206
Tour to the Lakes, A, ii. 80–1
Toxophilites, i. 270
Traffic (Old Clo' men), i. 289, 323-4
Trafficorum, ii. 12
Tragedy in London, ii. 74
— Spectators, i. 217, 219
Transparency Exhibited at Ackermann's, in the Strand, Nov. 27, 1815. Day of Celebration of General Peace in London, ii. 294–5
Transplanting of Teeth (Baron Ron), i. 211
Traveller Refreshed in a Stagnant Pool after the Fatigues of a Dusty Day's Journey, A, ii. 130
Travelling Knife-Grinder at a Cottage Door, i. 222
Trial of the Duke of York, The, ii. 178
Tricks on the Turf—Settling to Lose a Race, ii. 368
Trip to Gretna Green, A, ii. 215
Triumph of Hypocrisy, The, i. 211
— of Sentiment, The, i. 210
Triumvirate of Gloucester Place, The, or the Clarke, the Soldier, and the Taylor, ii. 151
Tutor and his Pupil Travelling in France, ii. 217
Twelfth Night Characters (in 24 figures), ii. 214
Two Kings of Terror, The. Transparency exhibited at Ackermann's. The Allied Victory of Leipsic, ii. 255, 257
— Patriotic Duchesses on their Canvass, The (Duchesses of Portland and Devonshire), i. 124
— of a Trade can never Agree: Mrs. Clarke and Col. Wardle, ii. 160
Twopenny Cribbage, i. 369
Tyrant of the Continent is Fallen, The, Europe is Free, England Rejoices, ii. 281

UNCLE George and Black Dick at their New Game of Naval Shuttlecock, i. 199
Undertakers Regaling, ii. 26–7
Unexpected Meeting, An, ii. 148
— Return, An, or a Snip in Danger, ii. 297
Union, The, ii. 22
— Headdress, The, ii. 33
Unloading a Waggon, ii. 255–6

VAUXHALL Gardens, i. 156–62
Veneration, ii. 1
Véry, Madame, Restaurateur, Palais Royal, Paris, ii. 272–3
Vicar and Moses, The (song heading), i. 147
'Vicar of Wakefield' (24 plates), ii. 356–9, 375
Vicar, ii. 14
Vice-Queen's Delivery, The, at the Old Soldier's Hospital, in Dublin, i. 243

WIN

View on the Banks of the Thames, A, ii. 75–7
— of a Cathedral Town on Market-day, i. 364
Views of the Colleges, ii. 184
— of Cornwall, ii. 239–46
— in Cornwall and Dorset (a series), ii. 56
— in Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Isle of Wight, &c., ii. 169, 181
View on the French Coast, i. 222
Views of London—Entrance of Tottenham Court Road Turnpike, with a view of St. James's Chapel. Ackermann's Gallery, i. 349
— — Entrance of Oxford Street, or Tyburn Turnpike, with a view of Park Lane, i. 349
— — Entrance from Mile End, or White Chapel Turnpike, i. 349
— — Entrance from Hackney, or Cambridge Heath Turnpike, with a distant view of St. Paul's, i. 349
Village Cavalry Practising in a Farmyard, i. 324
— Doctor, The, i. 96
Virginia, ii. 11
Virtue in Danger, ii. 297
Visit, A, to the Aunt, i. 192, 324
— to the Doctor, ii. 236
— to the Uncle, i. 192, 324–5
'Vive le Roi! Vive l'Empereur!! Vive le Diable!!! French Constancy, ii. 291–2
Volcano of Opposition, The, i. 293
Volunteer Wit, or not Enough for a Prime, ii. 86

WADDLING Out, i. 366
Waggon and Horses. 'The Feathers,' i. 332
Waiting for Dinner, i. 276–9
Washing Day, ii. 15
— Trotters, ii. 1
Watercresses, i. 354
Waterfall, The, or an Error in Judgment, i. 155
Weeping, i. 13; ii. 2
Welsh Sailor's Mistake, The, or Tars in Conversation, ii. 89
'Werter, Sorrows of,' i. 191; ii. 57
Westminster Deserter, The, Drummed out of the Regiment, i. 138–9
— Election, The, i. 128–143
— Mendicant, The, i. 137
— Watchman, The, i. 126
Wet under Foot, ii. 225
White Sergeant giving the Word of Command, A, ii. 74
Who Killed Cock Robin? (*Manchester Massacre*), ii. 365
Who Kills First for a Crown, i. 274–5
Who's Mistress Now? ii. 41, 206
Widow's Prayer, The, ii. 30
Wigstead, Henry. Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales in the year 1797, ii. 19–21
Wild Irish, or Paddy from Cork with his Coat Buttoned Behind, ii. 84, 368
Winding up the Medical Report of the Walcheren Expedition, ii. 182

WIS

Wisdom Led by Virtue and Prudence to the Temple of Fame, i. 135
Witches in a Hayloft, ii. 265
Wit's Last Stake, The, or Cobbling Voters and Abject Canvassers, i. 130–1
Woman of Fashion's Journal, A, ii. 35
Wonderful Pig, The, i. 155
Wonderfully Mended. 'Shouldn't have known you again,' ii. 90
Wonders—Wonders—Wonders ! ii. 162
Word-Eater, The (Fox), i. 192, 232–3
Work for Doctors' Commons, i. 306
World in Miniature, ii. 312–16, 362

YOU

YORK Address to the Whale, A, Caught lately off Gravesend, ii. 157
York Dilly, The, or the triumph of innocence, ii. 155
Yorkshire Hieroglyphics ! ! Plate 1. The Duke's Letter to Mrs. Clarke, ii. 151–2
— — Plate 2. The Duke's Second Letter to Mrs. Clarke, ii. 152–3
York Magician Transforming a Footboy into a Captain, The, ii. 148
— March, The, ii. 149–50
Yorick and Father Lorenzo, ii. 170
— Feeling the Grisette's Pulse, ii. 10
Youth and Age?—Contrasts, i. 188

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